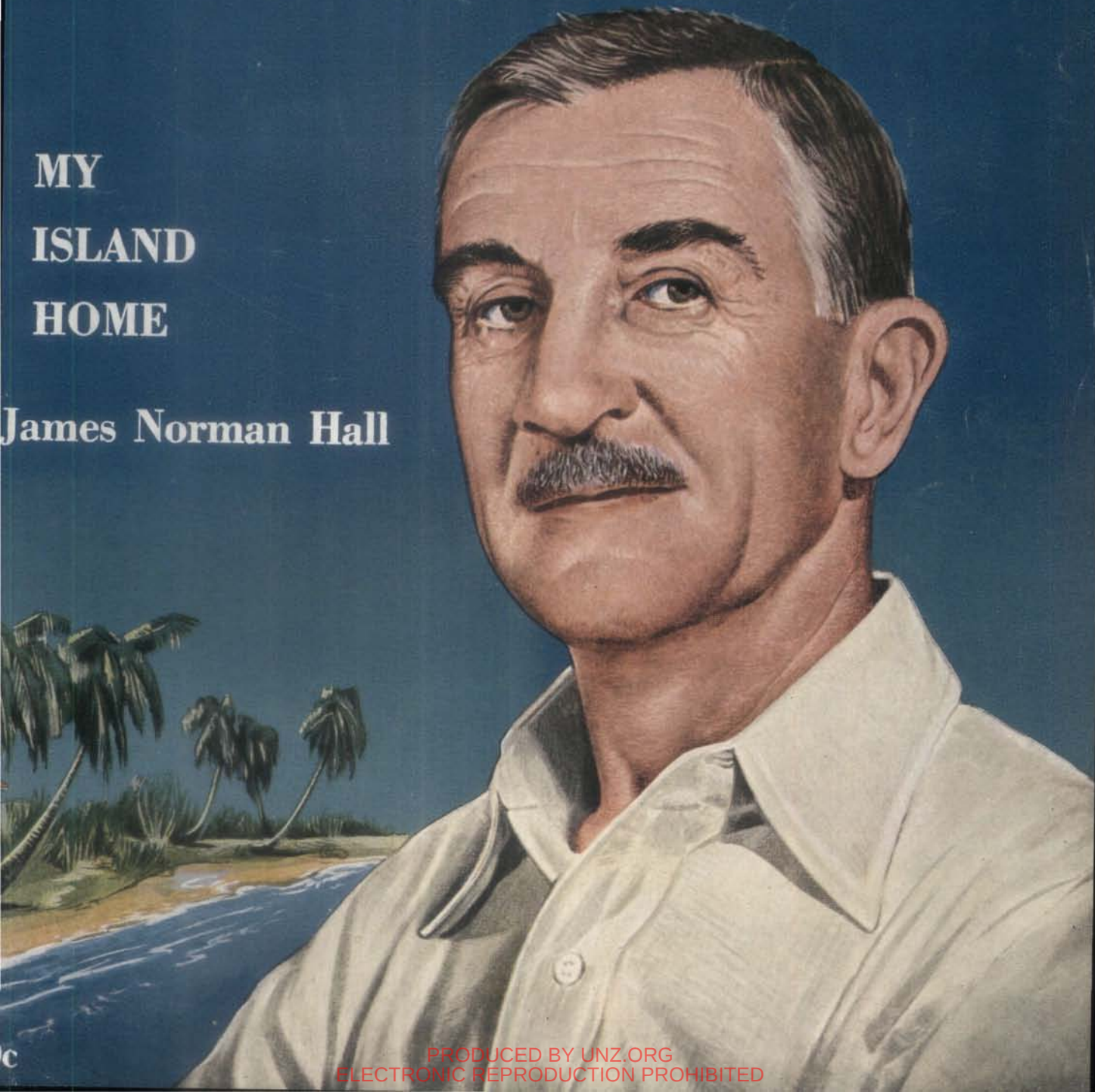


SEPTEMBER 1952

THE *Atlantic*

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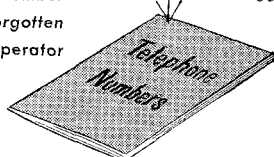




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Reports: Soviet Soldier — The Philippines — Latin America

My Island Home	JAMES NORMAN HALL	21
The Holmes-Laski Letters	<i>Edited by</i> MARK DEWOLFE HOWE	29
Change of Plan. <i>A Story</i>	KEN PURDY	35
The Paradox of Spain	ELLERY SEDGWICK	38
Lucifer in the Train. <i>A Poem</i>	ADRIENNE RICH	42
Billy Butlin's Buddies	HONOR TRACY	43
The Schoolboy's Code	CLAUDE M. FUESS	46
Will India Accept Birth Control?	CARL E. TAYLOR, M.D.	51
Darwin and the Islands of Evolution	N. J. BERRILL	54
A Letter from Vienna	MICHAEL SWAN	60
The Star in the Pail. <i>A Poem</i>	DAVID MCCORD	64
Do-Nothing Day	WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.	65
Father and I. <i>A Story</i>	PÄR LAGERKVIST	68

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

The Peripatetic Reviewer	EDWARD WEEKS	70
Books the Editors Like		74
Reader's Choice	PHOEBE LOU ADAMS	74

ACCENT ON LIVING

Charles W. Morton — Helen M. Lilienthal — Beren Van Slyke — Scott Corbett — David McCord — Newman Levy — Georgie Starbuck Galbraith		80
Progress and Prospects	JOHN M. CONLY	86
<i>They Shall Have Music</i>		

Cover portrait of James Norman Hall by Ern  de Sauv 

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The Soviet Soldier



BETWEEN September 15 and October 15 some 750,000 able-bodied male citizens of the Soviet Union, whose nineteenth birthday falls in the current year or who have completed their secondary education, will be conscripted into the armed forces. There most of them will serve as privates in the ground forces for the next two years; those that become noncommissioned officers in the ground forces will serve for three years; if assigned to the air force they may expect four years of service; if to the navy, five. Upon discharge they will be placed in the reserve and will be called up periodically for one to three months of training until they are fifty.

These Soviet youths undertake their new duties with equanimity and even, in some cases, eagerness. They have been prepared for military discipline by their nineteen years' experience of a mobilized social order. They are accustomed to restrictions upon travel, fines for lateness to work and absenteeism, two to four months' imprisonment for quitting one's job without adequate reason. Many of them were drafted at the age of fourteen for the State Labor Reserves, sent to training schools for three years, and then assigned to factories. In respect to food and even to housing, many will find the army a distinct improvement over civilian life.

Above all, these nineteen-year-olds have been brought up in a revolution which has deliberately applied to peacetime pursuits a war philosophy — that is, a philosophy of discipline, self-sacrifice, unity, collective action, central planning.

In addition, and more particularly, the new conscript has previously undergone several hundred hours of military training in school, starting in the fifth grade. If at the age of fourteen or there-

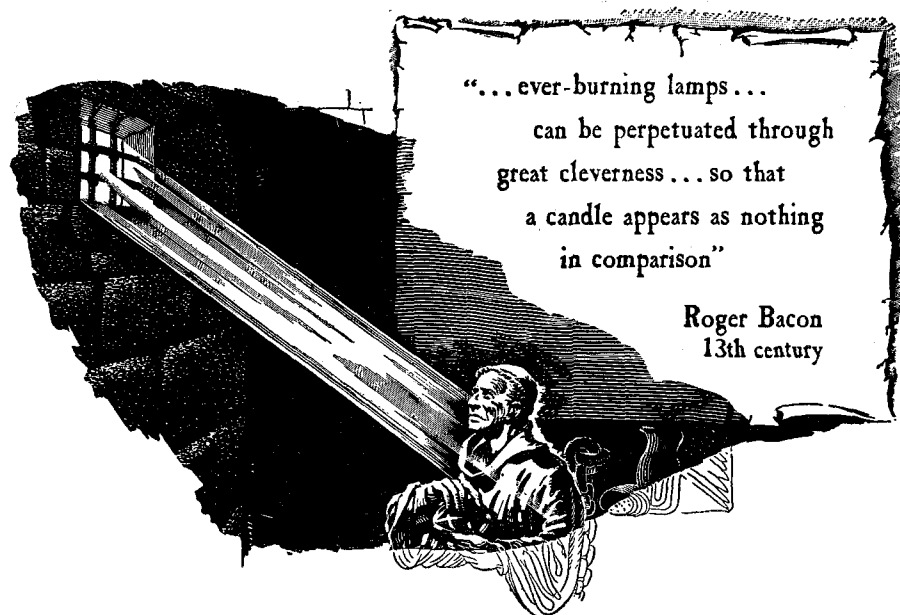
after he joined the 16 million members of the voluntary civil defense organization (now called Dosaav), he has also received extensive premilitary training in such skills as first aid, rifle marksmanship, the use of submachine guns and mortars, and parachute jumping, and has perhaps belonged to a radio club, ski club, club for training dogs for the service, or some other Dosaav unit.

Discipline for its own sake

The Soviet soldier undergoes strenuous training ten hours a day, six days a week. Furloughs are usually granted only in case of emergency. In addition to his physical and technical labors, he is subjected to a most rigid discipline, reinforced by many hours — reportedly sixteen a week — of political indoctrination and education.

It was the original Bolshevik theory that the discipline of the Red Army should be based principally on a spirit of revolutionary zeal and camaraderie. From 1918 to 1939 the Soviet soldier, upon entering the army, took an oath "before the toiling classes of Russia and the whole world" pledging himself "to direct my every action and thought toward the liberation of all workers." All decorations, insignia, and ranks were eliminated; saluting was abolished, and all personnel addressed one another as "comrade."

From the mid-1930s on, there has been a continuing revival of prerevolutionary Russian military traditions and a shift of emphasis away from class-consciousness toward Soviet patriotism and discipline for its own sake. In 1935 the traditional ranks of lieutenant, captain, colonel, and the like, were restored. In 1940 the rank of general was reintroduced. Also in 1940 the duty to salute was imposed.



Dear Roger:

We have yours of the year 1267 in front of us, and we have good news for you.

Remember how you predicted the "ever-burning lamp"? And spent a little jail time for this and other such sorcerer's ideas?

Well, you were right after all. A man named Edison along about 1879 made a lamp that burned day and night and didn't need any oil, either.

Only trouble was, the lamp was an expensive thing, and power facilities were limited. Few people had money enough to buy lamps. Even three years after the invention, there were only 59 customers.

Those days, a man would have had to dig in his pocket for \$5 to pay for light a fellow now takes home for 15¢. This lamp thing is about thirty times as cheap today.

A group of men with scientific, questing minds like yours, Roger, got together, calling themselves "General Electric," and after a few years' work and much money spent, had your lamp so millions of people could afford it.

Here are the figures for an ordinary size lamp:

<i>Date</i>	<i>List Price</i>	<i>Light Output (lumens)</i>
1880	\$1.00	170
1914	.45	552
1929	.22	690
1952	.14 <i>(plus tax)</i>	835

See how the light increases and the price goes down? That took some doing, Roger, more especially nowadays when everything a man buys seems to cost more, not less.

We're still "inventing the lamp" at General Electric. Lamps and a few thousand other things that would have delighted you.

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The Atlantic Report *on the Soviet Soldier*



(Soviet noncommissioned officers must also be saluted by their inferiors, and a failure to salute may bring several days of K.P.)

In 1943 the title "officer" was restored, together with the traditional Russian officers' insignia of rank, the gold braid epaulets. In 1946 the names Red Army and Red Fleet were replaced by Soviet Army and Soviet Fleet.

The whip and the carrot

The disciplinary powers of both noncommissioned and commissioned officers are very wide. Confinement in the guardhouse up to twenty days, and reduction in military rank, may in proper cases be imposed on enlisted men and officers, by their superiors, without benefit of court-martial. Oral reprimand before assembled troops is apparently a common form of company punishment, and extends even to generals and admirals, who may be reprimanded before an assembly of officers.

On the other hand, the Soviet system of military discipline also stresses rewards for exemplary conduct; these include valuable gifts, money, and, characteristically, a personal photograph in front of the unfurled unit banner.

More serious offenses against military order and discipline are subject to criminal trial by military tribunals and, in general, to heavier punishment. Departure without leave with intent to be absent up to two hours, if it is the second offense, or from two to twenty-four hours, first offense, is punishable in time of peace by sentence to a disciplinary battalion for six months to two years; departure without leave with intent to be absent for more than twenty-four hours is considered to be desertion and is punishable in time of peace by deprivation of freedom (that is, sentence to a labor camp) for five to ten years. If a serviceman deserts and flees across the frontier, adult members of his family may be exiled to remote regions of Siberia for five years — though they had no part whatsoever in his crime.

On the whole, however, the Soviet system of military courts and procedure seems to afford the serviceman a fair trial, at least in time of peace. The courts are permanent courts, independent of the commanders, with professional judges and prosecutors. Appeals may go up to the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R., and many Supreme Court cases involving crimes by servicemen are reported. However, it should be noted that the elaborate and time-consuming process of trial in the military courts is complemented by the wide powers of in-

formal nonjudicial punishment for disciplinary offenses; a commanding officer may himself mete out severe punishment to a subordinate and thus avoid the risk of his acquittal by a military tribunal.

Inequalities of rank and privilege

Soviet military discipline is explicitly based on inequalities of rank and privilege. "Equality-mongering," denounced by Stalin as a "left deviation," is considered to be dangerous to the maintenance of order; also it is considered a threat to ambition and initiative. In the army this philosophy is carried to such an extreme that sergeants receive almost 5 times as much pay as privates, captains almost 25 times as much, colonels about 45 times as much, and generals from about 70 to about 115 times as much, depending on their rank.

As important as pay differentials are the extra privileges that go with higher rank. The officer is far better dressed; if he is of field grade (major or higher) he has a personal servant; he also has special commissary privileges.

One interesting symbol of the emphasis on distinctions of rank was the restoration in 1946 of the prerevolutionary institution of Officers' Courts of Honor. In these courts officers are tried by their fellows for "offenses unworthy of the rank of officer which infringe military honor or are not compatible with moral rules." If the court finds the officer guilty, it may issue a warning or a reprimand or may recommend demotion or transfer. All that now seems to be missing is the prerevolutionary institution of the duel.

Generally speaking, careers are open to talent in the Soviet armed forces. Training courses are available to qualified privates who wish to become non-commissioned officers; officer candidate schools are also open to those who qualify. One step in the opposite direction has been taken, however: Suvorov Schools, named after the famous eighteenth-century Russian general, were established in 1943 to prepare children from the age of nine for officer candidate schools; in admissions to these schools priority is given to the sons of officers.

The Soviet officer does not get his extra pay and his privileges for nothing. Like all Soviet officials, he is under strict surveillance and is punishable for "abuse of authority" and for "a negligent attitude toward service duties." The commander of a supply depot who distributes supplies without observing the required formalities, or the commander of a military institution who expends



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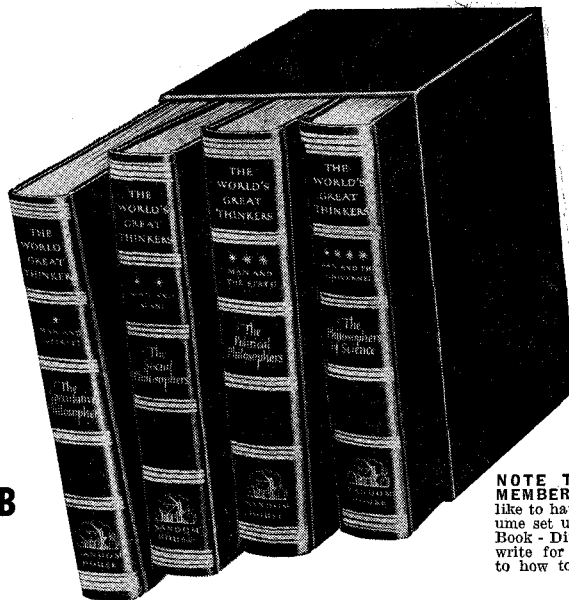


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Party influence in the army

Officers are under surveillance particularly by the Communist Party organs within the army and by the secret informers of the Ministry of State Security. Since the 1942 statute abolishing military commissars and introducing "strict one-man control" in the armed forces, the work of the Communist Party organs has been directed chiefly to propaganda among the soldiers, discipline, and in general what we would call morale.

The Chief Political Administrations of the various military units, representing the Party, not only conduct formal political education (through lectures, seminars, group and individual discussions, and other media) but also provide libraries, cinema and theater facilities, concerts, and newspapers.

Theoretically, at least, the commanding officer of a unit is solely responsible for the military activities of the unit. However, the line between the political and the military is not easy to maintain. As a recent Soviet writer, Major General D. Ortenberg, has stated: "There is not a single part of the unit's life upon which the political organs do not exert their influence. Military training and political education are inseparably connected in our army."

However much the Party may be a thorn in the side of the commanding officers, and however much its heavy indoctrination may prevent any expression of political dissent whether by officers or men, nevertheless the Party does also serve to channel the grievances of the men to higher authorities. This is also true of the secret informers of the Special Sections of the Ministry of State Security.

The job of the Special Sections is to report on anti-Soviet activities in the army, but in fact they also check on administrative and other matters. A Soviet D.P. who has a wide firsthand knowledge of Soviet military life recounts the following episode. The commander of a tank regiment of the Byelorussian Military District

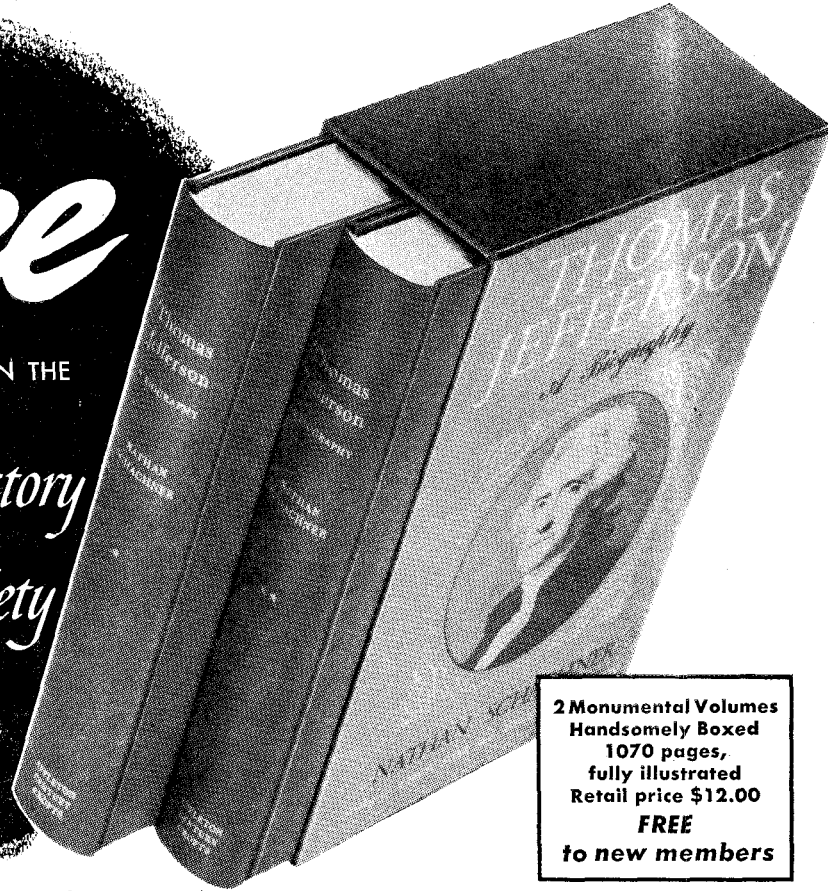
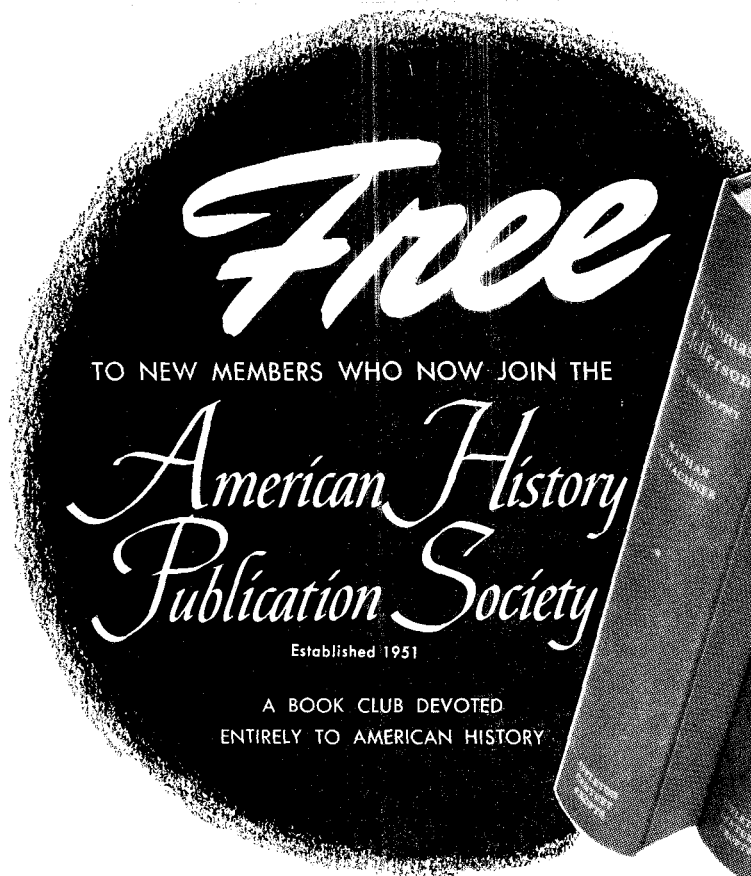
was summoned to the Special Section of the corps. "The devil knows what's going on in your kitchen," the head of the Special Section said. The regiment commander replied that as far as he knew there were no special irregularities. "How come, then," he was asked, "that you find it all right if the soup bucket is stopped up with a rag? And why didn't you report that the quartermaster company of your regiment attempted collectively to refuse to participate in the daily routine?"

The regiment commander returned to his unit, and upon inquiry discovered that the previous night a tiny hole had been found in the soup bucket and had been temporarily stopped up with a rag, and further that at the time of assembly for the daily routine two or three soldiers had remarked, in view of a heavy downpour of rain, "How nice it would be if there were no routine today." An overzealous informer had blown these items up into a secret report of inefficiency and rebelliousness.

Another story, this one taken from an official report of a wartime case in the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R., also casts ironic light on the way in which political and military matters may overlap in the life of the Soviet soldier. The case involved an army sergeant who was court-martialed for having "systematically uttered anti-Soviet opinions." It seems that the sergeant, whose military and political record was otherwise unassailable, had, in performing his military duties, expressed certain unfavorable opinions regarding the Constitution.

In sustaining an acquittal the Supreme Court stated: "Although these opinions were often clothed in rough unworthy form and contain politically incorrect formulations . . . it is clear that all these opinions were directed toward the strengthening of military discipline." It appeared from the evidence, the court said, that the accused "was a demanding person in connection with discipline."

Apparently someone provoked the sergeant by relying on his constitutional rights. Very likely the deputy regiment commander for political affairs pressed charges. Whether in peacetime the sergeant would have fared so well in the courts is open to question.



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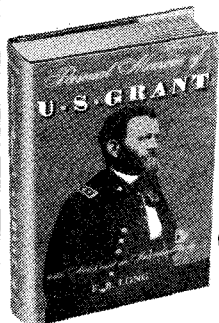
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The Philippines

THE political and economic future of the Philippine Republic is still a matter of deep concern to Americans as well as to Filipinos. For in this case there can be no excuse if the hope of democracy vanishes in economic collapse. Except for the interlude of Japanese occupation, we have had half a century in which to develop democratic ideas and practices, and since the war we have poured into the Islands over 2 billion dollars' worth of aid.

The Philippines do not have to maintain the crushing burden of rearmament; there is no immediate threat of invasion; and the security of the republic is generally understood to be a responsibility shared with the United States. There are few areas in the world where our pride and our record are more deeply involved. If the free world fails here, it fails indeed.

Democratic development in the Philippines, most Filipinos would assume, is bound up with economic stability. The American view goes even further and argues that the future of democracy is bound up with a greater measure of social and economic justice. Although this attitude is encouraged by the challenge of Communism, it is also part of the American tradition. Hence the pressure of the Mutual Security Agency (formerly ECA) in the Philippines to bring about not only a great increase in industrialization but also a radical reform of the agrarian system.

As recently as 1950, both Filipino and American officials thought that the Philippines were facing imminent economic disaster. The legacy of the war was enough to discourage anyone. The problem of repairing the vast physical destruction was not so serious as that of overcoming open and unchecked corruption in public life. In the struggle against the Japanese, social vices became social virtues. The youth of the country grew accustomed to stealing, cheating, and killing as a daily occupation. When independence was celebrated, the moral tone of the country had never been lower.

It is fortunate for the Philippines that the Hukbalahaps, who only a few years ago were terrorizing the countryside even to the gates of Manila, were

unable to capitalize on an opportunity which has passed, at least for the time being.

The relative weakness of the Philippine Communist movement is only one of the reasons that the situation has improved. The Korean war, which led to large-scale purchases of raw materials by the United States, gave a lift to the Philippine economy, which depends largely on exports. Even without a truce in Korea, heavy American buying is already tapering off. But at least it provided a breathing spell for the Philippine government.

A plow for a gun

The more substantial reasons for hope of improvement are twofold. One is the government's seizure of the political initiative against the Hukbalahaps. The other is the Filipino-American coöperation through the Mutual Security Agency in the economic development of the country. In September, 1950, Ramón Magsaysay was appointed Secretary of Defense and given authority to clean up the armed forces of the Philippines. In spite of powerful opposition, he removed the Chief of Staff and the Commander of the Philippine Constabulary. Many senior officers were removed and some were brought to trial.

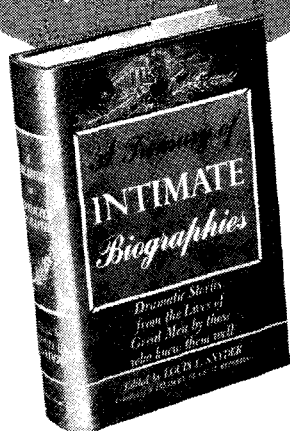
Magsaysay's vigorous and relentless interest in the work and conditions of officers and men brought about a measurable improvement in the morale and confidence of the armed forces. But the real quality of the man is reflected best in his methods of fighting the Hukbalahaps. He has used a combination of military force and psychological warfare to great effect. He first of all improved the discipline of his own troops so successfully that the peasants, instead of fearing them as much as they did the Huks, came to trust, respect, and ultimately to assist the national forces.

By armed force Magsaysay broke up the Hukbalahaps into scattered units. By offering good treatment to those who surrendered and land to those who wanted it, he succeeded in getting a considerable number to surrender. Peasants who turned in arms and information about the Huks were rewarded and protected. The Army even

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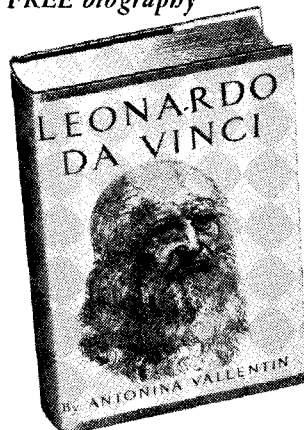
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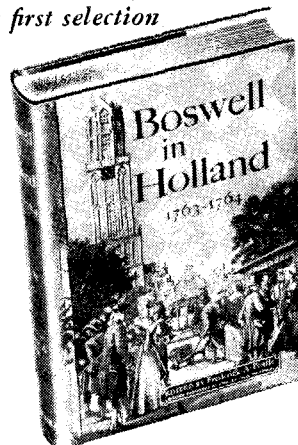
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The Atlantic Report on the Philippines



stepped in to assist tenants in legal battles. The propaganda slogan, "A plow for a gun," hits at one of the basic Communist appeals.

The psychological appeal is successful so long as it is based on facts. Magsaysay has found and is attempting to apply the most successful formula against Communism yet used in Asia. It is difficult to exaggerate the courage and insight with which the Secretary of Defense has gone about this task, but in the long run success will depend upon his ability to deliver on his promises.

He can control his own troops, ensure their good behavior with the peasants. He can treat his prisoners well and see that justice takes its course. But can he always deliver a plow for a gun? Can he and his government bring about a substantial improvement in the condition of the agricultural laborers and dissatisfied farmers from whom the Communists recruit their support?

If he cannot, then his program — however well conceived and executed — can never in the end succeed. To quote Magsaysay himself, "Even if we lick the Huks now, unless the land is redivided and owned by the men who farm it, we will have the Huk problem all over again in three years — and it will be worse."

How to make more land accessible

What are the prospects for solving the land problem? The facts are not very encouraging. The potentially productive agricultural area is a little under 10 million hectares. Over 5 million hectares are now cultivated, leaving between 4 and 5 million hectares to be brought under cultivation.

Here the difficulties begin. It is apparently not possible to survey more than 200,000 hectares a year, which does not keep pace with the number of families that should be settled every year. Magsaysay has actually settled only two or three hundred families in Mindanao. The Mutual Security Agency has assigned the money for the building of roads, which are necessary for gaining access to land as well as for clearing it; but no one supposes that it is possible to keep up with the increase of land-hungry peasants. In the last twenty years the population of Mindanao has increased from around 2 million to 3 million.

The land problem in the Philippines is as complex as any in Asia. The farms produce no more rice today than they did at the end of the First World War. Food production has certainly not kept up

with increase in population, and the Philippines are a rice-importing country. We have to share the blame for the lack of improvement in farming methods. There are few Filipino farmers who know how to rotate crops, use fertilizer, select seeds, or control diseases. On Luzon, the size of the average farm is about 2 hectares. As in China and Japan, small farms, backward methods, and incredibly low family incomes go together. This means that most families are in the hands of the moneylenders.

The existence of large numbers of agricultural workers without land does not of itself necessarily produce social unrest. Where methods are modern and conditions of tenancy are reasonable, it is not necessary for a farmer to own land in order to make a good living. But in most Asiatic countries, and certainly in the Philippines, the fact that millions of farm workers do not own their land is a guarantee of social unrest. The unprotected farmer is squeezed between greedy landlords and ruthless moneylenders.

The rich get richer

The distribution of wealth and income in the Philippines must give considerable encouragement to the Philippine Communist Party. It is estimated that less than 5 per cent of the total population owns or controls most of the wealth. The contrast between rich and poor is certainly there for all to see. The poor are well aware that there has been a marked rise in the Philippine standard of living for the rich. For this awareness we are largely responsible — partly through the development of literacy, which exposes the Filipino to advertising, and partly through the impact of the American Army during the last war. In other words, we have increased the level of expectation without increasing the means to satisfy it. Such a situation is always explosive.

Magsaysay has made some dramatic moves. As we have indicated, however, he does not himself control all the factors necessary for success. The decisive factor is more likely to be the program of economic planning and development for which the Mutual Security Agency is the most important single instrument. The basic philosophy of the MSA is to use American aid as a strategic investment fund to increase productivity and to raise the economic level of lower income groups.

The planning itself requires the closest integration of political, economic, and military viewpoints, both U.S. and Philippine. Implementation demands the wholehearted cooperation of the Philippine

Congress and Administration. In this last connection, the sixty or more American experts scattered through government departments operate as technicians and also as missionaries. The Philippine Islands are rich in resources and manpower; there is no excuse for the ever increasing unemployment and underemployment. The MSA program, as constituted today, may very well achieve the objectives of increasing productivity and raising the economic level of lower income groups. But unless there is a corresponding development of industry, the economic level of the few will be raised at the expense of the many. Improvement of farming techniques means less, not more, employment.

Jobs must be found

There is no indication that there is any significant increase in industrial employment opportunities. For purely political reasons, if for no other, jobs must be found. The reluctance of the dominant economic interests — the commercial and landowning classes — to assist in bringing about changes which might endanger their wealth and position must be overcome. It is no secret that there is as yet hardly any prospect of serious land reform, and the minimum-wage law is honored more in the breach than in the observance. Yet it is difficult to see how there can be any great increase in agricultural productivity or large-scale industrial development unless the social patterns of the Philippines undergo enormous changes.

Many of these patterns have parallels in other parts of Asia — for example, China, where the cure has been worse than the disease. The Chinese Communists have broken down the Chinese family system, the kinship group, the landlord-tenant relation, the tradition of investing in land — all of which stood in the way of industrialization.

In the Philippines, there is still hope of a democratic solution. For, unlike China, the Philippines have democratic institutions and have had at least one clean national election. It is possible, therefore, that the combination of American pressure from without and democratic pressure from below may break down the barriers that now stand in the way of a united and prosperous republic.

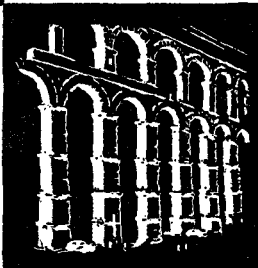
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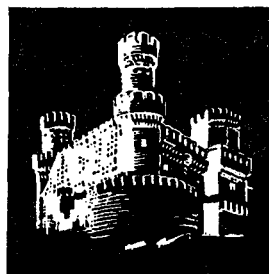
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Latin America

THE Truman regime has been making an intensive if unspectacular campaign to improve relations and cooperative activities among the republics of the Western Hemisphere. The effort has been highlighted in the news by the strenuous July visit to Brazil of Secretary of State Dean Acheson, on his way back from Berlin and Vienna. Months before the Acheson trip, the ground was being prepared by hard spadework in the United States embassies in Latin America at practically all levels of diplomatic and economic contact.

Total success, of course, has not been won. But for the near future the going on the Hemisphere scene looks safe enough at least to prevent the capture of any sizable Latin American bloc by the Peronist group, or significant defections from the free-world coalition. The net effect of the fence-mending operation has been to strengthen the prospects of continuity in basic Hemisphere programs. The new administration, GOP or otherwise, is likely to find plenty of incentives for continuing policies favoring Hemisphere unity, provided that they are still working reasonably well.

Brazil's grievances

Brazil is the outstanding example of how the fence-mending technique has worked. Last winter the huge republic of more than 50 million people appeared to be drifting into a permanently hostile attitude toward the United States. Since the end of World War II, powerful political factions with growing newspaper and radio support had been pressing with rising tempo the charge that Washington was letting down a former fighting ally.

Brazil needed help to stabilize her currency, to solve problems of exchange. She looked to the United States for low-priced imports and loans for internal development. Washington was spending billions more, the accusation continued, rehabilitating European allies which had given less to the war cause, and even former enemies. Argentina, the consistent enemy of all that the United States was attempting in Hemisphere and world politics, had herself received a \$125 million credit to clear her debts to American exporters. Brazil, the plaintiff's brief ran on, was obviously the despised and

rejected too loyal friend — in effect, the Western Hemisphere's biggest "sucker" republic.

The sense of frustration back of these injured feelings was further complicated by Brazil's enormous desire for economic expansion. Between the thickly settled Atlantic coastal regions and the Andes lie more than 2 million square miles of tropical and subtropical wilderness which the republic hopes to develop agriculturally and industrially.

As an American economist who has had some experience with these tremendous frontiers put it recently, Brazil is "a mass of sprawling aspiration." The development projects which have been dreamed up by the Brazilian government's wishful planners would require financing running into scores, if not hundreds, of billions of dollars. And for every hope which does not reach the acceptance or even the consideration stage, a new circle of disillusionment with Uncle Sam's Good Neighbor largesse is created.

Last winter a group of extreme nationalist army leaders, apparently abetted by a conspiracy of pro-Communists in the officers' corps, began sniping at the United Nations and the Korean war in the pages of the authoritative *Revista Militar*, official organ of the Military Club, Brazil's principal officers' association. General Newton Estillac Leal, the War Minister, was so closely in touch with this operation that he had to be dropped from the cabinet. After his resignation he kept the anti-American ball in the air by announcing his candidacy for the Military Club's presidency.

Meanwhile, at the turn of the year, President Getulio Vargas locked horns directly with American business interests. Ostensibly to protect Brazil's always shaky dollar supply, he issued a decree on January 3 limiting profit returns in dollars on American capital investments in Brazil strictly to 8 per cent of registered capital as of late 1945. Inasmuch as the decree branded all returns on capital gains and reinvestments since 1945 as exports of original capital, it could technically have wiped out numerous investors in relatively small business operations and made their Brazilian holdings subject to confiscation by the state.

American businessmen widened the breach in economic relations between the two countries when they demanded instant retaliation — including complete cessation of American loans to Brazil.

Oil on troubled waters

Fortunately, the State Department was in a position to play a somewhat cagier hand. A joint Brazilian-American Economic Development Commission, which went to work in July, 1951, was busy analyzing Brazil's basic economic needs: modernization and standardization of the Brazilian railroads, improvement in the power facilities of the thickly settled industrial areas, port and warehouse renovation, development of coastal shipping, mechanization of agriculture, and technical aid.

By January of this year, the Commission was driving its corps of Brazilian and American technical experts to put these enterprises into project form for loan requests to the Export-Import Bank and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, and had practical assurance that sufficient loans would be forthcoming.

The State Department reasoned that the Brazilians would not wish to jeopardize these benefits for a dead-end squabble over the dollars involved in the capital returns issue. It also played its hunch that President Vargas, with his notorious political showmanship, was perfectly capable of tossing a bold gesture to his nationalist politicians without too much punch in the follow-through.

State, accordingly, threatened no reprisals. The Brazilian government on its part made no examples of heinous offenders against the 8 per cent returns restriction. Instead, within less than two weeks of the publication of the decree, a committee of American and other foreign nationals was meeting with Finance Minister Horacio Lafer to discuss means for settling the controversy.

By early summer a bill was on its way through the Brazilian Congress, which met most of the American objections to the Vargas action and in addition allowed foreign investors to compute their dollar profits in terms of depreciated Brazilian cruzeiros. Meanwhile \$98 million has been al-

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It is, seemingly, a reality which all of us should understand—a human failure which everyone should be able readily to evaluate. Unfortunately, however, many overlook the fact that the external acts of sinning are but the completion of offenses against God already committed internally.

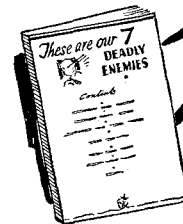
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lotted by the Export-Import and International Banks, with more coming, for loans to further the essential development projects.

General Estillac Leal was overwhelmingly defeated for the Military Club presidency in May; members of the pro-Communist officer groups were purged, put on trial, or placed under security police observation. Anti-Americanism in military politics declined so far, in fact, that by the time Secretary Acheson arrived, the Brazilian Senate was moving toward ratification of a bilateral military agreement with the United States without any announced opposition.

Then, as a further act of cordiality, the Brazilian Congress passed a bill in early summer permitting the government-attached Brazilian labor unions to join ORIT, the confederation of Latin American organized workers being built up under the sponsorship of the American Federation of Labor. This action, incidentally, was a decisive stroke against Argentina's Perón, who has been trying all year to affiliate the Latin American labor movement with an organization formed by his stooge unions in Paraguay last February, the Latin American Committee for Syndical Unity. ORIT has now returned the compliment by accepting the Brazilian unions' invitation to hold its next international convention at Rio in December.

Acheson, the good neighbor

Secretary Acheson came to Brazil, then, on the wave of these improvements. Things were going so well, in fact, that in his four major speeches and his all but incessant conferences with high public officials he had few specific issues to discuss. Thus he confined himself mainly to inter-American generalities and pep talks explaining the stake of Brazil in the security program of the free world.

"For Western Europe or Indo-China or Turkey to fall into the hands of the Soviet Union," he reminded his Brazilian audiences, "would be just as catastrophic for a citizen of Belo Horizonte or Recife as for a citizen of Boston or San Francisco." He left the inference that huge emergency aid to countries nearer the line of Soviet aggression was fully as vital to the future of Brazil as any credits which can now be advanced to assist in its internal development.

In his conferences with Brazilian officials the Secretary hammered home the point that the Joint Economic Development Commission is doing its job the right way by confining its aid projects to the basic needs of Brazil's fully settled areas. He thus reinforced the Commission's view that the opening up of the hinterland should automatically follow the creation of a prosperous and efficient economy for industry and agriculture where they are already established.

Two developments which occurred within a few days after Acheson's return to the United States perhaps point up the significance of his mission. Brazil established a Development Bank, to be financed by income and excess-profits surtaxes, with Dr. Ary Torres, Brazilian head man on the Joint Commission, as its president. It looks forward to channeling Brazilian credit resources into hinterland development when the time is ripe. Two days later an American technical mission arrived in the republic to advise Brazilians on setting up an atomic energy research project and to assist in the development of uranium fields recently discovered in the state of Minas Gerais.

Signs of improvement

Secretary Acheson made at least one important effort to improve overall inter-American relations. "The essence of the inter-American system," he said in a speech to the Chamber of Deputies, "is collective responsibility plus absolute nonintervention in the affairs of other states." And he added in another address the assurance that "whichever candidate of whichever party comes into office next year" in the United States will respect this basic policy.

The Secretary could see signs of improvement in many directions. Chile, angered at the termination of her copper contract with the United States soon after the beginning of the year, has been mollified by a 35½ cents a pound purchase arrangement. The Chilean Senate in July ratified one of the inter-American bilateral military agreements by an unexpectedly large vote of twenty to six. Since ratification was violently opposed by General Carlos Ibañez, a Perón imitator who is a strong candidate for president in the elections due September 4, the majority is considered significant.

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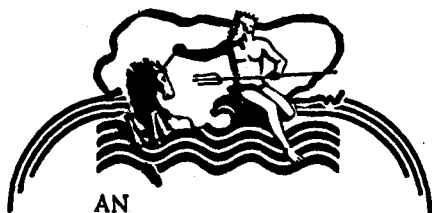
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All the west coast republics and Mexico have had a major grievance eased by the defeat of a high tariff on tuna fish in the United States Senate. Two new South American presidents, Paz Estenssoro, brought in by a Bolivian coup in April, and José Velasco Ibarra, constitutionally elected in Ecuador in June, were rated as Perón stooges because they had spent several years of exile together in Buenos Aires. Now intimate advices from their capitals have convinced Washington officials that too much proximity to Perón has soured them.

Paz Estenssoro, for example, has dawdled in his project of nationalizing Bolivia's tin mines and is pressing amiably for a settlement of the year-old controversy over tin prices with Washington. He has encouraged a United Nations technical mission with strong American backing to stay on in the country and seemingly is disposed to carry out many of its recommendations.

Mexico on July 6 elected a new president, Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, by something like a ten to one majority over opponents who based their campaign largely on anti-gringo agitations. Guatemala, center of Communist experimentations in Latin America, recently has sent an anti-Communist, pro-American ambassador to Washington.

Washington officials are plainly not too happy about the strong-arm methods of the Venezuela and Colombia dictatorships, and the new one of President Fulgencio Batista in Cuba. But these and all other dictators except Perón are collaborating almost spectacularly with Washington's basic inter-American and world policies. Most Washington experts agree that there is nothing that can be done about dictatorships except to apply economic and political sanctions, which would probably cost more in Hemisphere disturbances than they are worth—and not get rid of the dictators.

With Perón's Argentina, relations are so cold and correct that, as one diplomat recently put it, "you could almost say there aren't any relations." For impressions on the other republics, however, keeping Perón in a practically noiseless deep-freeze is simply an adroit form of diplomacy.

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Toward the end of the war we all talked about how the world would open up when peace came—how we'd all be going places and doing things like crazy. Today, American people are taking to the road, the sky, and the sea in numbers and in a fashion never before known.

72,000,000 Americans will get up and go by auto this year. Steamships and airlines going abroad are jammed. Rome, Paris, and London hotels are sold out. Spain, Africa, Hawaii, and South America are being deluged with American visitors.

We're happy that the authoritative voice and medium of this mass hegira is *HOLIDAY*. *HOLIDAY* is America's—and the world's—playground in print. It is your guide, your companion for the days and hours you spend away from work. It was inspired to reflect this new *mobile* way of life—to mirror our modern, pleasurable way of living at home and on holiday, away from home.

The September issue of *HOLIDAY*, now on the stands, contains articles on Norway by Robert Capa, Murray Bay up in Canada by George Frazier, Colorado by Debs Meyers—all knowingly written, all beautifully illustrated. There are, also, other timely pieces which, we believe, epitomize today's good living as well as good writing.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Atlantic in Korea

SIR:

I have read with interest the letters on page 23 of the April issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, from the men serving with the Armed Forces in Korea. They state that they are enjoying the copies of your magazine which appeared "from nowhere" or "miraculously."

You may be interested in knowing that the *Atlantic* reaches Korea each month, as several thousand copies of it are included in the regular magazine kits which are made up in the Special Services Distribution Library, Japan Logistical Command, and sent to the various units of the United Nations Forces in Korea. You may be assured that many of your readers find their favorite magazine available even though they are far from their own fireside.

Since the beginning of the Korean conflict, approximately eleven million pieces of reading material, consisting of magazines and paper-bound books, have been distributed to the fighting men in Korea through the Armed Forces Library Service of the Far East Command. This Library Service is only one phase of the extensive recreational program furnished by the Special Services Section for the men in Korea.

RUBY G. PORTER

U.S. Headquarters Far East Command
Special Services Section, Library Branch
APO 500, San Francisco, Calif.

We regret to inform our readers that the Army was unable, on account of insufficient funds, to renew the four thousand subscriptions for the *Atlantic* which it had supplied to

servicemen for the past year. These subscriptions expired with delivery of the July issue. — THE EDITOR

"How the Farmer Thinks"

SIR:

I sincerely believe that Louis Bromfield's article, "How the Farmer Thinks," in the June *Atlantic*, is one of the most enlightening statements ever published on the position of the American farmer today.

The farmer makes a little money in good times and there is a loud roar from the labor populace. Doesn't the farmer deserve to make a little more than average? There isn't another class of people in the world that works harder and with greater financial risk than American farmers.

It is high time that the American people should find out that farming isn't a get-rich-quick scheme, but one of the most exacting sciences known to man.

HUGH H. ROHRER
Junction City, Kan.

SIR:

"How the Farmer Thinks" is so vulnerable that it asks for adverse criticism, and I hope it comes from some more eloquent pen than mine.

Liberal is just as good a word as it ever was, and to me it applies to a voter whose mind is broad enough to expand with the times as well as a voter who cannot be dictated to.

MRS. FRANCES DICK
Liverpool, N.Y.

"What Not to Pack"

SIR:

Having read and thoroughly agreed with Sally Iselin's earlier article, "I

Bought a Dress in Paris," I began to read in the June *Atlantic* with great interest her article "What Not to Pack." Immediately I found reasons to disagree. Let's start with the old Brooks sweater. I have lived almost four years in Paris. In November, 1949, what wouldn't I have given if I'd had with me an old sweater — Brooks or otherwise — to wrap about my cold feet on the train from Paris to Biarritz! How often I blessed the warmth of a snug sweater — as an extra padding under my jacket — in a cold museum or church!

Mrs. Iselin mentions soap. One can certainly buy soap in Paris. A cake of the lovely, smelly soap of which she speaks, I priced — but did not buy at \$2.50 a cake. Lux Flakes can be found, but at how much a bubble! Kleenex too — the package costing \$.25 in the States costs about \$.60 here. I would suggest that toilet paper be added to the Kleenex contraband she mentions. How many old friends I've kept, how many new ones I've made, by tucking in their suitcases the precious toilet paper which I was allowed to buy at the American Commissary!

If one hopes to look like a French movie star, far be it from me to disparage the beauty shops in Paris. Blonde streaks are certainly perfected here, but give me a beauty parlor well heated in winter, cool in summer, soft water, mild shampoo liquid, and a clean brush and comb — wrapped and sterilized!

Perhaps one does take a trip to Europe to shop — and shop only. In that case one should go to see all the collections, in Rome and Florence and Paris; stand for innumerable fit-

tings — leave a special luncheon early, give up a visit to the Coliseum or Versailles, so that you may expect that a suit or gown will be delivered at a specified time. Even then be prepared to have it arrive late — perhaps just before the time of your departure when you've worn yourself into a frazzle wondering if it would arrive at all.

There's the question of nylon stockings. I have many French friends, but not one of them affirms that French nylon is as good as American nylon. Finally, the American woman in Paris does not look dowdy; her suits are smart and well-fitting, her hats are small and chic, her nylon gloves and nylon summer outfits are the envy of the Parisians. Most American women need no instructions on what not to pack!

MRS. EDMUND M. FLAHERTY
Paris, France

SIR:

Although I have read the *Atlantic Monthly* (through subscription clubs) ever since I came to the U.S.A. thirty-three years ago, I was overwhelmed to discover what fashionable company I have been keeping. The eye-opener was the article "What Not to Pack."

I am not aware what percentage of your readers are in Sally Iselin's class, but I am positive that the majority belong to mine — middle, dead center. At the drop of a hat I could write an article telling how to visit three countries in Europe and one in the Middle East by boat and plane (eight weeks), and how, with baggage limited to 66 pounds and every item marked "Made in the U.S.A.," to look much better dressed than any woman of our station in life anywhere in Europe. It is true that luxury arti-

cles are cheaper over there, but people of my class go to Europe for reasons other than purchasing sprees.

BERTHA P. KLENOVA
Florence, Ala.

I Personally—

SIR:

Though long a devotee of Letters to the Editor, I have never before indulged myself by writing one. The reason for this one is that I have vainly searched the last three issues of the *Atlantic* for some reader comment on Joseph Carroll's short story "At Mrs. Farrelly's," published in the March issue.

The failure of that story to elicit enthusiastic response seems an interesting commentary on the preoccupation of the reading public with matters controversial rather than with literary values.

Since writers as well as readers inhabit a confused world, I feel that Mr. Carroll deserves special gratitude for having transcended the controversial and achieved what seems to me one of the most beautifully constructed and truly moving pieces of short fiction to appear in an American magazine for a number of years.

Its plot has originality, its characterization is superb, and even the father of surprise endings might well have envied the poignancy of this one.

MRS. HENRY F. BUTLER
Washington, D.C.

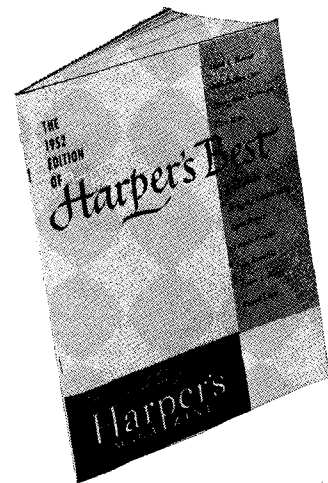
SIR:

Donald Moffat's story, "Supper in the Bois" (July *Atlantic*), is truly a touch of genius in its evocation of France. He has a rare talent which should delight many who recall the pre-war Paris.

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF
New York City

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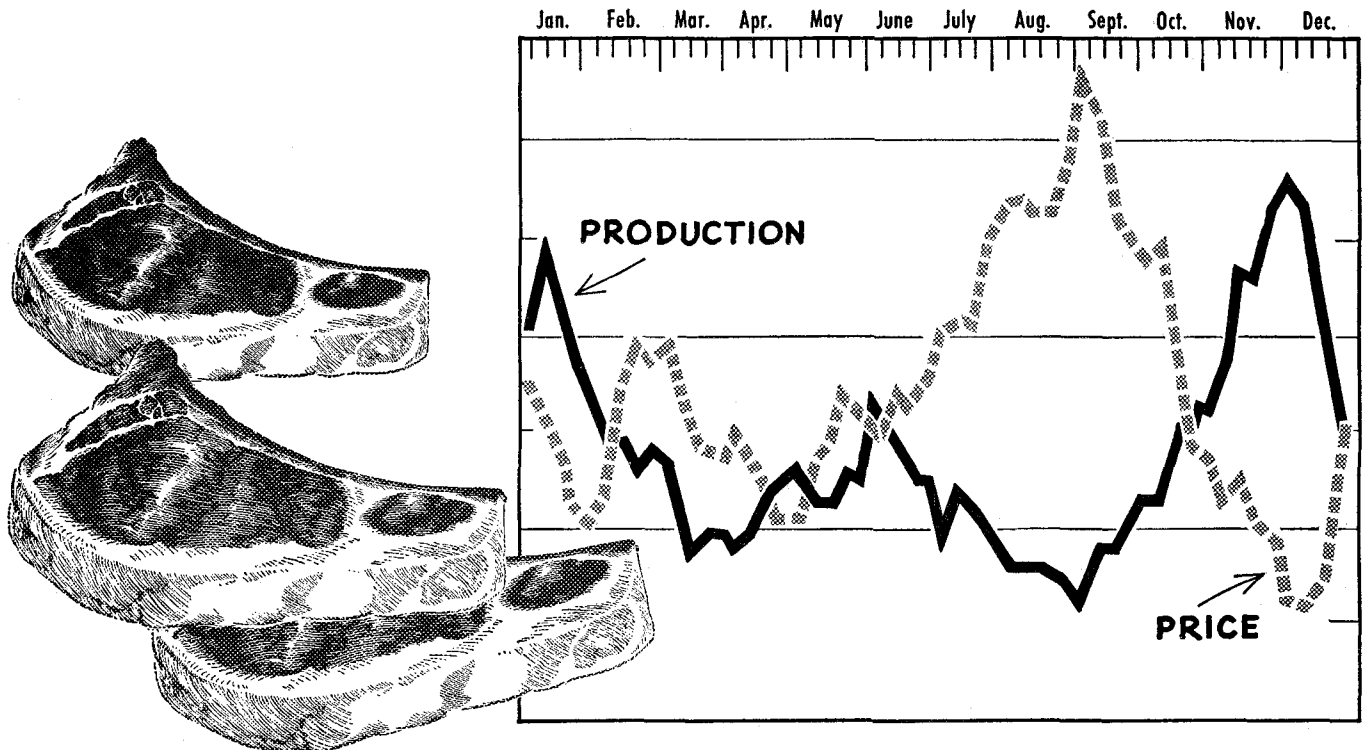
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What law

sends pork prices up in summer

... down again in winter?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period), which the government is now using as the index-base period.

The well known law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend a good six months growing to pork-chop size.

As a result, fewer pigs are ready for market during the summer months. And meat packers have to pay higher prices in order to get enough pork to fill customers' orders.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall,

all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *Less pork—higher prices* through the summer followed by *more pork, lower prices* during the winter.

Remember, summertime is the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

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This is the beginning of one of the most endearing American autobiographies the Atlantic has ever published. My Island Home recounts the aspirations and adventures of an Iowa boy who early in this century worked his way through school and college and whose dream it was to find an island solitude where one day he would write. It was not until his return from a German prison camp in 1919 that JAMES NORMAN HALL made friends with Charles Nordhoff, and out of their friendship which ripened in Paris came a literary partnership unique in American letters. The Atlantic will publish a four-part abridgment of this memoir.

MY ISLAND HOME

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

*Look to the northward, Stranger,
Just over the barn roof, there.
Have you in your travels seen
A land more passing fair?*

THOSE lines were written fifty years ago by a woodshed poet who lived in the little town of Colfax, Iowa — population 1749 — in the heart of the prairie country. He was twelve years old and little knew, then, that the Stranger appealed to would, in the course of time, prove to be himself, looking to the northward toward the days of his boyhood and youth from his home on the island of Tahiti, in the South Pacific. But so it is, and, despite the distance of time and space, I am happy to find that some of the memories of those days stand out as clearly as though the events of them had happened last week.

The Hall-family woodshed stood a little way back of the house on the northern slope of a hill that gave a wide view of the country in that direction. Both woodshed and barn have long since vanished, but I still see them in the mind's eye, their walls covered with the early compositions of the woodshed poet. "Look to the Northward," of four stanzas, was penciled by the woodshed window, overlooking the barn farther down the hill.

Colfax, in the days before the arrival of motorcars, was one of those small country towns healthy,

commercially, because the farmers living around them within a radius of from six to ten miles did their trading in them; and "trading" it was, in a real sense, for the farmers' wives brought with them fowls and eggs and homemade butter to be exchanged for various articles which the combined dry-goods and grocery stores of those days had to sell. The town had a reason for being that was later to be partly lost. As motorcars increased and dirt roads vanished the farmers' custom went to larger towns. Colfax, like many another small town, is now only the ghost of what it was in the 1890s and early 1900s. There were no wealthy residents in the town, nor were there any poor. Modern conveniences were few. During my boyhood I remember only two houses furnished with bathrooms and indoor toilets. All dwellings were heated either by wood stoves, potbellied stoves that burned soft coal, or those glorious bringers of indoor cheer, "hard-coal burners." Furnaces were then unknown except for a few in store buildings. As for house furnishings, most of them came, I believe, from Grand Rapids, Michigan, and a few other emporiums in or near Chicago. It was all in atrocious taste, and rocking chairs in particular were monstrosities that would have to be seen to be believed.

Our house, on its exposed hilltop where it took the buffetings of the bitter midwinter winds sweeping down from Canada, was a story-and-a-half

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frame building with a porch eight feet wide, trimmed with gingerbread scrollwork, fronting the dining room. The only water faucet in the house was in the cellar, for this was believed to lessen the risk of the pipe freezing in winter, but it froze nevertheless. All water was carried up to the kitchen. On a small back porch we had an icebox; but Iowa summers were as hot as the winters were cold, and those precious blocks of ice would vanish before the day was done.

But that old frame house was a home in the best sense of the word. Comforts and conveniences there were none, but they were not missed because we had never known them. What amazes me now, as I think of boyhood days, is how our mother managed to raise five children, three boys and two younger girls, doing practically all of the work herself when we were little. Only the family washing was sent out. Everything else she did, with the help of an occasional "hired girl." We children helped, of course, when we were old enough, but I still wonder how Mother managed when we were too young to be of use.

Many boys of my generation, like the boys of Tom Sawyer's and Huck Finn's generation, went to bed betimes on summer nights, but not always to sleep. And we were quite as skillful at making exits through upstairs windows; or we could creep downstairs, shoes in hand, as noiseless as cats. Alas! Having emerged from our parents' dwellings, we found no Mississippi River flowing past our dooryards, majestic, mysterious, under the light of the moon. In summer the Skunk River was little more than a prairie slough filled with sandbanks, mudbanks, and the trunks and branches of dead trees that had been swept into the channel during the spring rains. But we were not without adventure. Our Stream of Travel was of a different kind but none the less romantic: the C.R.I. & P. Railroad.

Number Six was due at Colfax at 10.45 P.M., but a good five minutes before that time it appeared around the curve westward, at the top of the Mitchellville grade, six miles away. The headlight proclaimed the glory of its coming, and the first faraway whistle was like a call to adventure in the summer night, sending shivers of delight up and down the spines of three of us more than ready to respond to it — Buller Sharpe, "Preacher" Stahl, son of the Methodist minister, and myself. Number Six took water at Colfax, and we waited beneath the water tank about fifty yards past the east end of the station. We would hear the fireman climb onto the tender and pull down the iron spout with the canvas nozzle attached; then silence, save for the plash of water pouring in and the gentle yet powerful breathing of the engine. Presently up went the spout, spilling the water remaining in it onto the ground just beyond where we were concealed. Then came the "high-ball" — that most stirring of signals — two short sharp blasts of the whistle. Peering out

from behind the posts supporting the water tank we would see the conductor swinging his lantern from the station platform. The fireman gave a pull at the bell rope; the great wheels began to move, and at the first mighty "hough!" of the engine we skipped out, leaped on the pilot — or "cowcatcher" as it was called by the uninitiated — and vanished into the pool of darkness just beneath the headlight.

What were the adventures of later years, compared with those summer-night rides on the pilot of Number Six? There was happiness almost too great for the hearts of boyhood to contain. The deep-toned whistle echoed among the wooded hills east of town. The great engine, rounding the sharp curves along the serpentine stretch of track skirting the hills, communicated the keen thrill of excitement from its own huge body to those of the twelve- and thirteen-year-olds who felt themselves a part of it. The headlight threw shafts of glory into the wooded land along the river; then, the curves passed, we felt sharp nudges from behind as the train gathered speed, and the long shaft of brilliant light now reached far ahead along the right-of-way.

A great part of our enjoyment came from being so close to the earth, which gave us the keen sense of traveling at enormous speed and with effortless power. All the odors of the summer night were ours: the cool dank fragrance of bottom lands along the river, mingled with that of skunk, one of the healthiest of all smells; the perfume of drying clover hay; the pungent odors of weeds and field flowers lying in swathes along the right-of-way as the scythes of the section hands had left them; the mingled odors of manure, horse sweat, and harness coming from barns. And, best of all, the deep-toned whistle of Number Six, and we traveling with it! It was splendid compensation for the many times when we heard train whistles from afar, the sound growing fainter and fainter until heard no more.

Grinnell, thirty-two miles from Colfax, was our usual destination. In the horse-and-buggy days a town thirty or forty miles distant was unknown territory to most small boys, with the romantic appeal that distance lends it, and this was enhanced with the hour approaching midnight, the strange streets empty, and most of the houses dark. The three of us would hasten away from the station and the business part of town, for the night constable would be making his rounds in that neighborhood and we had no desire to be questioned by him. In those days when trains carried all the traffic of the nation we could be sure of catching a westbound freight that would take us home before daylight. And so, carefree and curious, we wandered at ease along broad residence streets where maple trees and overarching elms were "chandeliers of darkness" against the starry sky. On one of the earliest of these journeys I had my first view of Grinnell College, or Iowa College as it was then called.

I have often thought of the importance of the effect those midnight rambles over the Grinnell College campus were to have on the events of my later life. I had the feeling of being in another world, as remote from that I knew as though it had been a thousand miles away. The beautiful lawns and the trees that shaded them; the buildings that looked so august and venerable compared with the mean little churches of Colfax, which, together with the schoolhouse, were the only public buildings in town — all of this stirred in me a vague longing.

The nocturnal visits of Sharpe, Stahl, and me had all been summer ones when the College was closed; but upon one never-to-be-forgotten occasion we saw the campus on a night in early October, shortly after the students had returned. This must have been in the autumn of 1902 or 1903. We witnessed a torchlight procession coming along the street bordering the west side of the campus. Thirty or forty men were singing what I afterward learned was called "The Glee Club Marching Song": —

A band of brothers from old Grinnell,
We march along tonight,
Two by two, our arms linked firm and tight.
Our songs arouse the sleepy town
As we go marching on,
Singing the love that binds our hearts in one.

On they went, their bodies casting huge shadows in the torchlight, the singing dying away far in the distance. At the time I remembered only fragments of the song, but having been born an idealist, a romanticist, even in boyhood anything beautiful heard or seen was immediately enhanced in the imagination and formed dream pictures in my mind. So it was on this occasion: the street bordering the campus was no ordinary street, nor the houses ordinary houses.

The whistle of a westbound freight would hurry us back to the railway yards. On the homeward journey we usually rode on top of a boxcar to have a better view of the countryside. Often the train was a fast freight that went thundering through Colfax, gathering speed for the long Mitchellville grade; but there was no need for concern: the grade conquered the best of them. When halfway up, the freight would be traveling no faster than a boy could trot. Sharpe, "Preacher," and I would hop off there, walk the rest of the way back, and be safely in bed and asleep well before daylight.

2

THE first book bought with my own money was a fifty-cent edition of Burns's poems, published by Hurst & Company, in New York. I still have this copy, fragrant with the memories, and the pages marked with the sacred finger grime, of boyhood. The earliest of its associations goes back to the time when I wrote "The Skunk River in Spring."

I regretted that our little river was named the Skunk. It deserved a better one, I thought, and later discovered that it had a better one: a beautiful Indian name, the Checaqua, but it was never so marked on the maps. I envied Robert Burns who had rivers so beautifully named to immortalize: "Flow gently, sweet Afton" . . . "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon. . . ." Insofar as I knew, no one had ever written a poem about the Skunk River. I resolved to do so, slipping the name in as unobtrusively as possible.

I wrote of a tragic event: little Willy King, whose parents lived only two blocks from our house, had been drowned in the river while learning to swim.

Oh, lovely River! Gentle Skunk!
Beneath this shining pool was sunk
The body of a Colfax boy!
How could the stream we love destroy
The life of little Willy King
And leave his parents sorrowing?
And throw his body on the ground
Nearly a mile from where he drowned?

Comparing this with

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

I felt deeply discouraged and wondered whether I could ever become a poet. Curiously enough, it was Burns himself who, later, gave me new heart and courage to continue the struggle.

During my last two years in high school I worked, evenings and on Saturdays, and during summer vacations, in H. G. Gould's clothing store. Mr. Gould was not a resident of Colfax; he lived in another part of the state, but had bought several clothing stores in Iowa towns. The one in Colfax was managed by two cousins, John and Billy Davis. I was sweeper-out of the store, kept the furnace going in winter, dusted shirt-and-collar boxes, and was slowly learning to wait on trade. But diffidence, the bane of my life, then and since, was a great handicap, and this was increased by the rebuffs received from farmers and their wives who little trusted a young salesman.

The store, in the Craigan block, extended from the street to the alleyway behind. The Davis boys trained me as well as they could. Often when a customer entered they sent me forward to see what was wanted. The customer was, usually, one of my old enemies before whom I went down to inevitable defeat. With a forlorn attempt at brisk self-confidence I would approach and say: "Is there something, Mrs. Rorabaugh?" or "Well, Mr. Phlaum! What will it be today?" knowing very well what it would be. Mrs. Rorabaugh would fold her arms over her ample stomach and reply, coldly: "I want to see John"; and Mr. Phlaum would scowl and mutter, "Where's Billy?" or walk right past as though he had not even seen me. On rare occasions

when both the Davis boys were busy a customer might permit me to sell him half a dozen bone collar buttons or a pair of corn-husking gloves, but that is about as far as their confidence in me went.

There were splendid compensations for this side of the clothing business, particularly on stormy winter days when customers were few. The Davis boys, of Welsh blood, were born singers. John had a superb tenor voice, and when we were busy at routine tasks he could no more keep from singing than from breathing. He could make spring of winter when he sang, "Every morn I bring thee violets" or "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." This last was identified, for me, with my favorite hill east of town.

My love for male quartet music, aroused early, became a passion during the years in the clothing store. There were some coal mines a few miles south and west of town and for this reason we had a population including both Welsh and Negro families, and all of them could sing. The store was a rendezvous for the songbirds. Some of my happiest memories are of winter days when the railway spurs to the mines were so deeply buried in snow that the miners could not go to work, nor could farmers reach town to do any trading. The Banks brothers, Babe and George, colored boys, would saunter in. George, a strapping fellow with a voice like Paul Robeson's, would say: "Billy, any objection to a little harmony?" There never was. Then we would tune up, and once the singing started, others would quickly gather, both white and colored, until, sometimes, we had a full glee club. We had a large repertoire of songs. "Come Where the Lilies Bloom" was one of my favorites.

Thomas Moore was another friend of those days, although I knew only the poems set to music that appeared in our high school songbook. Three of them, "Oft in the Stilly Night," "There's Music in the Air," and "A Canadian Boat-Song," are as intimately connected with Iowa as though I had written them; in fact, it seemed at times that I must have written them. "Oft in the stilly night" . . . after the lapse of forty years this line calls up a picture of my Hill. To this day I love "stilly night" far better than "still night" or "quiet night"; it reaches farther and implies more. There is no such thing as a still night except, perhaps, in the Far North in the dead of winter, and even there one hears the occasional sharp crack of frost and both sees and hears the awe-inspiring music of the northern lights. It was never a still night on my Hill. I heard the quavering stilly music of frogs along the river below and the songs of the whippoorwills in the woodland bordering it; the faint hum in so many different keys of night-flying insects. A stilly night is one when silence is made the deeper by such Midsummer Night's Dream music.

I do not mean to give the impression that I did nothing but read verse and attempt to write it

during my middle teens. My daily life was like that of the average boy. As permanent reminders of the period I have four bulged knuckles on the fingers of my right hand, mementos of futile but persistent efforts to become an expert catcher behind home plate. The night rides on Number Six continued, and there were longer daylight journeys on freights, both east and west. Parents of those days should have known the value to boys of this kind of education, that "riding the rods" was not as hazardous as it seemed to be, and that a summer's-day journey through beautiful pastoral country viewed from the open door of an empty boxcar, the pupils sitting there swinging their legs as the varying landscapes flowed by, was worth a month of geography lessons. But parents are often deficient in understanding a boy's point of view, and ours were bound to note absences, sometimes overnight because, in our love of travel, we journeyed too far. Furthermore, the great C.R.I. & P. Railroad System itself took notice of the fact, reported by various train officials, that three boys from a small town in central Iowa had become confirmed pilot jumpers and riders of night trains. A letter was received by "The Mayor, Colfax, Iowa," reporting the matter. The identity of the boys was discovered and reported, in turn, to the parents; and there was an end to those wonderful journeys.

My friend, Elmer Black, had taken no part in the railway journeys because he lived on a farm north of town; but now we began to make other journeys together, including voyages down the Skunk River. The first was made in a flat-bottomed rowboat. Being inland born and ignorant of the boatbuilding craft, neither of us knew the value of lightness in construction; and our boat, although it drew little water, was as heavy as though made of cement. When it was finished we were so eager to be off that we started before the paint was dry. The Skunk empties into the Mississippi in the southeastern corner of the state a little above Fort Madison. Our hoped-for destination was an island in the Mississippi below Hannibal, Missouri; but at Brighton, Iowa, we had to give up. We had dragged our rowboat a distance of almost halfway across the state. The summer chanced to be an unusually dry one and by the time we reached Brighton what water was left would scarcely have floated a twig.

Later Elmer built a small launch from blueprints of the Brooks boatbuilding plans for boys; it was equipped with a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -horsepower engine. Knowing the fickleness of the Skunk in summer as to depth of water, we made our second voyage down the Des Moines River — destination, New Orleans. This time we reached the Mississippi and had the unforgettable thrill of visiting Huck Finn's island; but at St. Louis our funds gave out; and so, alas! home once more, hoofing it and sleeping in the fields at night, crossing our old friend, the Skunk, on several occasions by means of wagon bridges.

In those days the Skunk was a river or a creek at least. It wandered in great loops and bends, often returning upon itself as though enamored of such beautiful, bird-frequented country and reluctant to leave it. In later years, when monstrous ditchers and dredgers began improving the country according to their engineers' ideas of what country should be, our meandering little river became a ditch, and those who made it so convinced everyone that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Much land was redeemed, temporarily, at least. But on various occasions since, I have stood on the banks of "New Ditch," the modern name for the sleepy old Checaqua, watching the swift current foaming Mississippi-ward, carrying with it hundreds of thousands of tons of rich topsoil. My belief is that Mother Earth knows best how her rivers should flow.

3

ON the night of June 15, 1904, Elmer Black and I, with our classmates, took part in the graduation exercises of the Colfax High School. I had written my Commencement oration on "The Nineteenth Century: The Eighth Wonder of the World," and a fragment of the opening sentence, "One hundred years ago the morning broke . . ." kept repeating itself like the words on a worn phonograph record with the needle stuck in a groove.

The Methodist church was packed. Elmer Black and I sat with our classmates on the flower-banked platform; our parents were seated a dozen rows back, and on their faces was the expression of worried hopefulness common to the parents of high school graduates upon such occasions. I looked anxiously around the church for my brother, Harvey, but he was nowhere to be seen. I felt easier after that.

I heard vaguely the Reverend Popplewell's invocation. It was an earnest appeal for blessing upon "these young people just at the threshold of life, and now going out into the world." In those days very few high school graduates went on to college. Commencement meant just that: the period of formal education was now behind them.

My ordeal was slowly approaching. Bessie Wood's violin solo — "Czardas" — gave tremulous voice to the feeling of apprehension of the next-but-one on the program; and Hazel Swihart's recitation, "Modern Lady with the Lamp," lighted the way inexorably toward me and the Eighth Wonder. My oration had nothing to do with the wonders of invention or mechanical achievement during the century; I was to speak of the growth of tolerance, whether religious, racial, or national, of the new birth of freedom during the century, and development in the arts and sciences (outside the mechanical), with special reference to the art of poetry. It was rather a large assignment for a seventeen-year-

old and a ten-minute oration; but I felt that I had covered the field pretty thoroughly if only I could remember the words I'd covered it with.

Hazel Swihart was again in her seat, having sustained the record, unbroken so far by the members of the Class of 1904, for the ease and assurance with which the orations had been delivered. Mr. Mischler, our high school superintendent, rose once more and adjusted his spectacles.

"The next oration is by Norman Hall. His subject is 'The Eighth Wonder of the World: The Nineteenth Century.'"

As I stepped forward to speak I saw my brother, Harvey, sitting in the front row of pews directly below me. Harvey was familiar with all the works of the woodshed poet that had appeared on the walls of the barn and woodshed and had often quoted them for his own purposes, in the presence of other boys. I had given him two or three bloody noses for this brotherly devotion, and Harvey had treasured up the memory of these affronts, knowing that his day would come. And now, at last, it had. Our mother had promised me that Harvey would be in one of the seats farthest from the platform where I would not be able to see him; nor had I seen him all through the program until just before I rose to orate. How he had managed to sneak up to the first row was more than I could guess, and I had no time for guessing at the moment.

He had a command of facial expression that was, truly, implike. He neither smiled nor giggled, but looked up at me with an innocent air of feigned interest that would have fussed a wooden image. As I stood there, appalled at the sight of him, his lips moved, and I knew that he was forming the words: "Look to the northward, Stranger." He then crossed his arms and waited with an air of grave expectancy.

"One hundred years ago the morning broke, and in the light of a dawning era, the remnants of oncemighty hosts, Ignorance, Bigotry, and Superstition, were seen scattering in full retreat toward the Night of the Past."

Do what I would, I was forced to glance again at Harvey. He waited with the same air of blandly grave expectancy as though he were saying: "Yes? . . . And then?"

Not one of my classmates had faltered. I had to be the first. The silence in the church was beyond all silence. For a moment my mind was blank; but thought of the shame it would be to go down in defeat before this imp of a kid brother aroused me to a truly heroic effort. I was saved by the sight of Mr. Logston, janitor of the church, whom I saw standing in the rear of the auditorium. I began again, and by keeping my eyes fixed upon him I brought the nineteenth century to a triumphant conclusion.

I had a wonderful revenge upon my brother Harvey. As a graduation gift my father presented

me with a week's visit at the St. Louis Exposition, and Elmer Black received the same gift from his father. My brother was so miserable at not being permitted to come with us that I refrained from gloating over him; but a slight return for the moment of agony he had caused me was, certainly, called for.

The following morning as I came up from the barn, Harvey was standing on the back porch, looking more than glum. I grinned, but he made no response. At the kitchen door I turned to favor him with a variation on a theme which came to mind while I was milking Hattie, our cow: —

Look to the northward, Harvey!
The dear old barn is there.
All next week you can do my chores
While I am at the Fair.

At Des Moines, Elmer Black and I boarded a Minneapolis & St. Louis train, St. Louis bound. We sat in a day coach, our grips on the rack overhead, with an abundance of literature concerning the Fair on the seats beside us: maps of the Exposition grounds, folders showing the separate buildings and the exhibits within them; splendid panoramic views of the Fair as a whole, clustered around the main attraction, to me, at least — the beautiful lagoon with its ornamental bridges and groups of statuary, bordered with lawns and promenades; and on the lagoon, gondolas floating above their mirrored reflections, or being propelled smoothly along by gondoliers who actually came from Venice.

The joy of anticipation was increased by reading, while en route to the Fair, of the wonders we were to see. The wheels of our day coach clicked over the rails in perfect cadence with: —

When Louie came home to the flat,
He hung up his coat and his hat.
He looked all around but no wife he found
And he wondered where Flossie was at.

No need to tell *us* where Flossie was at, or the wording of the message she had left on the table for her husband: —

Meet me in St. Louis, Louie,
Meet me at the Fair . . .

For memory stirrers, what can compare with popular songs? I have only to hum this one, soundlessly, and the St. Louis Exposition is still open and thronged with visitors, among them two entranced members of the 1904 graduating class of the Colfax High School.

Elmer and I saw everything together; I even stayed with him through miles and hours of wandering past machinery exhibits. Thanks to Elmer's keen interest not one was missed, but the only one I remember with any vividness was that of steam-locomotive engines. I had an inborn distrust of machines, but not of this kind. They were not

machines to me but superb, humanized landships plying along the great Stream of Travel that passed through our home town; as beautiful to me as clipper ships were to the boys of the Atlantic seaboard during the 1850s and '60s, or Mississippi River steamboats to the youngsters of Mark Twain's day.

Of the exhibits in the Hall of Industry, I think it was called, I best remember a bubble fountain displayed by some soap manufacturer. Millions of bubbles cascaded down sloping walls of glass, through shafts of colored lights. It was pretty, but at the same time a disappointment; there were too many signs calling attention to the kind of soap from which the bubbles were made. Furthermore, a soap bubble, a single one, is a beautiful thing, a symbol of perfection, and is not to be improved upon by multiplying the number.

The spectacle at the Fair never to be forgotten was that of the lagoon at night, reflecting the light of thousands of lamps, the Venetian gondolas silhouetted against it. Every night Elmer and I sat by the lagoon listening to the songs of the gondoliers, to the accompaniment of guitars and mandolins: "O Sole Mio," "Santa Lucia," the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*; we heard them for the first time at the Fair.

I returned from the Fair the same dreamy, callow, unawakened youth I had been the week before, and from the moment of arriving at home the feeling of melancholy deepened. The transition from the lagoons and gondolas of the Exposition to the commonplace sights of Colfax had been too sudden. I resumed without enthusiasm my customary labors at the clothing store, and grim dogged effort helped me to conquer some of my diffidence, so that customers began to accept me as a good enough salesman. Saturday night was band-concert night and all the stores were open on that evening until 10.30. The Colfax Cornet Band was a first-class organization, and formerly I had deeply enjoyed their concerts. But now, as I listened from the clothing store, shoehorn in hand, slipping farmers' feet into \$3.50 W. L. Douglas shoes, I would see the great lagoon at the Fair, hear the "Miserere" as sung by the gondoliers, and fall to dreaming while sitting on the shoe stool. But even while dreaming I could say, "Stand up in it and see how it feels."

The wooded hill was now more than ever my refuge. I "brooded" there on many a Sunday afternoon and many a moonlight night. A curious thing happened at this time. Burns, whom I had been reading with such pleasure and profit only a short time before, had done me a great deal of good. His sturdy independence had brought me to the realization that I had veins of it in my own nature. I had been fumbling my way through and trying to emerge from the inner chrysalis of the adolescent period. Then came the week at the Fair, and as a result of it I became more dreamily adolescent than

ever. Longfellow in his most sentimental moods now became my favorite companion. This was a prolific period in composition. I took a kind of pride in keeping "the burden laid upon me," of I didn't know what, out of public view. Sometimes I forgot to remember that I was bearing it and became quite cheerful.

4

ONE day when the Davis boys had gone to lunch and I was alone in the store, Mr. Gould, our boss, came in. As already mentioned, his home was in another part of the state. Now, having retired from the cattle business, he spent much of his time visiting the towns where he had bought clothing or grocery stores. He greatly enjoyed coming to Colfax, particularly in the wintertime, and would sit in the rear of the store talking with farmers and cattle feeders who made the place a kind of club. He stopped at the Mason House and his visits were anywhere from two to six weeks long.

Whenever I think of this particular visit I think of fleece-lined underwear, for I was unpacking a case of this merchandise when Mr. Gould came in. It was a stormy February day and I had a good fire going in the furnace. Mr. Gould took his customary chair by the hot-air register and questioned me in his kindly way about one thing and another while I went on with my work. Then he picked up the morning Des Moines paper and laid it on his lap while he took a cigar from his vest pocket. I enjoyed watching him light a cigar, he did it with such deliberation, to prolong the anticipatory pleasure. He would lean back, worm his big brown hand into his trousers pocket for his penknife; then with the greatest care he would clip off the end of the cigar and replace the penknife. He made a rite of lighting the cigar and the glow of deep sensual satisfaction as he did so was that of a man who knows how to make the most of the small amenities of life. In these days when I see editors, literary agents, motion-picture directors, or business executives of whatever kind lighting cigarettes while answering several sets of telephones, taking a drag or two, pressing out the fire in an ash tray, then immediately lighting another until the tray is heaped with mangled cigarettes, I think of Mr. Gould and his way of smoking. It is an indication of the vast change in the tempo of life from the 1900s to the 1940s. His was pure enjoyment; theirs is an unconscious display of tension and nervous strain.

He now read for half an hour or so. I was marking price tags for the underwear when he laid the paper aside. "Norman, knock off for a bit," he said. "Want to have a little talk with you. Come and sit down."

I took a chair on the opposite side of the register, waiting while he gazed meditatively at his cigar as though estimating the enjoyment left in it.

"Been lookin' around up north," he said. "Met a man in Belle Fourche, South Dakota. He's sellin' out his clothing business and goin' to California. Good many Iowa people doin' the same thing. Lot of sissies! Can't stand Iowa winters."

He spat disgustedly down the hot-air register and the sizzling sound that followed seemed to indicate the frying of the renegades who would choose California as a place to live.

"What'll they do out in California — sit around in the sun all day, whittlin' sticks? They're no good, that kind of people. Don't belong in Iowa; didn't belong in the first place. No pioneer blood in their veins. Good riddance if they *all* go to California. Get 'em cleared out and we'll have Iowa the way it ought to be."

The California trek of Iowans, then just beginning, filled Mr. Gould with contempt. He died before the great migration was under way. I wonder what he would have thought of the huge annual picnics of later years, held in the vicinity of Long Beach, where the migrants gather by counties to talk of "home," to sing: —

We're from I-o-way, I-o-way,
That's where the tall corn grows!

But I myself am one of those exiles, although it was not to escape Iowa winters that I became one, and I did not follow my fellow Iowans to Long Beach.

I was puzzled as to why Mr. Gould should be discussing this matter with me when he broke off and was silent for a moment. Then he added: "I bought that clothing store in Belle Fourche. How would you like to run it for me?"

I was so taken aback that, for a moment, I could only stare at him. I was not yet eighteen, and the prospect of going to another town in another state, not as a clerk, but to manage a clothing store, out-topped any that I could have dreamed for myself.

"John and Billy tell me you're getting to be a good clothing salesman," he said. "I like to give a young fellow a start in life, and here's yours if you want it."

He went on to say that the former proprietor of the clothing store had agreed to manage it for him until the next autumn, when he planned to leave for the West Coast. I would take over then and have the intervening months for further training with the Davis boys.

"I'm not so young as I was, Norman. Before long I'll want to take things easier; not have so many irons in the fire. Well, if you dig in and work hard and save your money, you'll end up by being proprietor of that store. I'll sell out to you on terms you'll be able to meet without any trouble. You'll be wanting to get married a few years from now; and there you'll be, settled for life, with a nice thrivin' business in a fine little town. How does that strike you as an end to work toward?"

At first I was so dazzled by the offer that I found

it hard to express my gratitude to Mr. Gould; but as the weeks passed I began to feel troubled, uneasy, about this end to work toward. It seemed too near the beginning, and "settled for life" perturbed rather than comforted me. The phrase kept repeating itself like the tolling of a bell. My father, the Davis boys, and other friends thought this a splendid opportunity and took it for granted that I would accept. As I have said, it was not customary in those days, at least, in Colfax, for a young man to go on to college.

In a notebook of those days I find this entry: "Growth in poetic power. Compare 'Look to the northward, Stranger,' with 'The Peewee's Call.'" The woodshed poet was, evidently, trying to convince his old enemy, Diffidence, that if he had faith in his wings and continued to use them, they would carry him farther than to Belle Fourche, South Dakota. I realized that I was approaching a cross-road and would be standing there in the autumn, regarding crossed signboards: one pointing toward Belle Fourche, and the other . . . I didn't know where. One thing was certain: if I was to hold to the Muse it was time to get some unbiased opinions: the thing to do was to seek confirmation of my hopes from the editors of magazines.

One morning I "rode the blind" of the local west-bound passenger train (just to keep my hand in) to Des Moines, and spent a full day in the public library reading the poetry in the magazines received there. I returned home with the addresses of the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and half a dozen more.

From that time on I lived a double life. By day I was a clothing salesman, by night a would-be poetry salesman. In the latter occupation I received such courteous rebuffs that I was encouraged rather than disheartened. The letters were all alike:—

The Editor regrets that your manuscript is not available for publication at this time. He thanks you for your courtesy in offering it.

But what greater thrill, save an acceptance of a manuscript, could a woodshed poet have than that which comes with the taking-out, handling, and reading of these printed cards that actually came from an editor's office and which had been slipped into the envelopes by his very hands? The returned manuscript gains both dignity and merit because it has been read, he hopes, by the editor himself.

Although the unbiased editorial opinions were all of a kind, I was not discouraged. With the coming of spring I went as usual to my Hill. The hepaticas were in glorious abundance. Their perfume alone convinced me that life was too precious to be spent in a clothing store, and that a young man who made the mistake of underestimating its value would have

only himself to blame for the disillusionment of later years. I considered more and more seriously the prospect of going to college, and that meant Grinnell and no other place.

A band of brothers from old Grinnell,
We march along tonight,
Two by two, our arms linked firm and tight. . . .

It is strange how a small event will be seized by a youngster and molded to his unconscious needs. I have long since realized the importance of the part the chance meeting with that band of brothers played in shaping the course of my life. The fragrance of hepaticas, of the woods in early spring, influenced my decision to go to college, but it might not have been Grinnell except for the night rides on Number Six, and the Glee Club Marching Song heard at just the right moment. It gave me an ideal conception of comradeship that I have never lost.

Early in the summer I wrote to the Registrar's office in Grinnell for information about college entrance requirements. A week or two later a young man several years my senior came into the store. I did not know him, but supposing him a chance customer passing through Colfax, I went forward to wait on him.

"Are you Norman Hall?" he asked. He then introduced himself. He was Benjamin Dehaan; of Pella, Iowa, a member of the senior class (1906) at Grinnell, and had been asked to call in response to my letter to the Registrar. He explained that he was employed by the College during the summer vacation to call upon prospective students. The last thing I had expected was a personal call from anyone connected with the College. The experience taught me the importance of such calls by an upper-classman upon high school boys, particularly those affected with shyness. I had scores of questions to ask, about entrance requirements, curricula, student life in general. Ben Dehaan answered them all. He did not try to "sell" me the college—to use the expression that was to become current years later; I could not have bought it even if he had. But his love for Grinnell was apparent in all that he said, and confirmed my own feeling about it, gained from my night prowls over the campus with my two friends, or as we lay in the grass, keeping our ears cocked all the while for the whistle of a westbound freight.

That was a memorable meeting, and "the burden laid upon me" of being settled for life dropped from my spirit somewhere between the Gould clothing store and the C.R.I. & P. depot as I accompanied Ben Dehaan to his train. He stood on the car platform during the two minutes the train was at the station, answering further questions; then as it started to move he gave me a friendly nod. "So long," he said. "Hope we'll see you in the fall."

(To be continued)



Harold J. Laski was in his twenty-eighth year and Mr. Justice Holmes in his eightieth, and the friendship between them had been ripening for four years, when the letters which follow were being written. The richness and the diversity of the exchange make this correspondence of exceptional interest, and we are indebted to MARK DEWOLFE HOWE, the Editor, and to the Harvard University Press, which will publish the two big volumes, for the privilege of presenting this preview. Our selection begins at the end of March, 1920, when Laski made his decision to leave Harvard, where he had been teaching, to go to London.

THE HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS

Edited by MARK DEWOLFE HOWE

MY DEAR JUSTICE: I do not know how to begin this letter. All my abiding love for you comes tumbling to the end of my pen and confuses the thoughts I want to express. The fact is this. I have been offered a professorship at the London School of Economics to begin next October. It offers me £700 a year, an amount of teaching very much less than I now do, colleagueship with the men who are the real masters of my subject, and, above all, England. I have talked it over with Felix, Lowell, Haskins, and my colleagues in general; I have looked at it from the personal angle of Frida and my own people; and the conclusion is that I ought not, personally and intellectually, to refuse it. I have written my acceptance and so when I go in June it will be for good.

You will know what I mean when I say that my love for you and Felix is the one thing that holds me back. It is one of the two or three most precious things I have ever known and to diminish the personal contact that has lit up these last four years so much is not easy. Yet I think it has gone deep enough to make space, I do not say unimportant, but irrelevant. Wherever I am and whatever I do you would be one of the greatest joys I could have. If I end this American adventure will you believe me when I say that I end it only because what you have taught me has made it possible for others to think that I might be useful in what seems a career where I would exercise a larger influence than here. Wallas and Webb and Viscount Haldane were the people who urged my appointment. The school is the place above all where I have been anxious to teach. I can lecture there on the subjects about which I care most, and the work is almost entirely with graduate students. Then I have at hand the prospect of political work with the British Museum and the Public Record Office for materials nowhere

else available. The income is not as large as I have here; but the time occupied by teaching leaves one a good deal more freedom both for books and such work as I have done these last four years in the *New Republic*. Felix and Lowell both emphasise their belief that the post is for my work, ideal. I feel that too. But I cannot be content until I know that the seal of your approval is on it.

And I want to say again that the thought of England makes me see how infinitely much I owe to our friendship. Not merely to the ideas you have given me — though they are the background of my thought, but above all to a generous affection which, I think, comes only once or twice in one's life and makes everything that has ever been bitter or hard seem petty and negligible. I want while I'm in England to try and fill for you the place Miss Chamberlain¹ had, to send you week by week comment and gossip and talk, but above all my love. If I could not do that I would not, of course, go. For I realise that the bigger thing is to contribute what I can to your happiness.

Please tell Mrs. Holmes this, for all that I say is for her equally with you. And give her, as yourself, my dear love.

Ever affectionately yours,
HAROLD J. LASKI

Washington, D.C., March 31, 1920

MY DEAR LASKI: Your decision sounds right to me. Of course I cannot judge with knowledge of all the elements — but it seems plain that you will be in a better *milieu* for your work and that is the first thing to consider so far as you are concerned. I gather that your wife will like the change, or at

¹ Miss Beatrice Chamberlain, daughter of Joseph Chamberlain and sister of Sir Austen Chamberlain; intimate friend and correspondent of Holmes's.

least does not object to it, and that being so, I should think the case was pretty clear. But oh, my dear lad, I shall miss you sadly. There is no other man I should miss so much. Your intellectual companionship, your suggestiveness, your encouragement and affection have enriched life to me very greatly and it will be hard not to look forward to seeing you in bodily presence. However, I shall get your letters and that will be much. I shall do my best to hold up my end of the stick — though while the work is on here, as you know, it sometimes is hard to find time or to get free from the cramp to the law — I should say, of the law, in the sense that one's mind after intense preoccupation only slowly recovers its freedom — as the eye only gradually readjusts itself to a new focus — especially with the old. I feel as if I were good for some time yet — but I used to think that the mainspring was broken at 80 and in any event as that hour approaches one is bound to recognize uncertainties even if one does not realize them — as I don't. If we should not meet again you will know that you have added much to the happiness of one fellow-being. Give my love to your wife.

Affectionately yours,
O. W. HOLMES

The London School of Economics
Clare Market, Kingsway, London W.C.
July 18, 1920

MY DEAR JUSTICE: I have purposely waited for a fortnight before writing to you so that I might have some definite impressions to communicate; and merely to see London again was too lyrical an experience at first for sane committal to paper. We had a genial but slow voyage without casualties. Eleven episcopal bishops on board, but all were tame and one was a genuine liberal so that no mishaps occurred; though the temper of them *en masse* was hardly elevating intellectually. To see London again was thrilling; and ever since, I have wandered about like Haroun al Raschid, finding adventure at every street corner. My new post seems precisely what I wanted; and Sir William Beveridge, the Director of the School, is a charming fellow with all the qualities of the best type of civil servant. I had a good talk with Graham Wallas, who is full of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge, with Mansbridge, who runs the adult education movement in this country and is an eminently loveable person. A great lunch at the *Nation* with Massingham, Brailsford, Masterman and such. Massingham was vividly full of his visit to you in Eye Street and sent warm greetings. He really is a great editor. Lunch, too, with the Webbs whom I like for their eagerness, their competency, and their direct march upon what they want; and apart from a certain *brusquerie* of temper they really aren't nearly so difficult as their reputation. But the great event was a long morning with Haldane,

with whom I dine again on Saturday next. I took to him at once. He talked vividly of his crossing with you, of the dissent in *Abrams v. U.S.*, the influence of the *Common Law*, the greatness of the Law School, all with a mastery and interest which I liked hugely. Then we agreed on most things which makes talk easy — agreed on the civil service, the problem of educating the democracy and so forth. Haig, who should know, calls him the greatest secretary of war we ever had; and it will be difficult to forget the accent in which he said "I love the army." Also he arranged for me to spend an afternoon with John Morley, of which I'll give you a full account later on. And I went to a full dress debate in the House of Commons with the final impression that it was the worst legislature England has ever known. I suppose that academic-minded people like myself don't appreciate the business man as he should be appreciated; but there they were *en masse*, and they talked, as I thought, on a plane utterly unconnected with the world about us. Let me add that Austen Chamberlain made an admirable speech; that Asquith seemed to me clearly *passé* — no warmth, no eagerness, no incisiveness; and that I saw a labor member in the smoking room finish up the half-drunk beer of another. The final note is that I went to Manchester and saw my people for the first time in nine years. I went because I thought I ought to show them that there was a real eagerness on my part for the resumption of our relationship. I don't think it did any good. They've become very wealthy and my income and prospects are not on the plane which interests them very greatly; and since I'm finding it impossible to rent a house and cannot buy one under £3,000; and since they must give us the £3,000 since I don't possess it, I am afraid we'll have to live in St. James Park until they feel that Diana and Frida can be palatable even though they were not born Jews. Do you mind if I consign all religions to eternal damnation.

Felix and Brandeis, I needn't add, are great people here. Chancellors, Judges, Astors all vie for their entertainment. And I believe they like it — Brandeis unbends delightfully. Felix, in his whirlwind ways, sees everyone and everything; and his wife looks on in stately aloofness. Of course, I've been round the bookshops though their treasures are no longer three a penny. But they are undamaged by the war and I have picked up one or two pleasant things — Buchanan's *De jure regni apud Scotos*, the 1606 (Knolle) translation of Bodin's *De Republica*, and some modernities and the engravings make my heart faint with envy. There was a Rembrandt in Tregaskis — but I will not make you growl. All in all, England does not seem to have changed very much, at least in outward semblance. There is still the same servility for a twopenny tip. Still the same plethora of servants, the nursemaid still wears a uniform in which no self-respecting

female would be found dead. But the life has a mature tone, an intellectual alertness, a sense of proportion, that is fitting for a people which has looked death in the face and emerged only with difficulty through its shadows.

My dear love to you both, and Frida's. I'd give much for a night's talk to straighten things out. From now on I'll write weekly.

Ever affectionately yours,

HAROLD J. LASKI

[HOLMES TO LASKI]

[Beverly Farms]

July 30. Your letter has come and brings me joy. . . . At your recommendation I read Gooch's *Germany and the French Revolution* with edification and pleasure — and also thanks to you I am just finishing the Webbs' *History of Trade Unionism* — the edition of 1911, alas, as that was the latest the Athenaeum possessed. It is a marvellously solid piece of work and I get instruction from it — but I believe that Webb's economics have a sentimental basis — though it is very bold for me to dare to say so — or would be if I didn't remember some of his earlier Fabian essays. I have no criticism for a given crowd's insisting upon maintaining a standard of living (at the expense of some other crowd) but when it is adopted as a thinking and not merely a fighting formula, I can but suppose that the writer believes in Croly's 'The sums now withdrawn by capital' which I think the emptiest humbug that ever was spawned. There seemed to me evidences in the book that the authors had not ceased to think dramatically. I didn't know that the Webbs were regarded as difficult. He struck me as far from exquisite but as a brilliant talker. The account I have heard of the way they laid out their life presented a marvel of system and *ennui* (not to them).

What you say of Brandeis and Felix gives me pleasure. The latter has an unimaginable gift of wiggling in wherever he wants to and I am glad that Brandeis should see more of England which when we last talked he admired beyond everything else — and I must admit (in spite of what I have said about the Webbs) that their book shows a respect for facts as against rhetoric in the working man that makes me envious. I wish I knew the later developments and present status of their movements. I don't think I agree with you about the nursemaid's uniform. Is it more than a cap? They look well in it. I should agree in disliking, except for the variety and amusement it gives to the eye, the rigging of men servants in a wholly different dress. It helps the stupid feeling of the employers that they are of a different clay. But it was more entertaining when you saw a lady driving with two outriders on horses matching those in the carriage. I saw in the Athenaeum that Ross who years ago wrote a good book, *Social Control*, had got out a big volume on sociology — which I thought that I either would omit or buy. I noticed with

pleasure that he said that Malthus whose value had been depressed now stood at par. As you know, I wish his teaching in its substance were more taken to heart. (I bought the copy you mentioned to me in the 17th Street shop near my house.) The other day I ran through Blackie's translation of Aeschylus — and it led me to try to get the Greek (of course — I have it in Washington). I couldn't get a copy at Schoenhof's! So I took it from the Athenaeum — Aeschylus always has hit me harder than the others — and I think I must reread the *Agamemnon* and (especially) *Prometheus Bound*, the *ne plus ultra* of dramatic splendor.

I could run on I suppose for an hour but it is 11:20 — I want to finish Webb and must walk to the P.O. before luncheon dinner at 1 and . . . shut up. It gives me great delight to hear from you again. I had begun to feel uncomfortable. . . .

My love to you both — Oh am I glad to be with my playmate again!

Affly yours,

O. W. HOLMES

London, July 28, 1920

MY DEAR JUSTICE: My news is scattered and diverse but, I hope, not without interest. The real centre is a dinner with Haldane to which he had Brandeis and Sankey, J. I would like you to know the latter — strong clear mind, reading eagerly and keenly alive to events. Haldane himself talked superbly, particularly when he told us the story of how the British Expeditionary force was made. Then I spent a day in Oxford — whither I return tomorrow — and a week-end in Cambridge. Oxford, I think, disappointed me somewhat. The don, I take it, leads an oversheltered life and he gets wrapped up in the private, technical problems about him instead of the things the world outside is thinking about. Cambridge, very unpietically, I found much more alert. To begin with, I dined with Lowes Dickinson, who is in the thick of the ideas I care about. And I stayed with Rivers (you remember him?) who is a first-rate fellow. And at Heffers' bookstore I bought for 2/6 a nice little 1663 *Utopia* with Isaac Newton's name written in it and what is surely the finest copy of Harrington (the folio of 1709) that is in existence. And I had a good long talk with Russell who sees the world very much with my eyes and not without the detachment that alone makes it intelligible. What is perhaps most important is that the goddess who presides over my destiny has found us a delicious little house. It's in S. Kensington about two minutes from the Natural History Museum and I think it can be made very attractive with our books and pictures. The address is 40 Onslow Gardens, S. Kensington and it's the ambition of my life to win you over to see it. Did I tell you that my father rejected my advances? The religious barrier was fatal and yet after nine years I found myself thinking that with you and Felix and

one or two such there is no need for repining. When one has chosen the life of ideas the only thing possible is to stand by them. It means loss of means, but at least it's a gain in self-respect. . . . Tomorrow I go down to Oxford to lecture and then to the sea for ten days. Then back here to the luxury of furnishing and the joy of getting into the house. Of other news but little, I fear. Felix I've seen, of course; but he flashes over London like a meteor. Morley I'm to see in the next fortnight. The political background is a huge chaos — men seeking to avert a revolution they do not understand with weapons they don't know how to wield. The great people are these working men who have realized the part that discipline of the intelligence must play in a democratic state and are devoting their lives to that end. But I find myself wondering if we have time. It isn't that English civilization is outworn — there is more ability about than I have ever known — but that it has learned to know that things are desirable without an organization capable of reaching them within the due limit of time assigned. It's a great spectacle to watch.

My love and Frida's to you both. Tell me all you're doing.

Ever affectionately yours,

HAROLD J. LASKI

Beverly Farms, August 11, 1920

DEAR LASKI: A delightful letter from you this morning of July 24. Is it 40 (I think) or 10 Onslow Gardens? My! but I'd like to go bookhunting with you — you would always get the treasures but I should have the fun and be allowed some crumbs. I am very sorry about your father as I had hoped I saw a *rapprochement* taking place. My reading is moderate. Tommy Barbour yesterday said that after motoring over to Cambridge, doing his day's work there and returning — he polished off a volume in the evening. It made me feel like a worm. The other day I came to Prothero — *The Psalms in Human Life*, sent to me years ago by my would-be evangelizing friend Kennaway of Devon. To my surprise I found it a delightful little history of 2000 years in anecdote — the tales bound together by the hero's quoting the psalms before his head was cut off — or something of the sort. It reminded me of the Goncourts' *Les maîtresses de Louis Quinze* — backstairs stories given an air of philosophic significance which enables you to gossip without shame. Then the psalms themselves — with some surprises to see how very rudimentary the motifs and the life portrayed. Just before, I had labored through the *Prometheus* with a Greek dictionary for which I had to use a magnifying glass — and having to look out every fifth word. I spent two or three days last week in rereading my proofs. The last thing before that was the Webb's *History of Trade Unionism* which I believe I spoke of in my last. You write as if something fundamental was going to

happen. I am out of it, but hope that after talking fundamentals they will simply modify details. It seems to me that the waking up of the working classes is rather a change of dreams — with a general unwillingness to look disagreeable facts in the face. Also you speak of the time assigned as if people must look sharp or the axe would fall. I hope not — but again would like you to expound. . . .

40 Onslow Gardens, November 14, 1920

MY DEAR JUSTICE: Behold me an M.A. — with a vote against the parsons in Convocation and a vote against the Tory for the House of Commons. It was otherwise a waste of twenty pounds, but a most amusing ceremony.

And I had a very jolly week. First, I met Wells and Arnold Bennett. Wells is rather fat, but astonishingly quick and eager, with a mind that dances like a Hottentot over a wide range. He told me that he is coming to America, and I extracted from him a pledge that you should have an evening. So please expect him. Bennett I liked very much. To begin with, he is essentially a craftsman, with the same pride in his art, *qua* art, that men like Rembrandt must have had. Also he is whimsical, and add to that an ugliness which becomes gratifying and there is good food for talk. I dined also with Buckmaster, the ex-Chancellor, whom I took a great affection for. We damned L-G; sorrowed over Asquith; and then spent an hour on the personalities of the court. Not to please you but as a matter of general interest you may like to have the order he put them in — Holmes, Brandeis, Van Devanter, Day, Pitney, White, McKenna, Clark[e], McReynolds. Then we talked constitutional law. He is a big-minded, generous man, with a very attractive forthright way of speaking. I'd like you to meet him one day. . . .

Of other news not much. . . . Politics I eschew completely, except for the weekly lunch of the *Nation*; and the more I see of the thing the more glad I am that my ambitions are in other realms. Not, mind you, that I should not like to make an attack on Lloyd George in the House of Commons; but I think the labour of getting there less worth the energy that can go into my four volumes (!) on the history of English political ideas.

Well! Our love to you. I am anxiously awaiting the Collected Papers of O.W.H.

Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

Washington, D.C., November 26, 1920

DEAR LASKI: Every letter from you is a joy. I love to hear of your acquisitions, your reading, your everything. I know not what M.A. may signify with you — I believe it means something here now, as, already years ago, my classmate Garrison¹ was

¹ Wendell Phillips Garrison (1840-1907); reforming son of a radical father, William Lloyd Garrison (1805-1879)

given the modest distinction of an honorary A.M. (I think that is our order in the letters). After I graduated you got it by living 3 years and paying \$5. As I preferred the \$5 I think I never got the degree. As to your talk with Buckmaster forgive me if I suspect that he was prompted by his interlocutor — but I will hope not — though I take the marks of your kindness with caution! This morning finds me in fine shape. In excess of my hopes last Monday I was allowed to fire off (one semi-castrated) the three opinions that I had, before adjournment for a fortnight. Only one new one was assigned to me and that has gone to the printer. My other work is done. I telephoned to see if I could go to the Congressional Library in a few minutes from now to visit Rice and inspect new acquisitions — but aesthetic swells come down late. I hope now to finish Lowie's *Primitive Society* I believe I mentioned, and a book sent to me by Brandeis, A. G. Gardiner *Prophets, Priests and Kings* — clear estimates of public men, written I gather before the war — not quite first rate but good. . . . I have been working so hard that I am glad of a breathing spell. The C.J. who occasionally speaks to me as if I were unknown to the world at large said that people thought I didn't work when I fired off decisions soon after they were given to me. By the by, I don't think Buckmaster's ranking does him justice. His faults are obvious, but he has insights. I think, e.g. the credit is wholly his of making the relations between the Interstate Commerce Commission and our court clear and putting the whole important business on a sound and workable footing. He is a big fellow, though (strictly between ourselves) I should think built rather for a politician than a judge. I hope you have received my book. I paid for some supposed to have been sent to people here including one for me but have not received mine (of course I got an earlier copy) and another fellow told me he had not received his. The publishers seem amiable and as I told you I am delighted with the appearance of the volume. A purchaser sent a copy to me to write my name in it and as I couldn't say *from* OWH I wrote *Caveat Emptor* with my name. Also Frankfurter writes that he received his copy. So they have gone forth into the cruel world. You are such a hardened publisher that I may suppose (by fiction for we all really are sensitive) that you don't mind such a trifle as a bister [*sic*] — and this isn't even that — yet I feel a mild excitement at the rather old little boy going out in a new jacket and trousers.

My love to you both.

Affectionately yours,

O. W. HOLMES

40 Onslow Gardens, 14.12.20

MY DEAR JUSTICE: First of all, our warmest good wishes to you both for Xmas and for 1921. I am delighted with the book. It looks dignified, it's easy to

handle, and the type is excellent. I need not say that I re-read it at once; and I felt, what you will admit to be the real test of worth, that I would give much to have been its author. "The Path of the Law" still strikes me as the really great paper of the volume; after that "Early English Equity"; after that the speech to the Law School in 1886. But how impossible it is to choose where all make me doubly and triply proud of friendship. The only thing lacking in my copy is my name and you must please send me a slip to paste in.

First news of persons, then of books. It has been a rather quiet fortnight, for both Frida and I have had bad colds and gone out but little. But I had a lunch with F. Pollock and a dinner with Haldane both of which I enjoyed. Pollock I liked hugely, though I thought he had got very old and was mentally less alert than I had expected. He fired up when we talked of you but otherwise pitched his conversation in a low key. He was, I thought, unduly critical of Pound (learning without point) and unduly favourable to English jurisprudence. Haldane had a fascinating dinner — Sir William McCormick who runs the research side of the Privy Council and Austen Chamberlain. It developed into a general fight upon the duty of the state to research — Haldane and I urging that you must provide careers for the brilliant young scientists the universities turn out and Chamberlain arguing that industry should take them up. I don't think we converted Haldane [*sic*] but we did at least convert McCormick, who invited me to talk to his Committee on the subject. Haldane spoke very charmingly of having received the book; and of his wish for a talk with you on some Canadian federal cases he's handling just now. . . .

Of books I have had a long dose, owing to three days in bed. It began with novels, none good except the old ones, and moved forward to the better line of thought. I re-read Trevelyan on Italy and, to my astonishment, found a large part of it merely brilliant rhetoric where ten years ago I remember being swept off my feet by it; I read a great book on the Indian government reforms by Lionel Curtis called *Dyarchy* — a study of government that has not a little of Hamilton's amazing ability to go direct to the point; and with pride I affirm and do take my oath to the fact that I read the whole six volumes of Masson's *Life of Milton* with very great pleasure. And I re-read Morley's *Cromwell* with a little envy, easily the best summary of the man, though one feels Morley's sententiousness a little trying at times. And these modernities are rounded off by Rivers's *Instinct and the Unconscious*, a real masterpiece, and B. Russell's *Theory and Practice of Bolshevism* which I felt to be a great contribution as a piece of analysis. . . .

Of course I haven't stopped buying books, though bed had interfered with my searches. The prettiest thing I found was Craig's *Jus Feudale*, a dear little

folio, and an answer to Parsons's on the succession. Next in joyousness was Thomas Fitzherbert's *Policy and Religion*, I think the first English answer to Machiavelli, and an extraordinary piece of acute learning with a dedication of such beauty to his son that it brought the tears to my eyes to read it. Then I bought a group of tracts on general warrants which are especially interesting because they belonged to Woodfall, Wilkes's printer and have his autograph on them. I ought in honesty to add that the three real gems I found were beyond my price; though I mention one because it may tempt you. It is Parsons's answer to the Fifth Book of Coke's reports and is an attempt to criticise Coke's theory of legal supremacy in terms of papal right. All the middle ages is in it and it is really very powerful. It's a very rare book and cheap at £4-10-0. But I don't dare to climb that far. One bookseller, let me add, complimented my means and appearance by offering me forty-eight letters from Nelson to Lady Hamilton for £600. I said my interest was in political theory; so he produced Wilde's copy of Rousseau's *Confessions* for £150; I still demurred and he thereupon produced a manuscript of Swinburne on revolution at £100. I said "I'm in the two pound class" and he nearly fainted.

My love to you both.

Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

40 Onslow Gardens, 28.12.20

MY DEAR JUSTICE: A very dear and welcome letter has just come from you and I sit down to answer it *instantly*, for you have been in my mind all day. A batch of your own and Brandeis's opinions came along this morning and I have been reading them with unadulterated joy. Particularly first-rate, if I may say so, was *International Bridge Co. v. New York* where you straightened out a complicated tangle with an easy brilliance that delighted me. The day your court will make me your colleague on the bench I'll come back to America for good and all. But the condition *sine qua non* is that I see you morning, noon and night.

Well, I have had my share of adventures since I last wrote and I must see if I can make them into a tale. First a lunch with Bryce, full of amusement and vivid interest. He mentioned the receipt of your book and said (I did not demur) that you and Bowen were the old [*sic*] two Common Law judges who wrote a style that was literature. Really the old fellow was astounding. He's eighty-five and, though a little shrunken, as lively as a cricket. He'd read all the latest books, was avid for all the latest gossip, damned Lloyd George up and down dale, fixed historians in their exact position like an ex-

aminer marking papers, and in short, gave me two entirely delightful hours. He never struck me as quite first-rate either in his reflections or in his comments. I rather judged that he'd made his reputation [more] by an extraordinarily active and alert mind than by one that had either depth or penetration. But it was an astonishing spectacle to see him so alive to the sweep and play of immediate forces.

More thrilling still was a dinner (this between ourselves) with Haldane to meet Lloyd George and Austen Chamberlain. The government has decided to sidetrack educational reform and Haldane thought that coming from an outside world an emphatic negative might make the Prime Minister hesitate. It was literally amazing from start to finish. He arrived with six armed soldiers to protect him from Sinn Féin and two patrolled the House all the time he was there. I started in by urging that we had, for good or evil, universal suffrage and that the worst conceivable form of government was that of an untrained and ignorant democracy. Therefore the statesman who devotes his energies to educating it would be the most venerated a century hence. Haldane played up finely and then the P.M. weighed in. I had hoped to be able to hate him and he gave me ample cause. He literally doesn't know what principle means. I had academic enthusiasm, could I teach him how to win elections? Then two hours of brilliant, cynical persiflage — no ideals, no loyalty, no gratitude. It was Machiavelli's Prince turned *bourgeois* solicitor — what means must I take to keep in office? Any means — the bad Prime Minister is the man who loses offices. Full of fascination, of course, unerring in his sense of this man's weakness or that man's ambition — but the quality of rock you sense in the greatest men, the ability to see beyond tomorrow, selflessness, generosity, of all these not a particle. And at the end, "You don't like me, Laski?" — this with a dazzling smile.

"I can't put my feelings into such simple terms, Mr. Prime Minister."

"Well, well, I daresay I shall discover the weak joint in your armour before long."

Austen Chamberlain I liked greatly — not an able man at all, slow, a little puzzled, following Lloyd George's dazzling strides *longo intervallo* — but patently honest and disinterested and in the few minutes I talked with him alone an ardent worshipper of his father in a way and degree that moved me greatly. Truly a memorable evening, and beyond it you must imagine the vast expanse of Haldane's face wreathed in its smile broad as an Atlantic wave. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

(To be continued)



An Atlantic Story



Little has been written about motor racing which can match, in zest and authentic detail, KEN PURDY's first short story in a field which has long been his hobby. Atlantic readers will remember his recent articles on the Vanderbilt Cup race and the Indianapolis "500." Mr. Purdy is the editor of True, and his book on high-performance cars, Kings of the Road, has just been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

CHANGE OF PLAN

by KEN PURDY

PIETRO LONETTI sat in his car, a little man, very erect, well back from the wheel. He looked confident and happy, and so he was. In about one hour and a half he intended to kill himself. The decision had calmed him; it had put an end to the torments of the five years that lay leaden behind him; it had restored the lilted serenity, the certainty that all was for the happy, happy best, that he had, as a younger man, worn like a feather in his hair. Pietro Lonetti felt very well indeed.

He looked around. Most of these people were new to him. Lots of them had still been driving sports cars when the war started. He knew Pierre Marten, in the Ferrari, an old competitor. He knew Lyon, of course, with his bull neck and wrestlers' arms, and Ignace Manelli. Manelli had one of the new Alfa-Romeos. But so many of the others were young and new. The boy next to Lonetti, for instance, in the blue Talbot. Maurice Lascelle, called "Popo." He had been a great hero in the French Resistance. He drove very hard, but with no style. The Englishman, Danton, in an old E.R.A. That pink skin, Lonetti thought, that bland blue eye. A thin old man of about twenty-nine summers. He looks a bit like Dick Seaman, but Seaman is a dozen years dead, burned in a Mercedes-Benz at Spa. Varzi, too, dead in a skid in the rain. Rosemeyer long dead, Christian Kautz dead, Ted Horn dead, Hepburn dead, Lonetti dead . . . the dour little man grinned to himself. Not yet, he said, not quite yet. Lonetti will die when he wants to. And not in bed, no matter what the damned doctors say. And after he has won this one. And in no accident.

The sixty-second gun boomed out and one engine fired, coughed, and settled down to an undulating

roar as the driver gunned it up and down; another started, then two, three, another, two more, until the hot July air was pulsing with the sound of thirty open exhausts.

Lonetti hunched his shoulders a bit and stared at the fat man who was the starter. The fat man held the bright flag over his head as he counted off the seconds on his stop watch. He will be late, Lonetti thought. He loves himself and what he is doing and he will do it for as long as he can. In thirty years of watching starters, Lonetti had learned to read their little minds, he was sure of that. This one would hold the flag for a bit too long, and before he dropped it, he would lift it a bit, to get a wider, more spectacular swing. Lonetti would go on the lift and make a fifth of a second for himself.

He ran the engine up. The fat starter's shoulders bulged, the flag imperceptibly lifted and started down. Lonetti let in the clutch, bore down on the gas, and got away in a rush. He was a clear half a length ahead of the blue Talbot. It was enough. He grabbed the Maserati's crooked gearshift, banged it into second and wound the engine up tight, snatched third and ran it up to 7000, slid through the first corner with the ease of a boy pulling a toy around the floor on a string and settled down into the first straight, three miles long. He stood on the throttle and locked his knee. There was 175 m.p.h. in the car under him and Lonetti wanted all of it.

It was a good French road, string-straight and lined with poplars that had watched two wars. The trees slid past in a smooth and solid wall and the road rushed hysterically under the bellowing Maserati like something in a nightmare. Lonetti

knew every pebble in the road. He had carted plenty of silverware, plenty of francs, away from this circuit before the war. They had called the race something else, in those days. Now it was the "Grand Prix Robert Benoist." Benoist, another hero of the Resistance, like Lascelle. He had driven in Bugattis before the war. The Germans killed him. Lonetti remembered him well, a big, pleasant man. He would win Benoist's race now, and a few of them would mutter about it: "Why did it have to be Lonetti?" Lonetti shrugged. He would not be around to hear them. He shot a quick look into the left-hand mirror. The Talbot was fifty yards behind him, the Alfa hard on its tail. Lonetti grinned. "Driving Lessons Given Here," he said to himself. A right-angle turn, one of the nasty ones, loomed ahead. Lonetti braked at the last possible tenth of a second, yards past the normal point. The engine screamed as he kicked it into third. He put the right wheel six inches from the grass and kept it there, to a hair, as the car cornered in an insanely fast four-wheel slide. He flicked it straight and roared at the hill ahead. He had doubled his lead on Lascelle and he screamed with laughter and pounded on the side of the car. They'll write about that one all right, he thought.

"... at the second corner, Lonetti clearly demonstrated that his fifty-first winter had taken nothing from his legendary skill. He laid the elderly Maserati into the bend at an incredible rate of knots, causing grief to the novice Lascelle, who foolishly imitated him and lost vast yardage in the subsequent skid. *Il Maestro* slid the corner in his patented position and was obviously looking at 8000 r.p.m. as he urged his ancient mount up the hill, steering with one hand and beating happily on red tin with the other ..."

The red car left the ground at the top of the hill and sailed like a bird for fifty feet. It came down square and straight and Lonetti grabbed fourth gear and rocketed away. He felt wild exhilaration and he screamed again.

"... at the 20th lap, Lonetti had increased his lead to 22 seconds, but the little man was obviously in distress. He was seen to be coughing continuously, and blood began to show on his sleeve as he drew it across his mouth. He held the comparatively slow Maserati in front by dint of black wizardry and a refusal to entertain any regard whatsoever for the welfare of the machinery. Manelli and Lascelle, in faster vehicles, were able only to stay in sight and pray earnestly that the Maserati would disintegrate under the punishment ..."

The brass-bright July sun was hot enough, but the shadeless grass beside the road looked cool to Pietro Lonetti, because the car was a moving furnace. There never was a cool one, Lonetti thought, they all roast you to death. Or gas you. The noxious smell of burning gasoline and half-burnt oil was sweet to him; it opened the door of his memory

on all the good and happy things that had ever come his way; it meant more than the remembrance of violets in the hair of one's first girl, or the longed-for smoke of boyhood's chimney, or the crystal scent of rain in autumn. The smell was the warp and woof of his life, but the stuff itself was killing him. He coughed, and felt the bleeding, and he leaned out to gulp clean air, but it was no use and he knew it. Still, he had lasted the first hour and he would last the rest of it.

The faster cars had lapped the others now, and there were only signals from the pits to tell position. Lonetti didn't need signals. Until somebody passed him, he was first. He waved as he went by for the thirtieth time, and came up fast on the car ahead. He thought of passing him in the corner, but it was Danton, the Englishman, and Lonetti backed off and let him go through the corner alone. He could take him at will on the long straight, and he would humiliate him there if he could, but he would not take a chance on crowding him in the corner. Lonetti was not notorious for his sportsmanship, and in the old days he would crowd any man in a corner if he felt like it, but he did not feel like it now. They said he hated Englishmen, and so he did, maybe, but he was not going to kill one on the road. He blasted past Danton in the straight, staring at him.

He flew on. He knew he would win. He was happy. He sat up straight, so proud of what he knew was being said of him that he could almost hear them talking. For twenty years Lonetti had been the standard by which other drivers were judged. There were many serious men who said that he had been born great, that he was the only authentic genius motor-racing had ever produced, that his skill could not be explained in rational terms. Lonetti believed them. He knew that he could tell, for example, exactly how many pounds of a car's total weight rested on any single wheel at any time, cornering or straight, braking or accelerating. He believed that he could drive at 150 miles an hour through a slot an inch wider than the car. He had done it, so he believed it. Other men had to practice in cars, get used to them, feel out their peculiarities. Not Lonetti, *Il Maestro*. They were all one to him, so long as they had four wheels, something to steer with, and a loud pedal that could be held flat on the floor.

He put it down hard now, to try to pass the two cars looming up ahead. One was Marten, a notorious road hog, the other was old Lyon. They were having a private race for the corner, and when Marten saw Lonetti coming up behind he moved over imperceptibly, blocked him off and let Lyon get around first. The three cars went around nose to tail in a hellish howling racket and slid into the straight like triplets. The others drew away there. Lonetti put the whole weight of his body on the throttle and shook the wheel in rage, but the

revolution-counter needle would not go up where he wanted it: past the red danger line. He moved to the right-hand side of the road. The pits were only a couple of miles ahead.

He stopped the car where they waited for him and old Giorgio threw up the bonnet, the question in his eyes. "Plug," Lonetti croaked.

Giorgio savagely swiveled out the plugs. Nobody could do it faster, but he couldn't do it in twenty seconds, and Lascelle and Manelli roared past him. They were out of sight when the bonnet banged down and he was pushed off.

Lonetti had never been beloved by other drivers; he gave them good cause now to hate him. He drove as if he were alone on the road. He passed them in bunches as they braked for the corners, slamming through them flat out to stand viciously on the brake for a second and then drift through the corner in his own weird slide. He went into every corner with the nose of the car pointed dead wrong for the entrance but right for the exit, stealing yards and seconds from the lesser men who had to do it by the book.

He went into one corner behind Marten, caught him in it and slid around him, staring arrogantly out at the six inches that lay between the two cars and instant death. He was coughing constantly now; the blood ran unheeded down his chin and he grinned wickedly at Marten as he left him. He had terrified the man, he knew it, and he ran away from him roaring with mirth and pounding the side of his car like a maniac blacksmith. Manelli he passed at pits, his Alfette blowing out a fog of blue smoke, and he could see the Talbot ahead. He had two laps in which to take it, and as he passed the stands he pointed ferociously ahead, his big white teeth stripped. Let no one miss this, he thought. We will see now how much resistance is in this hero, he thought. We will separate the men from the boys here. We will motor a little bit now.

Lascelle saw him coming and he tried everything he knew. On the straights he took every ounce of power the car had, and held his own, but it was either slow up for the corners or crash, and the insane Italian behind him crept closer with every bend in the road. Lascelle wanted to win. It was the first big race in which he had had any luck; it would make his reputation. Too, he had served under Robert Benoist, and the very idea of an Italian taking the cup away made him want to kill again. But every time he looked into the mirror Lonetti was a little closer to doing it.

At the beginning of the last lap, on the long straight in front of the stands, it finally happened. Foot by foot, the red Maserati pulled up beside him. Lonetti held the red car dead alongside, and when Lascelle looked over the little man grinned wolfishly at him. There was blood all over his shirt. As they went past the stands, locked together, Lonetti

bowed graciously to the people, and suddenly then, in horror, Lascelle knew why he had not pulled on past: he intended to amuse them with the spectacle of two cars running suicidally together into a corner that was, at that speed, but one car wide. He was going to make the kid quit, brake, and pull over. Lascelle knew, and everyone knew, that Lonetti had done this a hundred times in the past, and that in the end, and always, it had been the other man who had felt terror slam his foot down on the brake. Lascelle decided, suddenly, that he would be the one who did not quit. Live mouse, dead lion, he thought. He kept his foot down. After all, he just might live through it.

Pietro Lonetti was surprised, fifty yards from the corner, to find the Frenchman still with him, but he drove the bend the way he had intended to, coming out of it slightly faster to clear the road, since he knew that otherwise nothing in the world could keep Lascelle from sliding into him. As it was, he felt the cars tick, nose to tail, when the blue Talbot moved behind him. It seemed to him that he heard the scream of the rubber, in two great howls, as the Talbot spun; and when he topped the hill he heard the crash and saw in his mirror the first orange burst of flame as the car exploded against the great trees beside the road.

He had it won, now. It was all over, they would give him the flag as he swept past, the crowds would scream his name, the journalists would pound their typewriters, he would take his victor's lap and at the end of it, as he had so long planned, he would fold his arms, proudly lift his head, and smash himself to death against the wall in the exit road, where everyone could see that it was no accident, and no one could come to harm by it. That had been his plan. That was why he was in the race. But suddenly now it didn't seem so much of a plan. It was empty. It was nothing.

Pietro Lonetti lifted his foot and let the red Maserati run along the side of the road at a bare 50 miles an hour. He felt as if he could get out and walk. He could see the separate blades of grass, each petal of the flowers along the ditch. He coughed and was surprised to taste the blood. His arms trembled and for the first time he felt the blisters on his palms. Everyone went past him. They roared by like a long freight train. He coasted into the pits. None of the din was for him. The photographers were elsewhere.

"Jesus and Mary!" Giorgio screamed at him. "What happened? What broke? What let go?"

"Nothing let go," Lonetti said. "The car is fine. This is good iron. I took my foot off, that's all."

"Man, man, you threw it all away!" Giorgio said. "For what? For that kid, that dumb Frog? For what, for Christ's sake!"

Lonetti looked up at him. "Take off the steering wheel, Giorgio," he said. "Take it off, and lift me out of here. I want to go home."



Editor of the Atlantic from 1908 to 1938, ELLERY SEDGWICK made his first visit to Spain in the year of the King's abdication (1931). He went back again in 1937, this time in company with his friend Cameron Forbes, the former Governor General of the Philippines. And for the past three years he has spent the winter on the Peninsula noting the contrasts and characteristics which have made Spain a special focus of American interest since first Columbus showed us the way.

THE PARADOX OF SPAIN

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

WHEN Jacob struck his sagacious bargain with the Lord, securing permanent tenure of his land and stipulating for its increment, at a fixed rental of ten per cent per annum, he created a precedent so satisfactory that it has lasted to this day; for one tenth is still the tithe favored by the Church. Unfortunately the large question of the equitable division of capital between man and his Maker has never been resolved. And a most puzzling question it is, resting on a paradox which no realtor on earth takes note of. Search out the richest land, the warmest sun, the most inviting prospect and there, hidden among citrus groves, sugar cane, and olives, will be spread before you not affluence but dire poverty.

This contribution I make to what I may call the science of visual economics. Travel south. The air grows balmy and delicious. The sun comforts and cajoles. The black loam of the fields brings forth tenfold. Endless rows of oranges, olives, and lemons proclaim a Paradise of Plenty. It is all a delusion. Abundance marks the gateway of want. It is so in Italy. So it is in Spain.

Hosea Biglow was right: —

You've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

The more God does for man, the less man sees the necessity of doing for himself. He starves in the midst of plenty. It is where the land is stubborn and the sun tempts not to idleness, that man flourishes by the sweat of his brow.

Of this endemic dilemma Spain offers a remarkable illustration. Throughout the north there are many evidences of prosperity. But in the deep south, between the Sierras and the lovely coastline, only the rich grow richer and the poverty about them is stark and terrible.

No race on the European continent has America

known longer than she has known the Spaniards, but after five centuries our national understanding of Spain and her people is, broadly speaking, non-existent. Today our tourists swarm through their country but the American yardstick is still our domestic measure. At home there are few things we do not cavil at, but abroad, American folkways are our single standard. Why don't the Spaniards practice democracy? we ask. Why don't they level down their hidalgos and level up their peasants by income taxes? Why don't they divide their land properly? These are our insistent questions and because Spaniards show a strong disinclination to do any of these things we shrug them off as incompetents or worse, as Tories or bigots. Spaniards are better worth understanding than we think.

No comedy holds a livelier dialogue than the discussion of democracy between an American and a Spaniard. To each the contentious word has an entirely different meaning. With justice, Spaniards regard themselves as the most democratic of peoples. What we mean by democracy is political equality (unless the FEPC is to the fore). With them it is a social attitude. They are of one inheritance and talk to each other as equals. A great duke who owns half of Andalusia said to me: "When my tenants come to discuss our affairs with me, do they take off their hats? They do not." A man's a man, for gold brocade and a' that. When persons of what we think of as totally different classes meet, there is no trace either of servility or superiority to mark the gap between them. Indeed as Charles V boasted, Spanish manners are the best in Europe. The beggar asks alms simply as a courteous request from one Christian to another. There is complete urbanity on both sides and that freedom from hurry which is the hallmark of courtesy. Held up by a puncture on the road, a few years since, at the house of a comfortable farmer, I

was bidden to a seat at the lunch table as naturally as if I had been a familiar neighbor. There was no trace of awkwardness or false pride. But political democracy is quite another thing.

Manners, opinions, and politics are based on history. Spain is not a country but a group of countries. Province by province it was rescued from the Moors, and each province with all its prejudices, its local loyalties, its insulated eccentricities, is hedged from its neighbors by the Sierras. The King, when Spain had one, was crowned King of the Spains, and each "Spain" is prouder than Lucifer of its individuality, its monuments, and its sacred figures. "Oh," cried my chauffeur, a friend of three years' standing, "where can you find a people like ours of Viscaya? So honest, so generous; but over there," pointing to a gap in the mountains, "you have to button your pockets tight!"

With fifty provinces, each going its ancestral way; without navigable rivers other than coastwise; crisscrossed by formidable mountains; with a history of misgovernment running back to antiquity, broken in modern times only by the iron beneficence of Primo de Rivera — hated in his life and, after the familiar pattern, mourned in his death — Spain offers thin soil for political democratic seed.

Taxgathering in Latin countries loses its tragic note. A friend describes for me the amenities of his recent interview with a publican who, conscious of the unpopularity of his calling, is anxious that courtesy shall not be strained. The victim greets him pleasantly: "Señor, it is delightful to see you well and prosperous after your labors."

"Far from prosperous," replies the publican. "Times are very hard, but one must feel well in such beautiful weather."

"Ah," replies the farmer, "in spite of the past rain, how slowly the crops grow! I can't believe my cabbages are really cabbages. They are so many tennis balls, and oh, señor, there is positively *no* market. How fortunate you are! Frost, hail, drought, your income is secure. All my prayers to San Isidro hardly bring me food to eat."

So the talk runs on, each commiserating himself and congratulating the other, till very, very gradually they strike a painless bargain.

Spanish pleasures are social. From six to eight is the hour of the *paseo*. Up the street villagers and townsmen walk in groups, men together, girls together. Then they walk down again. In every village the crowd is impenetrable. Automobiles slow to a stop. Talk and affability have the right of way.

The acme of sociability is the bargain. Don't give your cook a day off, but let her go marketing every day. It is not the tiny squeeze she will secure for herself but the drama that she loves. Chaffering and the play of wits are her relaxation, her movie, her motorcar. Go to market yourself and watch the accomplished acting, urbanity, amazement, satire, horror, final satisfaction, all wrapped up in a dish of

beans. There is no pleasanter lesson to be learned from travel than the joy that comes from simple things.

2

A CHIEF affliction of Spain is the ruthlessness of its wage scale. A capable field hand starting at 25 cents a day can climb to 40 cents. A competent laundress can amass 35 cents in her ten-hour workday. The lowest order of labor is offered by the rock pile on the roads. Ten cents does for a beginner there. How do such people live? Pooling their resources, one man buys beans and rice for the group. I noted one of these unfortunates who expressed his sense of outrage by throwing stones and malediction at our car, and I had nothing but sympathy for him.

Poorest of the poor in Spain are the fisher people. In Barcelona, a city modern and busy as Pittsburgh, the trade is organized and the fishmarket is a glorious pattern of still life that would have sent Rembrandt or Snyders rushing for his paints; but along the southern coast, it is every family for himself. The leaky boats put to sea at every dawn which withholds the threat of a storm, and every evening men and boys toil at their windlasses drawing them high on the shingle. Such craft cannot venture far and the catch is pitiful, sometimes nothing at all. Then the children are bidden to lie flat on cottage floors to ease the gripes of hunger. Yet it is wonderful to see how clean are the cottages. Even hovels are fresh as new pins, shining with whitewash within and without and bowered in jasmine and bougainvillaea.

It must not be supposed that society is blind to the plight of these poor people. Strong efforts are made to transfer fisherfolk to agriculture. But Spanish obduracy stands firm. Pride is as rampant in rags as in broadcloth. "Our fathers fished the sea. So will our sons. We thank you for your kindness, but we will live as we wish."

One class there is that might be supposed to fare worse than fishermen. But a thousand years of begging technique have taught Spanish mendicants every trick Autolycus knew. Though their profession is banned by law, beggars courteously refuse the offer of communal quarters and work that will feed them. Well-advised they are, for begging is a sociable trade and a lucrative one. Alms to the poor is an article of Spanish faith and it is only the American traveler, remembering the tenets of his Charity Organization Society, who refuses his pennies. Beggars are a fraternity. They value their profession and protect it as jealously as ever a plumbers' union. In Malaga I noted with amusement that the fashionable district of Limosna, pleasantly shaded by its lemon groves, has about it an invisible line (like that on 14th Street, which prohibits crooks from invading downtown New York) that interdicts every alien beggar from committing a trespass. The union enforces the law and polices

its rights after the manner of high-tariff manufacturers in our own advanced civilization.

No company of fakirs is more delightful than these Spanish beggars, immortalized centuries ago by Cervantes, Velasquez, and Murillo. Gil Blas, if you remember that prince of rogues, set the captivating pattern. More than one friend of mine has bought at attractive prices packages, even cartons, of American cigarettes, to discover that the protruding sample contained tobacco, the rest being neatly stuffed with sawdust. Now and then you come on a peculiarly ill-favored hag with a blind eye or ear askew outscaring a scarecrow in her habiliments. About her straggle a family of the most unfortunate children that nature ever dedicated to misery. One has a squinting eye, another a withered arm, a third hobbles on rickety legs. Scrofula has done its worst to a fourth. What Christian would button his pockets against such misfortune! In defiance of eleemosynary precepts, you give and give twice — and when you reach your hotel, you learn that every member of that pathetic family has been selected with consummate art. The derelicts of a score of households have been culled to create a single group of unapproachably philanthropic attraction.

High among charlatans, the brotherhood of boot-blacks is eminent for the adroitness of its chicanery. Since Sister Arthritis loves me with more than a sister's love, I travel by wheel chair, and one lovely morning I sat in the scented park of Seville, sniffing the myrtle hedges and the jasmine twining among the rosebushes. One could not displease the Lord on such a day; and though my shoes already shone brightly, I beckoned to a carefree young shoeblack who approached me whistling, his box on his shoulder. He set to work while I dreamed away my enjoyment of the place and hour. Suddenly I heard a snap and looked up to see the boy holding in his hand one of my new rubber heels. "How lucky!" he remarked in Spanish, which even I understood. "You were in for a stumble and here I have another that will make your shoes good as new." I bumbled my indignation but the rascal was unperturbed. Without ado he took a replacement from his box and in a jiffy the new heel was nailed on. Never did he stop whistling, and I could not keep my smile under control. "What are you charging me for this outrage?" I inquired with exaggerated courtesy. "Only seventy-five pesetas, señor. It is the best rubber." "Seventy-five pesetas [about \$1.50]! What rubbish! I will give you ten." Then the scallawag's real enjoyment began. It was ten pesetas against seventy-five, twenty against sixty. On and on the gap narrowed, but there was so much laughter in my indignation that I settled for thirty and the rascal went off whistling his carol. Later on I discovered that from Barcelona to Madrid, from Madrid to Seville, this swindle is the first trick in every bootblack's box.

How endearing is the fraud of an accomplished

rascal! Virtue cannot hope to emulate it. Anger is powerless against it.

A word must be said in answer to the third American question about dividing the land. Nothing is more necessary. Nothing more difficult. In the north, freeholds are common. The paunchy stucco houses bulge with patriarchal families who till ancestral acres. Cattle, crowding in the byre (which always takes up the ground floor), give out a comfortable aromatic heat and constitute the family furnace as well as the family subsistence. But in the fertile, poverty-ridden south, great landlords rule the land. Long files of donkeys, hoes, and peasants (to put them in proper order of value) start at dawn to reach fields half a dozen miles away; for the peasant loves to huddle in his village. Yet to partition the land is patently uneconomic. Large holdings are the price of farm machinery. Sometimes the government purchases considerable tracts to be cut into small plots. But unless the peasant's roots are deep in the soil, his first desire is to sell it and enjoy life on the proceeds. The heart of the problem is the indurated conservatism of the native. He loves not new things.

3

I AM, I fear, a more casual churchgoer than my soul requires, but if there is one lesson I have learned from sermons, it is the universal axiom that what the world needs for its salvation is religion, and that from religion must come a society made perfect or nearly so. This is the core of Christian ethics. Now since the Fall of Jerusalem there has not been a country to which religion is so all-in-all as Spain. The rest is dust beside it. But would our preachers say that thereby is Spain made perfect?

The Faith of the Spaniard is unique. His country is the eldest daughter of the Church and there is vanity in it. The Inquisition was thorough, and there is arrogance in it. In a wonderful way, this faith accepts sorrow. Alone in Europe the Spaniard does not resent suffering. He believes in it. His holy figures express it. The Mater Dolorosa, seven swords buried in her bosom, goes forth on holy days to meet her Son. His hands and side still dripping with the sacred blood explain to the Spaniard the necessity of suffering. The mystery of life seems revealed. No Protestant acid can eat away that supreme consolation. To a Spaniard, pain is the price of eternal felicity. The name of Torquemada is still revered in the land.

No human explanation could have been of such avail but for the mysticism of the fellow countrymen of Santa Teresa. History to them is but a chain of miracles, many yet to be made clear. Like the Jews, they despise outside opinion. I doubt if there is a volume in the library of Seville not the work of a Spanish author or some chronicler in intimate collaboration with him. When the cry of Santiago

drove the Moors from one incredible fastness after another, was Saint James an idle spectator? Was not the Blessed Virgin on her throne when she called for the pearls and gold of a New World? Of what avail were the thousand years of grinding misgovernment, punctuated by murder and revolution — were they not leading to a holy end?

One thing exacerbates American opinion of things Spanish — the harassment, even the persecution, of small Protestant churches and chapels. The most outrageous example was obviously instigated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Seville, who recently proclaimed his detestation of American aid, saying that if only the people would spurn heretical dollars and renew their fealty to the Blessed Virgin, all would be well. There is no doubt that the spirit of the auto-da-fé still burns brightly in His Eminence's lofty bosom. But many ecclesiastics and most officers of the government are more modern and much more practical. They fully realize that violent persecution trims, not snuffs, that candle which Master Hugh Latimer prayed "shall by God's grace never be put out."

George Borrow, when he so delightfully sowed broadcast the Bibles of the London Missionary Society throughout Spain, did not foresee how many would fall on stony ground. I have sought to estimate how much danger to souls freighted for Paradise exists from the seeping of heretical poison, but I can raise only a tiny corner of the curtain. In one large city, the Protestant congregation, purely Spanish, numbers 240 souls, representing a tiny fraction of one per cent of the population. Utterly insignificant, says the American. Subdivide poison a thousand times, says the Spaniard, and it is poison still. And before we dismiss such an argument, let us remember the disquiet a corresponding percentage of Communists excites in America. Moreover, our disquiet is based on thoughts of time, Spaniards' on thoughts of eternity.

What is a religious person in the most Catholic of countries? The Puritan smiles cynically at the comparative unimportance of the ingredient we most value — conduct. To the Catholic, trust, mysticism, and what to us seems superstition, blend into a supreme desire for divine grace. Grace is the sole essential. Watch the devotional life of Spain and you understand afresh the medieval perception of the immanence of the unseen. The grasp on the eternal comes most strongly from some physical manifestation of holiness. Every church in Spain has its peculiarly venerated statue or picture. Amongst the communicants a sort of sacred club is formed. Two or three hundred men proclaim their personal allegiance to some tormented saint or agonized figure of Christ — it is always by suffering that the Spanish imagination is most quickly kindled — with human hair and oftentimes human blood. On holy days he is borne aloft in solemn pageant through the streets. Behind him march rank on

rank his special devotees, each figure masked and shrouded in gown of black or white, red or yellow, topped by weird conical hats such as Penitentes once wore on their dismal way to the bonfires, earthly reflections of everlasting flames.

4

THE affecting ceremonies of Easter week are a cynosure for the traveler, but to a foreigner living in Spain, it is the consummate perfection of Faith seen daily in the churches which touches him most nearly. At Saragossa there is an object of peculiar veneration, a diminutive, doll-like Virgin, standing on a pillar. Sheltering her is the most costly chapel in the entire Peninsula. Of all heiresses the Virgen del Pilar is incomparably the richest. Remembering that pillar worship long antedated all representation of human form, that God Himself commanded Moses: "and if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone, for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it," and knowing how through the ages, man's love of beauty and sense of fitness have contravened the divine command, and substituted first a wrought column, then a statue, for the work of God's hand, I was curious to examine the pillar itself. Descending from the chapel into the body of the church, I sought to find the base on which the little figure of the Virgin rested. The shaft was hidden but within a few feet of it, sharing its sanctity, was another column of stone encased in marble and silver, and there, as I had surmised, was a tiny orifice permitting the faithful to kiss the pillar itself. The Virgen del Pilar and her column are of no venerable age themselves but together they typify all the ages of Faith — dawn, high noon, and dusk.

No wonder the people adore her. She has brought to her city riches and honor. Every shop window holds her portrait and constant pilgrimages bring offerings to her altar and custom to the merchants of her city. But what was most interesting to me was the character of her worshippers. Widows and the unfortunate were, of course, in constant attendance, but in the late hours of the afternoon troop on troop of fashionable young men, officers of the Élite Corps, in the smartest of uniforms, modern to the toes of their trimly cut boots, would kneel at the foot of her pedestal, lost in the intensity of passionate prayer. As my chair rolled away, I pondered many things.

His Eminence Cardinal Spellman returns from his pilgrimage to Spain and reports that obviously Generalissimo Franco is very, very popular. That would not be in accord with my judgment. No ruler of Spain is ever popular for long. What keeps him in his place is the Army, and more powerful even than the Army is the universal dread of another Civil War. To put the case compactly and conclusively, there is no present alternative to Franco.

The black horror of brother killing brother is ceaselessly in every mind. The very ruffians who burned the churches and slew the priests before their altars pray at those very altars and (I speak not of the Communists but of the rabble that followed them) subscribe money to mend the ruin they have wrought. Every church displays its roster of martyrs. In the Cathedral at Tarragona, I counted the names of 180 priests murdered in a single province. This sense of fearful dread is latent everywhere. Men do not talk of these things but they think of them. They little doubt that if again the Devil is unchained, the hands that were blackened in the last conflagration will brandish their relighted torches.

With his garrisons firmly behind him, the Caudillo is the sole safeguard of order and of peace. And without peace what counts justice and what good

government? If Franco had not led his revolt, Spain and, after Spain, France would have gone Communist. This is not the argument of the idealist, and the public conscience has a right to be queasy, but in this shaking world, order comes first and other arguments seem futile.

I have not spoken of the beauty of the country. Along her coasts the towering cliffs have an austere grandeur beyond those of Southern France. About the Sierras, there is a relentlessness that proclaims the fear of the Lord, present and terrible. Every monastery, every castled hill is history itself. There is no city in Europe where one feels its presence so tangibly as in Toledo. And no gallery has for me the majesty of the Prado. Yet Spain is not a happy country. Its Christ is the Man of Sorrows. Its God is the dread judge, and men call on the Blessed Virgin to shield them from His wrath.



LUCIFER IN THE TRAIN

by ADRIENNE RICH

RIDING the black express from heaven to hell,
He bit his fingers, watched the countryside,
Vernal and crystalline, forever slide
Beyond his gaze: the long cascades that fell
Ribbioned in sunshine from their sparkling height,
The fishers fastened to their pools of green
By silver lines, the birds in sudden flight —
All things the diabolic eye had seen
Since heaven's cockerow. Imperceptibly
That landscape altered; now in paler air
Tree, hill, and rock stood out resigned, severe
Beside the strangled field, the stream run dry.

Lucifer, we are yours who, stiff and mute,
Ride on from worlds we shall not see again,
And watch from windows of a smoking train
The ashen landscapes of the absolute.
Once out of heaven, to an angel's eye
Where is the bush or cloud without a flaw?
What bird but feeds upon mortality,
Flies to its young with carrion in its claw?
O foundered angel, first and loneliest
To turn this bitter sand beneath your hoe,
Teach us, the newly-landed, what you know:
After our weary transit find us rest.



An English journalist with a taste for satire, HONOR TRACY published a year ago her first book, Kakemono, a sketchbook of post-war Japan, in which she recorded her misgivings about the American Occupation. Now, at the Atlantic's invitation, she scrutinizes the Butlin Camps, an English institution as sacred in its way and as full of unconscious humor as that Hollywood cemetery which Evelyn Waugh wrote about in The Loved One.

BILLY BUTLIN'S BUDDIES

by HONOR TRACY

I

NOT long ago as I sat in a provincial cinema there flashed on the screen a short film in dazzling Technicolor, entitled *Guess Where!* There was a solitary figure riding a donkey over sands unusually golden: Egypt? But then there was a laughing señorita with a crimson rose behind her ear: surely we are in Spain? And the scene changed once more and a man in a beret sat toying with an apéritif under a striped umbrella in blazing sunlight: was it, after all, the Riviera? Wrong again! It was Butlin's Luxury Holiday Camp at Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, England.

Billy Butlin opened his first camp at Skegness in Lincolnshire in 1936. Now there are six of them, three in England and one each in Scotland, Wales, and the Republic of Ireland. The largest one, at Filey in Yorkshire, houses more than five thousand. Through these camps every year pass well over 350,000 satisfied customers, many of them veterans who return season after season, the badges fondly preserved from other years twinkling on their bosoms like the medals on a Russian general. Parents have been known to delay the christening of their children until they can get it done at Butlin's. Elderly people have gone there to recuperate after illness and in some cases to find a happy Butlin death. Sociologists have written about the phenomenon, a note of perplexity chiming faintly through their measured phrases. Left-wing pundits have accused Butlin of fascist tendencies and right-wing pundits have alleged that he is paving the way for communism. Others see in him no more than a keen business mind. Either way, Billy isn't bothered.

The lure of the little film proved irresistible. I packed up and took the train across the quiet green countryside to Clacton.

Strictly speaking, the camp has little in common with Egypt, Spain, or the Riviera unless important changes have taken place in those areas which the newspapers forgot to mention. For one thing, the

people here do not in the least remind one of the dwellers on the Mediterranean littoral. They are the English plebs, graceless and gold of heart and distinct from anyone else in the world. Here and there you may see an odd couple from the intelligentsia, looking for Social Significance; or a bewildered foreigner, who perhaps misunderstood what the travel agency told him; or a stray Director from the management, well-fed and well-suited, mingling benevolently with the crowd; or a politician, giving a display of Good Chappery. But the great majority come from factories, shops, mines, and offices.

Architecturally, too, the Butlin touch is not to be confounded with anything else. As you enter the camp you see first a long low building like an enormous brick with giant toy soldiers *en poste* along the façade. Behind this, stretch row upon row of tiny huts, called chalets, each accommodating three or four sleepers. There are numbers of little shops supplying anything from a permanent wave to a vulgar postcard. Great barracklike erections looming in the distance turn out to be the dining hall and theater and the ballroom. There are sports grounds, tennis courts, a marquee, and a swimming pool. Sometimes, losing your way in all this tangle, you fetch up against the boundary and there to your surprise is the great wide tumbling sea just a few yards away: you had almost forgotten about it.

At Clacton the charge is seven guineas (\$21) a week with a reduction for children in the quiet months and nine guineas (\$27) a week with no reductions in the high season. Extras are quite an item. A cup of coffee — and the Butlin coffee bears roughly the same relation to the coffee normally served in England as does this to the coffee of other and wiser lands — costs fivepence. Drinks are dear: for instance, a bottle of light ale, usually ninepence or tenpence, is a shilling and twopence. The Buddies come from a real love of the place and not because it is the best they can manage. They will

stint themselves in the rest of the year to be sure of their Butlin holiday, and still feel deeply in Billy's debt.

The program lasts a week, from Saturday to Saturday, and the first thing to be done is to acquire the Butlin spirit. This is compounded of two main elements, the Butlin attitude toward fellow campers and a lively sense of gratitude to Billy Butlin. The former is soundly based on Christian theology. The latter is induced by frequent reminders of all that Billy is doing for us.

Indoctrination begins on Saturday evening when we assemble in the theater for the musical "Who's Who at Butlin's." Before this begins all are bidden to shake hands with their neighbors and with those in front of and behind them; then they must rise and give the people on either side a friendly boomp-s-a-daisy. After that a Redcoat may lead a chorus; or the audience of roughly a thousand can be divided in halves, one singing "Tipperary" and the other "Pack Up Your Troubles" at the same time, the louder being given a Big Hand in recognition of its achievement.

All this is done to break down that icy reserve for which Britons are noted.

Two by two the personalities of the Staff are introduced by the Master of Ceremonies: first, the resident music hall stars; then the Redcoats, who are the cheerleaders and organizers; and then picked representatives of the cleaners and washers-up. All of these receive a Big Hand, especially the last: indeed, I wish I had a shilling for every time in the past week that these bruised palms have applauded the washers-up for having in fact washed up instead of, as might have been expected, leaving it all about the place. Finally, when all these shock brigadiers are grouped round the stage in a tableau, on comes the resident padre. He doesn't want to take up our time or spoil the fun but he would just like to say a word or two. Religion is of course not pushed down anyone's throat, but it's there in the program, sponsored by Billy.

2

FROM that moment we never look back. We are borne along on wings of melody by the resident orchestras and on gales of laughter by the resident comedians. None of the great and enduring ingredients of English folk-humor is neglected by these: chamber pots, Epsom salts, unwashed feet, Gorgonzola cheese, mothers-in-law, and the unfortunate effect of baked beans on the digestion, all come in for their Big Hand. And here we notice that cleavage of opinion in the English working class that one scholarly mind has traced back to the days of Cavaliers and Roundheads. When for example a comedian bawls at them: "Good evening, campers! Lovely weather, except for the wind. And after all we did have beans for supper," the reaction is

of two kinds. The Cavalier party throws back the head and gives vent to an amazing sound which is a mixture of belly laugh, snigger, and the baying of a bloodhound. The Puritan element, by far the smaller, raises its eyebrows and puckers its mouth like a chicken's bottom, remarking with many clicks of the tongue: "My word! 'Ark at 'im! Did you ever? What next?" and other phrases indicative of their horrified dismay. But none of them leaves the theater.

On to the Viennese ballroom for a get-together dance! The ballroom is vast, complex, ornate: there is a gallery supported by stout wooden beams, hanging pots of flowers, colored lights, balconies, alcoves, a soda fountain, a café, a bar, conveniences marked "Lasses" and "Lads," and at one end a huge revolving water wheel where you can get your picture taken. You would not easily guess that it was Viennese, especially if you knew Vienna. And a similar confusion of style may be noticed in the dancing. From time to time a nurse on chalet patrol hurries up to the band leader and he breaks off to announce that a baby is howling in chalet number so-and-so; and a harassed parent runs away, pursued by jokes about diapers and puddles and bursts of Cavalier laughter.

Meantime the three camp bars are in full swing. In the Jolly Roger, which is got up with barrels and lanterns and a skull and crossbones, a lady and a gentleman pirate are singing away to the strains of a concertina. In Kay's Bar an Edwardian beau in straw boater and curled mustache is throatily executing the musical gems of fifty years ago, while the public joins in the chorus. The Embassy Lounge is relatively quiet although, to be sure, you can hardly hear yourself speak in it.

At half-past ten they all close and then comes the big moment of the day: the famous Butlin ceremony of "A Penny on the Drum." Followed by Redcoats and saxophonists and trumpeters the Big Drum goes booming from bar to bar and all are expected to fall in behind and march arm in arm to the ballroom, where they go round and round faster and faster, chanting ever more loudly, until they are nearly exhausted. A Redcoat seizes the microphone and roars: Are you all uh-happy?

Uh-yes! we roar back.

Hi de hi! he yells.

Hi de ho! we yell back.

Then we have another good laugh because it is all such fun. And we dance and croon and laugh again and the ballroom is a great sea of hot beaming faces and wave upon wave of sound thunders against the singing eardrum until all at once the lights go down and the band leader taps the microphone with his baton and says very gravely: "Now, campers! The Queen." Instantly, the tumult dies. Between the announcement and the opening bar of the anthem the silence is such that you could almost hear a moth shaking his wings: there is something

oddly impressive, even moving, in this spontaneous tribute to One Who is greater than Billy.

So to our chalets and the deep slumber of innocence until a quarter past seven in the morning when Radio Butlin springs to life again.

Wake up! wake up!
Bill-ee Butlin
Wants you all to join the fun . . .

The gay female voice trolls out its invitation to the campers to rise and participate in another day of happiness. Loud-speakers placed at strategic points through the camp bear the voice into the furthestmost cranny so that there is no excuse for disobedience. Up we get! Off to the "Lasses" or "Lads" for our jug of hot water! Pardon, you were before me, I think. Granted, I'm shaw. After you. No, after *you*. We smile at each other till our cheeks ache.

Because it is impossible to feed the three thousand inmates all together they are divided into two sittings, Kent and Gloucester, each with its own House Captain and its paper caps and rosettes of yellow or blue. And from now until the end of the week an implacable rivalry will exist between them. They will join battle on every conceivable issue, from which Lass has the prettiest face to which Lad has the knobby knees. Points are awarded in each contest and at the end of it the winning house receives a cup. The social consequences of this harmless arrangement are remarkable. When the campers arrive they are well-disposed and sunny and confiding towards the world as the simple folk of England usually are; after a very few hours of this unnatural division it is enough to mention one house by name for members of the other to burst into a storm of catcalls and boos.

The trouble is that people in the south of England are all so buttoned up. To get the real Butlin flavor, they tell me, one should go to a camp in the north.

Nothing is required of the individual but that he should enjoy himself in the Butlin way. He is relieved of all responsibility apart from this. In daytime, babies are immured in a separate place under expert care so as not to interfere with adult pleasures. Children under twelve are swept up and enrolled in the Butlin Eager Beavers with a secret system of signs and a special badge and a list of duties beginning with Kindness to Dumb Animals and tailing away to Respect for Parents. No one need think for himself from one end of the week to the other. And there is no excuse for anyone to mope or feel out of it. Some happy, wholesome, planned activity is in progress all the time, and the watchful, ebullient Redcoats are on the lookout for slackers.

In no time at all we are conditioned to accepting the Butlin pattern of life as the normal one. The world outside takes on a remote and shadowy aspect. The days go by in a flash and yet we seem to have been here always. When we came the antics of the camp jester, strange of attire and fantastic in behavior, aroused screams of laughter on every side; now he is but a figure in the Butlin landscape. In the first hours we were a little confused by the unremitting blare of orchestra, radio, and community song; now we look forward to the silence that must follow with apprehension, as a man on the spree dreads the time when he leaves off drinking.

On the last evening the Butlin rhythm works crescendo to a terrific climax. At dinner we applaud the waitresses, cooks, and washers-up with something like frenzy. The pimply youth whose nineteenth birthday is announced over the microphone receives an ovation such as he perhaps will never receive again. Afterwards our own dear Redcoats perform a pantomime written by themselves: the Cavaliers are convulsed. The pubs are gayer and fuller, more deafening. The march of the "Penny on the Drum" is as nearly bacchanalian as anything in this cool misty island is ever likely to be. The ballroom is a seething mass of revelers.

Presently we all form into huge circles and the men tuck their trousers up above the knee. The bony structure of the male leg and its coat of fur call forth shrieks of merriment from the ladies. Laughing uproariously we join hands and jerk our knees as high as we can to the strains of "Knees up, Mother Brown!"

Hi de hi! Hi de ho! The glorious week draws to its close. The Master of Ceremonies lines the Redcoats up and we give them all, once more, a Big Hand. A Big Hand is also given, once more, to the producer, the organist, the band leader, the vocalists, the nurses, cooks, electricians, waitresses, and plumbers. Oh, and the washers-up. The Master of Ceremonies takes leave of us all, contriving to suggest in his speech that never before in the history of man has so much been done for so many. And it's true! All this hath Butlin wrought for us. *He cares!* By now we are sizzling with emotion. We wring the crossed hands of our neighbors, whose names we shall never know, for Auld Lang Syne in a real sorrow of parting. Goo' night! So long! S'been marvelous knowing you!

So we'll say good night, Campers, don't sleep in your braces:

Good night, Campers, put your teeth in Jeyes's:
Drown your sorrow, bring the bottles back tomorrow:
Good night, Campers, good night.

And come back next year and we'll go through it all again.



CLAUDE M. FUESS made his mark as the headmaster of Andover and the biographer of Daniel Webster and Calvin Coolidge. For forty years Dr. Fuess played a leading part in the evolution of the independent school: he opposed the school fraternities, fought for smaller classes and fairer discipline, and scored a durable success in building character and in rebuilding Andover. The article which follows is drawn from his autobiography, *Independent Schoolmaster*, to be published next month under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S CODE

by CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

AT A conservative estimate I must have known during my four decades at Andover six thousand boys. They march before me on sleepless nights like a panorama of the generations, a procession of American life, with its brilliance and folly, its accomplishments and failures. I can see now the fledglings who later became Mayor of Denver, the Governor of Wisconsin, Bishop of Minnesota, author of *The White Tower*, the producer of *Oklahoma!*, the President of Oberlin College, the Director of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, the Director of the Yale Art School, the president of Boston's largest bank, the Headmaster of Lawrenceville School, the Managing Editor of *Fortune*, the Sports Editor of *Newsweek*, a foreign correspondent of the *New York Times*, the Chairman of the New York Federal Reserve Board, two of the greatest of American surgeons, the toughest of motion picture actors and the most benign of clergymen, as well as heroes, alive and dead, on many a battlefield around the world.

In his delightful and authoritative book, *Understanding Your Son's Adolescence*, my former school physician, Dr. J. Roswell Gallagher, has a chapter headed "There Is No Average Boy." With this dictum I fully concur. Each boy, like each man or woman, is an individual, with his own personal traits, emotions, ambitions, hopes, and whimsies. Each is a male, with all which that implies, and likely to be in some moods rough, predatory, and obscene. Furthermore, boys have their mob movements, resembling hysteria, when they are swept as a group by uncontrollable impulses. But the variations among seven hundred youngsters from fourteen to eighteen are immense. They are usually coöperative but often unpredictable, sophisticated but also childish, idealistic but also vulgar, lovable but also exasperating, noble but also degraded — in short, just like children of a larger growth.

Andover was not at all an exclusive school, except in the sense that it was not easy to meet the scholastic requirements for admission. Nearly one third of the students were either being aided by financial grants or working their way, but that made no difference in the treatment which they received from the faculty and their mates. It seemed to me to be a completely democratic society, in which each member made his way on his own merits, regardless of the social position or financial status of his family. It was highly, sometimes ruthlessly, competitive, not only in studies but in athletics and all the other alluring phases of undergraduate activity; but in this respect it was like life. Indeed the school was a microcosm, a miniature world, with most of the problems of human relations to be found in its larger counterpart. Perhaps this is why the "type" was rugged, resourceful, and self-reliant.

As a corollary, we displayed a cross section of American life — the opulent and the indigent, boys from farms and from city apartments, representatives of almost every state in the Union. If there was any discrimination on the basis of race or color, I was not aware of it. In a school established by rather bigoted Calvinistic Congregationalists, we had nearly 10 per cent of Jews and about the same proportion of Roman Catholics, who attended assembly and sang the Protestant hymns without protest. We usually had two or three Negroes and would have accepted more if they could have met the stiff entrance requirements. They told me afterwards that they never felt themselves at any disadvantage.

Some boys are blessed by their ancestors or by the fickle gods with every attribute making for social success. With sound bodies, they are capable if not outstanding sportsmen; they have the mesmeric quality of making friends easily; they do their

class assignments without strain and possess the precious knack of passing examinations; they are emotionally well-balanced, responding normally to the violent stimuli of adolescence; and they have an instinct for avoiding serious blunders. These are the "naturals," the delight of parents' hearts, who advance uninhibited and undismayed through the ordeals of school and college, captaining the teams and making the "right" fraternities, evading disaster and claiming leadership as their privilege. I have known many such, and have thanked God for them.

But side by side with these Olympians are the less conspicuous who are glad for modest honors and occasionally slip sadly into failure, who bear uncomplainingly the inevitable disappointments of group living, whose progress is often slow and painful, and who are content to serve in the ranks while others win letters and other decorations. One never knows, however, what the end will be. Often the campus favorites weaken early, perhaps because they are not toughened by adversity; while some lad relatively obscure on commencement morning turns up forty years later as an eminent surgeon or judge. I liked to feel that Phillips Academy was a good training ground for both types. I hope I was right.

2

THE boys sorted themselves out with bewildering rapidity through a process seldom understood by their elders. As the new youngsters of fourteen and fifteen appeared each September at the headmaster's tea, they seemed superficially to be all equally well-mannered, shy, and undistinguished. By Thanksgiving, however, some were standing out above their mates for qualities which gave them prestige. Neither too aggressive nor too diffident, they had aroused the admiration of those around them. We on the faculty often deplored the choices, but they were the consequences of a pure democracy functioning freely. The boys would have resisted any attempt by the faculty to select their leaders. They wanted their own.

Allowing again for the inevitable exceptions, the students were basically well-intentioned and serious-minded. The reprobates won a good deal of publicity, just as hoodlums make the headlines in the newspapers; and the faculty knew them all. Indeed these offenders took up an inordinate amount of our time at meetings. But the large proportion of the undergraduates, day in and day out, worked reasonably hard, tried to obey the rules, and kept out of trouble. Like any other body of isolated males, on a battleship, in an army camp, or in prison, they had their gripes, especially over the food and the minor regulations. But I found them pleasant in manner, amenable to argument, and in an emergency very reliable. However they may

have behaved on their vacations, their conduct in public places was as impeccable as that of the teaching staff.

Dr. Stearns, my predecessor, more than once quoted to me with approval the advice which he received from his predecessor, Dr. Bancroft: "Alfred, a lot of things go on all over the campus that a school principal ought never to see!" If a headmaster spends his time looking for little infractions of the rules, he will soon find himself with shattered nerves. Having been no angel myself in my childhood, I was often tempted to laugh when a frightened lad was brought before me for some offense like chewing gum in chapel or indulging in mild profanity. But I suppose that no teacher in a school can avoid occasional irritation. When I first went to live in Tucker House, I raked and seeded a neat bit of ground for my lawn and then put up signs: NO CROSSING! The land was on a corner, and the temptation to cut across was almost irresistible. One spring when I had been particularly vigorous in my denunciation of depraved young men who trampled down my grass, a diminutive offender squeaked, "Mr. Fuess, do you know who walked across there just before me?" "No," said I, "I guess I didn't see him." "It was Mr. Wilkins, the physics teacher — did you bawl him out?" The situation was a trifle difficult to explain, and I am sure that I was inconsistent in meeting it. In the following June the *Pot-pourri*, the Academy year-book, devoted an entire page to a drawing of my house, with my face at each one of the twenty or more front windows, glaring with baleful eyes at my newly seeded lawn. After that, I tried to keep my irritation under control. I eventually concluded that the proper place to make paths on a campus is where boys — and men — naturally go.

Each boy is an individual, but collectively they have their lapses, when they are swept by uncontrollable impulses. Phillips Academy traditionally has no faculty supervision in the dining hall. Week after week everything would go smoothly as it does in the average restaurant. Then during the week before an Andover-Exeter game some excited lad would throw a bun, and soon there would be an outburst of bun throwing, with the accompanying clamor. The student headwaiters could do little to quell the riot. Inevitably the bachelor teachers sitting by themselves in their own dining room would be disturbed, some of the chief offenders would be reported to the Discipline Committee, and we would have penalties to inflict. Because some of the best boys in school were often involved, the problem of suitable punishments was difficult. The attitudes of faculty members would range from the savage to the gentle, with all the emotional variations in between. Some of the instructors whom I most respected felt that we should tolerate no nonsense, but should act promptly and severely. Others merely murmured, "Boys will be

boys," and were inclined to forget the episode. The final votes usually reflected both the violence of the provocation and the weariness of the staff.

Through experience I learned that heavy penalties do not prevent violations of the rules. When we were "firing" boys for many offenses, we had much more disorder than we did later when we became more reasonable. Expelling undergraduates for smoking does not stop the use of tobacco any more than prohibition shut off drinking in the 1920s. A cigarette addict can always be tempted by a convenient grove or fireplace. Even when smoking is allowed under specified conditions, as it is at Andover, it is a perennial problem; but it should not be treated like drunkenness or stealing.

A few responsible school leaders with good instincts and a feeling for law and order can do more than any number of irate faculty members. If the students, guided by their elected officers, reach the conclusion that certain things just "aren't done," the headmaster can cease to worry. Here again boys are extraordinarily like sheep in their proneness to ape the Big Men on campus and to cooperate when cooperation becomes fashionable. Ian Hay was right when he wrote, "The god that school-boys dread most is Public Opinion."

I made plenty of mistakes in administering discipline. Being temperamentally quick-tempered, I sometimes burst out angrily, thus losing whatever advantage I claimed over the offender. Occasionally I took matters into my own hands and exercised my constitutional right of pardon, only to learn that my soft-heartedness was regarded as weakness, even by the beneficiary. I never quite got over the sinking sensation when I had to announce to a mother that her son would have to withdraw. To such unfortunate incidents I attribute many sleepless nights.

The saddest sequence occurred when, after I had pleaded for an offender and he had been let off lightly, he was shortly detected in an even more heinous breach of regulations. Then my associates cried, "We told you so!" and I was left with the awareness that I was regarded as an "easy mark." I was obliged reluctantly to reach the conclusion that, in spite of what the psychologists maintain, there are some "incorrigibles," on whom kindness or sympathy is wasted and who insist on going wrong, no matter how decently they are treated. More times than I like to admit, my confidence in the essential goodness of human nature was shattered by a gross violation of my trust.

3

I soon came to perceive a kind of pulse beat or rhythm for the school year. The hubbub and adjustment of the opening days in September were followed by a period of relative quiet, when the correspondence was light and I could relax and play

golf and pass untroubled evenings. After the first marks were given out in late October, the scholastic goats were separated from the sheep, letters of warning multiplied, and I had to meet with disappointed parents. During the two weeks before the Andover-Exeter football game, tension mounted, and the entire school was on edge. Then came the letdown of the Thanksgiving recess and the studious weeks before the Christmas vacation, when the boys were too busy preparing for examinations to engage in many illicit activities. As the holidays opened, I was busy for three or four days, dictating more than seven hundred personal letters to parents in an attempt to present a brief description of their sons' successes or failures. After that heavy pressure, Florida for a few days was always a welcome relief.

With the return at the opening of the winter term even the drones settled down to hard work, broken by the Winter Promenade, which stirred the boys who were susceptible to female charms. At the end of the term came another period of intense application to books.

Spring was a delightful season at Andover. Most farsighted teachers completed the hardest part of their assignments during the winter, when conditions were favorable for study. The dullards in the student body were by that time pretty well sorted out. Some of them had left, unable to stand the competition, and others had undergone enough of a reform to meet the minimum requirements. Hence the atmosphere in May and June was pleasant, except for those borderline seniors who were worried about getting into college. The tempo slowed down, the boys could lie around on the grass on warm afternoons, and life seemed again worth living after the New England winter. It is true that the faculty had to keep prodding the delinquents into action, and then more action, so that the lights in certain rooms burned far into the night. Moreover the first humid winds of spring stirred the blood and inspired some undergraduates with a desire for a little deviltry. But for most of us the days passed altogether too quickly, and commencement, with its absorbing busyness, was upon us before we knew it. After that came hurried faculty meetings, the good-by greetings, and then the almost oppressive calm which envelops school campuses when the life force has gone and "all that mighty heart is lying still."

Placing myself in the confessional, I must admit that I sometimes took terrifying chances. After one close football contest with Exeter, a gang of adventurous students tore down two Exeter banners from the dormitories where they had been hanging. When the news spread on Sunday morning, I was much concerned, for Bill Saltonstall and I had an informal understanding that no such high jinks would be permitted. On Monday morning, after spending a restless night, I rose in as-

sembly and explained that while this in some respects was only a childish prank, it did involve me in an embarrassing situation with the Exeter authorities. "I should greatly appreciate it," I continued, "if the fellows who have those stolen banners would return them to my office this morning. I shall be out from eleven to twelve and would like to find them there when I come back. No questions will be asked."

This was one of those speeches which either succeed — or fail miserably! As I walked back to my office after assembly, not quite sure whether or not I had made a tactical blunder, two boys — members of the Student Council — asked to see me for a moment. One of them announced rather sheepishly, "Mr. Fuess, Bill and I have those banners, and we'll bring them in to you right away. To tell the truth we didn't realize that there would be so much fuss about the matter. We just wanted to pep things up a bit!" I could only thank them warmly, and before night the banners were on their way to Exeter, with my apologies. But suppose they hadn't been returned!

4

THE schoolboy code of honor, no matter how absurd it may seem to an adult, can never be ignored in dealing with undergraduates. Only when one of their mates has become positively vicious will they testify against him. He may copy his neighbor's answers, he may have liquor in his room, he may filch magazines from the newsstand, he may sneak out of his dormitory on nefarious missions — but nobody will "squeal" on him. This is the chief reason why honor systems, however successful they may be in some colleges, seldom work in secondary schools.

On the other hand, the code is subject to strange interpretations. When I was busy with the alumni fund and with money-raising campaigns, I often had to desert my class to keep an engagement. I would then explain, "I'm sorry, but I am called away for the rest of the hour, and I'm leaving an examination for you to take. Please put your papers on the desk when you have finished and leave quietly." In after years several of my former pupils told me that on such occasions nobody did any cribbing. One of them remarked, "You did a smart thing in just going out and never warning us not to cheat. The way you left us completely to our own devices made it impossible for anybody to pull anything crooked!" That is one interesting aspect of boy psychology.

To "visiting firemen," boys are not only tolerant — they are courteously demonstrative. They may complain bitterly of the monotony of talks by the headmaster or the school minister, but when anybody from the outside speaks, no matter how platitudinously or tediously, they will applaud

until their palms are sore. In church, they suffered patiently the dullest of sermons.

The patience of a schoolboy congregation is often sorely tried. One winter three successive clergymen took as their theme the parable of the Prodigal Son. Again three visiting clergymen in a row ended their sermons with a stereotyped quotation from Sir Henry Newbolt, beginning, "There's a breathless hush in the close tonight," and concluding dramatically, "Play up! play up! and play the game!" There was a hush all right as number three started on his peroration, and I could see the lips of many undergraduates forming the familiar words. Indeed I almost expected the whole congregation to burst out simultaneously, in accord with their leader, "Play up! play up! and play the game!" But some deep-seated respect for the church as an institution repressed any demonstration.

On one painful morning a clergyman of national reputation preached a sermon identical in text and argument with that used by an eminent divine the week before. A little Sherlock Holmes investigation disclosed the unfortunate fact that both were "canned" sermons, evidently from the same source. At another tense moment a Yale dean suddenly stopped in the middle of his remarks and said, "If the man who is moving about in the gallery will only keep still, I shall be grateful. I am speaking extemporaneously and can't keep my mind on my theme." The "man" thus admonished was one of the faculty proctors, who was moving cautiously about, checking the attendance below. A lady present in the congregation told me afterwards that she had heard the dean deliver precisely the same "extemporaneous" talk the week before at Vassar College. Such are some of the weaknesses of members of "the cloth."

Boys are diabolically clever at discerning, mimicking, and ridiculing the eccentricities of their teachers. Often at commencement the seniors would prepare and present a skit of some kind, "taking off" the peculiarities of the faculty. I was cured forever of rubbing the bare top of my bald head by an imitation of me given by a clever student. When in assembly I announced that most of the trouble in the school was caused by a disorderly "5 per cent" of the undergraduate body, I was haunted by ironic references to that unfortunate phrase. A boy caught in an indiscretion would grin and say, "Well, sir, I guess I'm one of the disreputable 5 per cent!" At first I laughed, but as time went on I smiled only as if I mocked myself, and I was soon sick of the expression.

During one recitation a young instructor talked for some time about a trip to the British Isles which he had taken the previous summer. After class a very small lad looking as innocent as one of Murillo's cherubs came up to the master's desk and asked, "You've been a good deal in England, haven't you, Mr. Odell?" "Well, yes, I think

I might say I have." "I guess you know a lot about their customs, don't you?" "Yes, I probably do," was the reply. Then the tiny youngster looked up and, his eyes twinkling, said, "Well, cheerio, Old Top, cheerio!" What could be done about that?

Boys in these days have a genuine respect for rules, especially when the reason for them is explained. When a mother would plead for some *exceptional privilege for her son*, he would frequently come to me privately and say, "I knew perfectly well that I couldn't have my Christmas vacation extended, but Mom simply wouldn't listen to me." A youngster deprived of some of his precious weekends because of his poor scholastic record told me, "I got exactly what I deserved, and Dad should never have come up here to kick about it to you." Boys understand all the recognized conventions of the school much better than their parents do, and this is the chief reason why they don't like to have them too much around on the campus. Their elders simply do not comprehend the principles by which the lives of their sons are governed.

In dealing with boys it is imperative that a headmaster should have two important qualities — a sense of relative values and a sense of humor. He should perceive the difference between a sin and an indiscretion, between a calculated defiance of law and order and a careless neglect of a rule. He should understand that laughter is a great solvent of confusion, often clearing completely an atmosphere fraught with tragedy.

As I have suggested, differentiations in temperament and ambition appear very early and are readily recognizable. Some boys are visibly nervous; others are lethargic. Some are conscientious; others are excruciatingly careless. I once escorted a bishop through a senior dormitory where two rooms were side by side on the second floor. One was neat and orderly, with every necktie smoothed out and each article in its proper place. The other was strewn with shirts and shoes and crowded with miscellaneous and unattractive junk. Both boys were members of the Student Council, and each was a reliable citizen. But they were entirely opposite in personal habits and modes of living, and probably neither has changed to this day.

Living in my house at one period we had a most extraordinary aggregation of undergraduate types. Ned was shy, methodical, reserved, and studious. Pete was a muscular and gregarious extrovert, interested chiefly in games and regarding classes as a sideshow to the main tent. Horace wanted to spend all his time in the biological laboratory nursing snakes. Oscar had a passion for stage carpentry and could be found at almost any hour designing and constructing scenery. Bill was a born trader who made a profit on every financial transaction. Hank was constantly writing editorials for

the school paper although he loathed his English class on general principles. Each had his own private interests; yet they dwelt together in amity.

I do not mean to imply that these boys were static. Their special interests sometimes shifted almost overnight, and after a summer vacation they came back physically bigger and intellectually more mature.

People often ask me what I think of the "younger generation." This is a difficult question to answer, for the boys of the 1950s are as varied as any group which preceded them, and no generalizations can be more than approximately accurate. Furthermore I have been in contact only with a rather carefully selected group, which included very few perverts or "hot-rods" or amateur holdup men. The teen-agers who set fire to school buildings, chop up grand pianos, and overturn tombstones do not often seek admission to a school like Andover.

The boys whom I know in this generation give the impression of competence and self-reliance. They are not communicative, even with their parents; consequently it is difficult to find out what their real reactions are. But they have an amazing capacity for meeting crises without quailing — and they have already had plenty of them to face. These youngsters born in the 1930s know little from personal knowledge of an orderly world. No one could blame them very much for crying simultaneously and with anguish: —

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!

This, however, they do not do. Although they do not relish the confusion in the midst of which they have been thrown, they make few complaints. They accept military service, even when it interrupts their cherished plans, as if it were as inevitable as birth or death. Because they wish to snatch what happiness they can before their universe dissolves, they plan to marry early. But they do not quit! It may be resignation which keeps them going, but it more closely resembles pride. Pity in any form is what they least desire.

Perhaps because of bitter family experience they care less about making money than their fathers and more about doing good. More and more they are choosing the missionary professions, such as teaching, medicine, the Christian ministry, and public service. They have a very real concept of what satisfactions are durable and what are transitory. They do plenty of thinking about such perennial and intrusive problems as labor relations, racial discrimination, censorship, poverty, disease, crime, and education. In many cases they have, as adolescents, evolved for themselves a pattern for living. They are aware that they have to fight for the freedoms which they enjoy, but they are ready — not enthusiastic or glory-seeking, but prepared to face whatever comes.



The son of medical missionaries, who accompanied his parents on their rounds of the Indian villages, DR. CARL E. TAYLOR has been thinking deeply about India and medicine during his graduate work at the Harvard School of Public Health. He went out to India as a medical missionary in 1947 and will return there next winter to teach Public Health at the Christian Medical College, Ludhiana. The following article, which won first prize in the Essay Contest sponsored by the Planned Parenthood League of Massachusetts, evaluates the cultural factors that determine the reaction of Indians to birth control.

WILL INDIA ACCEPT BIRTH CONTROL?

by CARL E. TAYLOR, M.D.

1

A BASIC misunderstanding leads most Westerners to criticize Asiatics for being so numerous. Few of us realize that India's population has been increasing less rapidly than that of most other large countries except France.

In Western countries, as standards of living rose, there was first a sharp drop in death rate, followed by a much slower decline in birth rate. During this interval of imbalance between the two rates, population increased from two to seven fold. These extra people provided the manpower for the industrial revolution. The large unexploited areas available in Europe and her colonies served as shock absorbers in taking up both the population pressure and the output of the new industries.

By contrast, India has been in a progressively deteriorating situation. Before the coming of the European, civilization had already flowered and the population had grown to the limits imposed by the social and economic resources of the time. The checks of famine, war, and disease restrained further growth. From 1875 to 1900 repeated famines caused an average of 10 million deaths per decade. India's great plague epidemic started in 1896 and during the next ten years there were between 19 and 28 million deaths. The influenza epidemic of 1918-1919 is said to have caused at least 12 or 13 million deaths. To these should be added the recurrent epidemics of cholera and smallpox and the estimated one million deaths each year from malaria.

With the establishment of the *Pax Britannica* some of the checks were eliminated and the population grew. Although the rate of increase was slower than in the West, the starting population was much larger, making the average increase in a normal decade in India equal to the total population of many European countries. As a result

the population density continues to be greater than that of any other large country in the world.

The high birth rate is in itself an important cause of death. Starting at puberty, most Indian women have babies as fast as is biologically possible. Indian women average six or seven children in addition to uncounted miscarriages and abortions. Only three or four babies survive to adulthood; it has been estimated that one fifth to one fourth die before they are one year of age, and 45 per cent before they are five.

The maternal mortality is so high that, although the over-all death rate of women is 10 per cent lower than that of men, during the childbearing period it is 25 per cent higher than the male rate. One out of every ten girl wives is doomed to die in childbirth.

The frequent births do not take their toll in mortality alone. The suffering and disability caused by a more or less continuous state of pregnancy, under chronic conditions of neglect and poor diet, is so great that it cannot be quantitated. With monotonous regularity the following story was heard from mothers coming to our hospital in north India with obstetrical emergencies. The first baby had been born normally and so had the second a year later. The mother continued to nurse both babies and when she became pregnant again she began to feel tired. Complication started to appear and subsequent deliveries were increasingly hazardous. Perhaps she would enter the hospital with an anemia so severe that hemoglobin readings of 10 to 15 per cent were obtained. Or perhaps, because she nursed each child until he was two, her system had been so depleted of calcium that severe osteomalacia or softening of the bones had developed. I have seen a number of women whose pelves and legs were completely

telescoped, and whose skeletal systems were contorted into caricatures of the human form. Yet these women would present themselves at the hospital with full-term pregnancies that required Caesarean section. Other severe complications of pregnancy such as eclamptic convulsions were common.

Added to these hazards are the dangers to the children. With so many children around a home there is less possibility of providing food and the other essentials of life for each child. Large numbers die of common infections, and those that survive are burdened with chronic diseases which make efficient and happy living difficult. No other single health measure would so significantly improve maternal and child health in India as adequate family planning.

2

SEVERAL socioeconomic measures aid in providing for the surplus population. Improved methods of food production, opening up new areas for cultivation within the country, emigration to other countries, and stimulation of urbanization and industrialization have been largely responsible for India's maintaining the present precarious balance between population and production. It is becoming increasingly difficult, however, to provide in these ways for the more than 4 million people being added to the population each year.

Postponement of marriage would lower fertility. In 1930 the Sarda Act set the minimum age for marriage of girls at 14, but there was much political opposition because of British sponsorship and in the villages it was often defied as a patriotic gesture. Even if enforced, this law would not lower the birth rate because few girls go to live with their husbands before they reach puberty. The important fact is that only 13 per cent of the girls in the very fertile 15 to 20 age group remain unmarried.

Both Malthus and Gandhi felt that the problem could be solved by moral injunctions to practice self-control. Gandhi recommended in 1925 that parents should be forced to separate if they did not practice abstinence after having had three children.

Sterilization is a reliable method of restricting births, but its application is necessarily limited. There are few hospitals in India; there is a certain hazard and discomfort involved, especially for women; and there is a finality about the procedure which eliminates the concept of family planning or child spacing. In spite of this, our experience in the United Provinces was that a fairly large number of women and an occasional man agreed to surgical sterilization.

Because of the strong hold of the past on Indian customs and mores one might think that it would be particularly hard to change reproductive habits.

The village people tend to change their way of life as social groups, and then only when they become aware of an effective answer to a need which is felt generally among them.

In the acceptance of social change women are often more conservative than men. In this instance women are the principal sufferers. That they are already aware of their need soon becomes evident to anyone who has worked in a zenana clinic. The articulation of this need will, however, remain latent until they know about the possibilities of child spacing. My own experience and my conversations with other physicians convince me that large numbers of women will eagerly accept any advice or help offered them. On being asked why they did not try spacing their children, women would answer that it was their fate to be pregnant as much as possible. When it was explained that it was not necessary they immediately showed interest and asked for details.

The two persons in the family most likely to object were the husband and the mother-in-law. If one or more sons were living and healthy even they could often be persuaded to permit the trial of simple contraceptive measures. With the husband financial arguments were most powerful. The production of children can scarcely be considered economically profitable. Although boys are an asset, girls are a financial liability because they have to be provided with a dowry. The mother-in-law usually runs the home and was interested in the fact that a healthy daughter-in-law with intervals between pregnancies could do more housework than an invalid.

The social factor which is perhaps most important in maintaining the high birth rate is the universality of marriage. Because so many women from 15 to 40 die, there is a shortage of marriageable girls. Hindu widowers are expected to remarry but widows are not. As a result girls are often married at or near puberty, but many men have to wait until they are 20 or 30 years old to be supplied with a wife. Although this difference in age has no apparent biological effect on the couple's fertility, it does have a profound sociological effect. A mature man has some difficulty in accepting a girl half his age as his equal and partner. The subjection of women tends to be maintained in spite of all efforts to improve their status.

The spread of birth-control information is also limited by the fear, especially on the part of the men, that availability of contraceptives will cause a deterioration of morals. In the social group that is most aware of this danger the life of the women is hedged about with so many other safeguards that contraceptives would probably not increase promiscuity.

A final cultural block to birth control is a psychological one. There is a strong feeling of futility on the part of Indians, particularly low-caste vil-

lagers. They have the fatalistic attitude that their condition could not possibly get much worse and they say that a few more children will not greatly affect their status.

The religious deterrents

There is no definite prohibition of birth control in the Hindu scriptures or traditional doctrine. On the contrary, the *Kama Sutra* (Aphorisms of Love), a semi-scriptural book written by Vatsyayana about the third century B.C., is said to contain descriptions of crude birth-control methods.

Some of the post-Vedic Hindu scriptures, such as the Laws of Manu, have been interpreted, however, as supporting the desirability of girls being married before puberty. One Hindu priest explained this to a friend of mine as being due to the belief that each ovum represents an individual life. According to this interpretation of the doctrine of the sacredness of life, the permitting of any ovum to escape fertilization and maturation into a person is equivalent to killing that individual, and the bleeding of menstruation represents his lifeblood. Therefore it is the father's duty to arrange for his daughter's marriage before puberty and the husband's duty to see to it that his wife menstruates as seldom as possible. Although this belief is probably not widely accepted, it illustrates the sort of religious interpretation that might be circulated if anticontraceptive prejudices were aroused.

In the Hindu religion a powerful deterrent to family limitation is the need for a son to participate in the funeral rites. If some other relative has to be relied on there is danger that the soul may not make a successful transmigration. Some of these ceremonial functions are the lighting of the funeral pyre, seeing that the skull cracks to permit the soul to escape, and scattering the ashes in the Ganges or some other sacred river. Obviously a good Hindu will want to have at least two sons to be sure that one will survive him. The joint family system has a significant but diminishing influence in keeping up the birth rate. The pooling of the resources of related families spreads the financial responsibility for the children's support.

The psychological factor of fatalism is of great importance among Moslems. The Koran teaches that each life is completely foreordained from the time of conception, and this shifts the responsibility for what happens to the children from the parents to God. There is no teaching in the Koran against contraception, but there is certain merit attached to having children since this increases the number of the followers of the Prophet.

Moslem traditions attach considerable importance to sex. The women are confined to their zenanas even more strictly than their Hindu sisters, and their whole life is centered in their husbands. Not many Moslems are now able to afford polyg-

amy. Because of the shortage of females, most girls are married; thus polygamy could scarcely be an important factor in keeping up the birth rate.

It has been suggested that the Moslems' birth rate is the highest in India because their meat-eating habits increase libido. There is no evidence for this although there may be some relationship between infertility and nutritional deficiencies. There is similarly no scientific proof for De Castro's theory that chronic hunger increases fertility.

Before any mass birth-control program in the Orient can be effective, better contraceptive techniques will have to be developed. Methods now available are too expensive and complicated for the average villager. The best chances for success probably lie with measures used by women. Research must be directed towards finding cheap, simple, nontoxic, yet effective techniques which can be used by women with minimum home conveniences.

There is great danger that a birth-control program might appear to be of Western origin, thus arousing antiforeign prejudices. Vocal religious objection must be carefully guarded against. If religious edicts and interpretations banning contraceptives were once made public it would be infinitely harder to get them revised than to handle the early stages of the program in such a way as not to arouse the opposition of the priests and pundits. It would be particularly desirable to develop a simple contraceptive technique or modification of an existing technique by research in India. If the method were given a typically Indian name the prejudice against foreign interference would probably be avoided. To limit the chance of improper use, contraceptives should at first be distributed from health centers, hospitals, and other medical institutions.

At an opportune time legislation should be encouraged to raise the minimum age for marriage of girls to 18 or 20 years. With independence there is a greater likelihood of responsible participation in law enforcement on the local level than there was with the Sarda Act of 1930. Sociologic measures which tend to decrease the birth rate by raising the standards of living and education should be applied as rapidly as resources become available.

The problem of overpopulation can be attacked immediately and directly with a properly administered birth-control program. Indian cultural patterns present no *insuperable* barriers to such a program. In fact, I have found that many village people already realize that as the number of their children increases, the physical and economic health of the family decreases. Popular acceptance will probably follow rapidly the development of effective and appropriate birth-control methods. With this approach, India's demographic future may be faced with optimism.



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DARWIN AND THE ISLANDS OF EVOLUTION

by N. J. BERRILL

1

A YOUNG man of twenty-two, Charles Darwin left England as naturalist on board a war-ship, H.M.S. *Beagle*, on a journey that lasted five years. The greater part of the voyage was a protracted circumnavigation of South America which gave him opportunities for landings and journeys into the interior, both into southern Patagonia and the pampas country from the east and at various places along the Pacific coast. This was the experience that was to culminate in *The Origin of Species* more than twenty years later.

Darwin had no more than a fair formal education, was an indifferent student, and had failed in medical school. He went on to Cambridge to study for the ministry, while his father, a country doctor, shook his head in grave misgiving. He was offered the chance to go on the *Beagle* almost by default, for few men could afford to spend several years without financial reward. But despite his failures in school, there is every indication that Darwin was a deep, active thinker. From a very early age he was an ardent collector of minerals, insects, and flowers, and a man or a boy thinks most about what interests him most. And as a youth he read Humboldt's *Personal Narratives* and dreamed of adding to its luster. Yet more than all of this, he was the grandson of his father's father, Erasmus Darwin, a man great in his own right, who had already formulated a theory of evolution of animals, and who must have had some influence upon the thoughts and reflections of his grandson.

The young man who sailed on the *Beagle* was already tensed to the experience which lay before him, although he left England with a firm belief in the creationist point of view and the immutability of species.

The *Beagle* left Plymouth late in December, 1831, with its seasick naturalist on board, and took the old course to the south to the Canaries and Cape

Verde Islands. Here we find Darwin improving on the dip bucket of his predecessors in an effort to capture the small drifting creatures of the sea surface, by towing a deep bag of bunting behind the vessel, an invention which has in later elaborations become the chief tool of biological investigations of the ocean. From Cape Verde to Brazil only a landing on the bird-crowded St. Paul's Rocks, the minute tip of a volcano arising from the mid-Atlantic abyss, where no land should be, and an uncomfortable shaving by Neptune's barber when the ship crossed the line, marked an uneventful passage.

Landfall came at Bahia, and Darwin's first few walks in the Brazilian forest left him at a loss for words to describe it — if his eye followed a gaudy butterfly it was stopped by some strange fruit or tree; in watching an insect he forgot it in the stranger flower. He wrote that his mind was a chaos of delight.

After two weeks at Bahia the *Beagle* left on a southern survey of coasts and harbors; and apart from visits to Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo, Darwin was at sea for most of the time from March, 1832, until May, 1833. Darwin never became accustomed to the motion of the vessel, and he suffered continual seasickness, although when the sea was quiet enough he found the ship a marvelous place in which to study. During this period he saw something of Tierra del Fuego and its miserable savage inhabitants, and visited the bleak and treeless Falkland Islands.

At the end of July, 1833, the *Beagle* arrived at the Rio Negro, the largest of the rivers between La Plata and the Strait of Magellan, and from here Darwin traveled across the plains of Patagonia to Buenos Aires and Montevideo. At first the level plain, stretching as far as the eye could see, was covered with dry, gravelly soil with only tufts of

brown withered grass and low scattered thorny bushes to save it from being completely desert. A solitary tree, visible from a great distance, served as a sacrificial altar for the Indians. The first night was spent under the open sky amid the deathlike stillness of the plain, with dogs keeping watch and a gypsy group of Gauchos making their beds around the fire. Only the harelike agouti was common, hopping in twos and threes in a straight line across the wild plains, though occasionally a wild llama, the guanaco, could be seen keeping its distance.

Desolation slowly gave way to plains covered with green turf, tall purple clover, and little owls, and even where the country deteriorated into a wide level waste of sand, salt marsh, or mud, ostriches, deer, caviés, and armadillos were abundant. Both Darwin and his guide watched the animals closely as they rode along, Darwin as a naturalist and the guide as a man who knew the danger of riding abroad while the war of extermination was still being carried on against the Indians by the Spaniards. At last, however, they "rode on in peace and quietness to a low point called Punta Alta, whence we could see nearly the whole of the great harbour of Bahía Blanca."

Punta Alta was a low cliff about twenty feet high, of alternating layers of gravel and a reddish muddy clay, with sea shells scattered through them of the same kinds found along the beach. The gravel was a perfect graveyard, and Darwin, already on the lookout for fossil bones, during the one day he had to spend, found enough ancient relics to start a museum. This is the list: a nearly perfect head of the extinct giant sloth; another member of the same more or less toothless order with great scratching claws and as large as a pony; two more Edentates related to the giant sloth, fully as large as an ox; a *Toxodon*, which was something like a guinea pig built on the scale of a prize-winning bull; a large piece of skin armor of an armadillo but of gigantic size; a tusk like that of a boar; and lastly a tooth that Darwin thought was identical with that of the common horse. Horses had been introduced into South America by the Spaniards, but this tooth was embedded in the gravel with the other bones and was in the same state of decay.

It is an imposing and startling list and it is no wonder Darwin stayed awake at nights thinking about it. For it was evident that a now extinct fauna of large quadrupeds lived in this region not so long ago, geologically speaking. The bones were not even true fossils, for they were not mineralized, but were just bones undergoing decay, though they belonged to animals of kinds no longer existing. That a new fauna had replaced an old one was in itself not surprising, for there was already a theory of successions of faunas in relation to a series of cataclysms. Strange extinct remains were to be

expected, but what is new is Darwin's recognition not only of the relatively giant size of the extinct forms but their general relation to existing animals, and his speculations concerning what could have brought about the change. This was the first impact of the past; others were to come.

2

IN THE meantime Darwin continued his journey to Buenos Aires and saw much of the ostrich, a bird shy, wary, and solitary. "And although so fleet in its pace, it falls a prey to the Indian or Gaucho armed with the bolas. They generally prefer running against the wind; yet at the first start they expand their wings, and like a vessel make all sail." The ride to Buenos Aires was enlivened also by armadillos of several kinds, each an unbelievable sort of animal.

Food on the way presented no difficulty, for always there were eggs — one ostrich nest yielded twenty-seven eggs, which Darwin calculated, on the basis of one to eleven, was equivalent in food value to two hundred ninety-seven hen's eggs. There were also many plover since it was southern spring and the golden plover was already present in large flocks that had winged their way from the approaching winter of the Arctic tundra. Partridges, so called, abounded. They gave good meat and were easily caught — a boy on a quiet old horse, with a running noose made of the stem of an ostrich feather, fastened to the end of a long stick, could catch thirty or forty in a day.

Beyond Buenos Aires the journey continued for about two hundred miles up the Paraná River to Santa Fe, through occasional cattle ranches separated by extensive purple tracts of acrid clover and the great impenetrable thistles, inhabited only by a long-tailed burrowing rodent and its friend the little owl. The riverbank of course meant another opportunity for searching for fossil bones, for year by year the freshets sliced away new layers of the steep banks, leaving skeleton after crumbling skeleton exposed. Bones there were, and plenty of them, though the greater number were rotten and as soft as clay, especially those of the mastodon, the kin of elephant and mammoth.

The men who took Darwin by canoe to the cliffs of the mastodon bones said they had long known of them and had often wondered how they got there — "the necessity of a theory being felt they came to the conclusion that the mastodon formerly was a burrowing animal!" He found there also more casing of the giant armadillo and another tooth, which this time was unmistakably that of a horse. At another point he found his second *Toxodon* and more armadillo armor, which differed, however, from what he already possessed. More than one gigantic animal of a former age was protected by a coat of mail! Darwin already knew of discoveries

of fossil elephants and mastodons in Europe and Asia, and even at this early time suspected that his mastodons had walked across a Siberian-Alaskan bridge that had since disappeared.

After he had rejoined his ship at Buenos Aires in early December, "the *Beagle* sailed from the Rio Plata, never again to enter its muddy stream. Our course was directed to Port Desire on the coast of Patagonia." On the way, ten miles or more offshore the seamen cried out that it was snowing butterflies, myriads of them extending in all directions as far as the eye could see, flocks as large as Columbus saw to the south of Cuba.

Butterfly migrations such as these are a little better known than they used to be, although what determines their course is as obscure as ever. As a rule the flocks consist of males alone and they fly to their death. As much as anything, it seems to be a way of removing an excess of comparatively useless individuals from overcrowded areas, for biologically speaking the sexes are not equal, and the run of males for the most part are dispensable.

At another time, sixty miles at sea, vast numbers of small spiders, of all ages, drifted by in the air, each hanging on to the end of a long thread that served as a kite.

The *Beagle*, it must be remembered, was a naval ship on an extensive surveying expedition, and the captain's concern lay with coastlines and harbors. Darwin, as a naturalist, just went along and made the best of his opportunities, although it was at Captain Fitzroy's request that a naturalist accompanied him. Only brief trips ashore could be made at places that were not to be revisited by the ship, and little more than glimpses were possible of the southern Patagonian river courses.

The *Beagle* left Patagonia and sailed east to the brown and dreary wind- and rain-swept Falklands. They appeared to be no place for man or beast, yet the islands were a sanctuary for murderers and flightless birds.

The birds were important, for they made it clear to Darwin how flight could become transformed into other forms of locomotion. His own descriptions are vivid: "One day, having placed myself between a penguin and the water, I was much amused by watching its habits. It was a brave bird, and till reaching the sea, it regularly fought and drove me backwards. . . . This bird is commonly called the jackass penguin, from its habit, while on shore, of throwing its head backwards and making a loud strange noise, very like the braying of that animal; but while at sea and undisturbed its note is very deep and solemn and is often heard in the night. In diving, its little plumelless wings are used as fins, but on the land as front legs. When crawling (it may be said on four legs) through the tussocks or on the side of a grassy cliff, it moves so quickly that it might be readily mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea and fishing it

comes to the surface, for the purpose of breathing, with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously that I defy anyone at first sight to be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport."

There were geese as well as penguins, an upland species that fed on grass and other vegetation and built its nest on the small outlying islets, and the snow-white gander and its darker mate, rock geese that found a living on the beaches. But the one that caught a young man's fancy was the steamer duck, a goose weighing more than twenty pounds. All South Atlantic voyagers between the islands and the Horn have watched it with amazement. "Their wings are too small and weak to allow of flight, but by their aid, partly swimming and partly flapping the surface of the water, they move very quickly. The manner is something like that by which the common duck escapes when pursued by a dog, but I am nearly sure that the steamer moves its wings alternately instead of both together as in other birds. The steamer is able to dive only a very short distance. It feeds entirely on shell-fish from the kelp and tidal rocks; hence the beak and head, for the purpose of breaking them, are surprisingly heavy and strong. Thus we find in South America three birds which use their wings for other purposes besides flight: the penguin as fins, the steamer as paddles, and the ostrich as sails to a vessel."

With the Falkland Islands left behind, the ship sailed once more to the west and beat against the wind to the Strait of Magellan, to pass through the Strait during the southern midwinter. In June, 1834, the *Beagle* entered the Pacific between the East and West Furies, through a sea with so many breakers it was called the Milky Way.

For more than a year the ship worked its observing way up the Pacific coast; and like Humboldt before him, Darwin found more to do as geologist than naturalist. The last call before swinging out along the equator to the Galápagos Islands was at Lima, and for once Darwin shows his actual age, for what impressed him most, as better worth looking at than all the churches and buildings of the town, was the ladies, fitted in close elastic gowns, with a black silk veil brought over the head, allowing only one brilliant and powerfully expressive eye free to appraise the young foreigner. He felt, he says, as much surprised as if he had been introduced among a number of nice round mermaids!

3

SEPTEMBER 15, 1835. "The *Beagle* arrived at the southernmost of the Galápagos islands, of which five much exceed the others in size. They are situated under the equatorial line, and between five and six hundred miles to the westward of the coast of America. The constitution of the whole is volcanic. . . . I have no exact data — but I do not hesitate to affirm that there must be at least

two thousand craters. . . . The natural history is very remarkable: it seems to be a little world within itself, the greater number of its inhabitants, both vegetable and animal, being found nowhere else."

There you have it! Two problems in a nutshell, even though slightly petrified. How did animals and plants ever reach the islands, and why are they so distinctive?

Darwin's first walk, on a glowing hot day among the little craters, brought him face to face with two large tortoises, each a two-hundred-pounder, busy eating cactus. They looked at him and hissed, and slowly walked away. Among the leafless shrubs, the tall cacti, and the black forbidding lava they seemed not out of place but out of time.

Along the shores the rocks abounded with great black lizards between three and four feet long, and on the hills another kind was just as common. There were smaller lizards too, and several kinds of snakes, but no frogs or toads. And there was a large mouse with large thin ears, like a kind he knew from the sterile deserts west of the Andes. Birds, especially turtledoves, were tame, but not so tame as they used to be — "Dampier says that a man in a morning's walk might kill six or seven dozen of these birds. . . . At present they do not suffer themselves to be killed in such numbers."

The three great reptiles hold the stage, and Darwin's accounts of them are more detailed and accurate than his buccaneering predecessors', and fresher than those left by later visitors. The tortoises, which Dampier reckoned could support an army of men for several months, lived on juicy cactus on those islands, where the land was low and arid; but in higher, damper regions where trees grew, they ate leaves and berries and hanging lichens. On the larger islands, where there were springs high up towards the central parts, the thirsty, mud-loving perambulating tanks made well-beaten paths in every direction from the wells even down the seacoast, and Spaniards first discovered the watering places by following the tortoises. It was curious to see one set of the monsters trudging eagerly uphill by outstretched thirsting necks, and another set stumbling down and almost spilling over. Darwin found they could speed along at a brisk six yards a minute.

The two big lizards drove home the lesson of the birds and their wings — "a variation in habit accompanying change in structure." When Darwin found it, the aquatic lizard was extremely common on all the islands of the archipelago, living exclusively on the rocky sea beaches and never even ten yards inshore. Black imps of darkness, they swam with perfect ease by a sinuous movement of the body and flattened tail, feeding on submerged seaweed. Even a forced submersion of over an hour did not drown one.

The land lizards were confined to the central islands — "it would appear as if this species had

been created in the centre of the archipelago, and thence had been dispersed only to a certain distance." This is creationist language, and the fact that Darwin does not seem concerned with how the lizards came to be on the islands suggests that he is using it literally, but biological thought generally was in transition between creation and some sort of evolution, and the meanings of words were slowly shifting.

4

I KNOW of no better substitute for counting sheep on a sleepless night than thinking of the questions raised by the Galápagos and trying to dream up the answers. Where have the animals and plants come from, how did they get there, how have they managed to live there after they arrived, and what has happened to them since their arrival? Almost every problem of evolution and world history finds its place in this cluster of small equatorial islands.

As reptiles go, the tortoise is thoroughly antique. There were tortoises of a kind, with something like their present peculiar armor, stumping around in the warm and deserty part of the earth before there were dinosaurs, before the great age of reptiles was ever under way. Within certain latitudes the tortoise is world-wide, and true tortoises have been ready to make the best of a landing on the Galápagos for nearly one hundred million years. Whether the Galápagos were there to land upon is another matter.

One thing is certain: no tortoise ever swam the distance from Peru to the Galápagos, or even drifted with the current, without some sort of help. Many persons have worried over how the tortoise made the trip, and some insist that it walked on dry land and, like the plowman, plodded its weary way every step of the journey. The traveling tortoise is explained by making a land bridge from Central or South America to the Galápagos. A submarine plateau is already there, but to make it emerge above the surface means raising it by another ten thousand feet, and it is a case of out of the frying pan into the fire, for the absent bridge is more disturbing than the present tortoise.

A land bridge implies that the islands have been a part of the continent, and as such they should show the continental structure in the rocks. They do not, and few islands anywhere flaunt their volcanic origin and character as blatantly as these crater-ridden tops of mountains rising from the floor of the deep sea. Even if we agree to the land bridge, forgetting the geological difficulty, the bridge merely changes the nature of the problem. It makes a road for a tortoise but it also makes a road for a toad, and neither frogs nor toads nor salamanders, nor the host of creeping and crawling things of the tropical mainland that would have had ample time to travel a few hundred miles, ever reached the

islands. There was no bridge, and the tortoise is back where it started.

If not by land then by sea, for a tortoise has yet to learn to fly. What are the chances of drifting undrowned to the Galápagos? Depending on where you start, they may be not at all bad, especially if you happen to be as tough as a tortoise — few animals put up with so much and need so little. Two currents reach for the Galápagos from the American coast: the cold Peruvian or Humboldt Current from the southeast during the three quarters of the year that the southeast trades blow, and a warm current from the general direction of Central America during the time of the northeast trade winds of the northern winter.

Between them the two currents account for much that is peculiar to the archipelago. For the anomaly of the islands is that the land supports a tropical continental American fauna and flora, while in the surrounding equatorial sea the life has an Antarctic likeness. There is no coral in the waters round these islands.

One of the most striking passages in William Beebe's *Arcturus Adventure* describes a rip marking the line separating two currents running side by side in these seas, where the water was thick with floating land debris of all kinds, from seeds and grasses to the trunks of fair-sized trees. Torrents pouring down from the tropical forests of the Isthmus carry flotsam and sediment into the sea and out with the warm current towards the Galápagos, and the ocean floor is covered with decaying vegetable matter far out along the line of drift. And the eastern shore of Chatham Island, the first island to be encountered from the east, has driftwood of a larger size than any of the trees growing locally, not to mention bamboos, sugar cane, and coconut, none of which grow in the archipelago. Here is the road that the reptiles traveled, clinging to the trees and rafts of jungle growth that drifted to the islands. It would take but two or three weeks, and in the course of many million years the wonder is so few have found the way. A single tortoise, lizard, or snake with eggs about to be laid would do the trick, and so would a pregnant mouse or rat. Frogs may have started the journeys as often as lizards, but a touch of the sea and a frog is soon dead: its naked skin needs moisture pure and unsalted.

The great lizards as well as the little up-to-date fellows must have taken the same journey, although neither they nor the tortoise may have been as big as they now are, when they first emigrated. There has been plenty of time for change since they made their landing. The question is, did one kind of these lizards, or two, make the initial voyage? In any case, either before departure or after landing the sea lizard evolved from the land lizard — it doesn't work the other way round.

The closest relatives of the big Galápagos land lizards are the iguanas of tropical America, al-

though they are much more alert and lively creatures that lift their bodies clear of the ground when they start to go places. They have to, or be eaten by warm-blooded and quicker mammals. The Galápagos kind never gets its weight fully onto its feet and cannot put on anything like the same burst of speed. In this they are old-fashioned, as reptiles go, but there are two ways of looking at it. The mainland crowd that stayed behind were also heavy and weak-legged at one time but have since had to get moving to stay alive; or the island group, free in an isolated sanctuary without need to move except to eat or breed, has grown weak in the legs and heavy. The position of the legs, however, well out to the sides of the body, favors the first and labels the islanders as archaic.

However it was, the black sea lizard and the brown land lizard are more closely kin than either of them is to any other, and it is likely that either the land form took to the sea or the sea beast took to the land and gave rise to the other. Supposing some of the land lizards took to the sea to add seaweed to what may well have been a scanty diet on shore, those with the most bladelike tail would swim better, avoid more sharks, and live longer. Their eggs would be the ones to produce the next generation. And from generation to generation flatter tails and better swimmers would survive the longest and lay the most eggs. Gradually the sea lizard would come into being, with a flat swimming tail in place of the thick clumsy one its ancestors had dragged around. This way it works, from land to sea.

The land lizard is a landlubber whose one ocean crossing was enough of the sea for all time. Yet on the Galápagos even the land lizard has had to change in some degree; and while selection has left the tail alone, those that finally flourished have jaws, and teeth so strong they can literally chew shoe leather. This tells something of the general toughness of the plants that also drifted and settled on the black volcanic islands.

5

ISLANDS have had a small part to play in the grand sweep of evolution as a whole, but they have played a large part in the progress of our understanding of it. First and foremost, islands are sanctuaries. The lizards and tortoises of the Galápagos arrived there to find no enemies of any kind. They were free to live in happy isolation, provided they didn't eat themselves out of house and home. They went about their own business undisturbed until buccaneers and whalers raided them for food, and various transient settlers brought in cattle, horses and goats, and dogs and cats, all of which in one or two generations have gone back to their original wild and undomesticated state. There are no islands any more; and as men in ships make

moving bridges between continents and islands, all that made them sanctuaries disappears and the archaic living fossils go down before the more aggressive newcomers.

On the islands we have found the relics of more ancient times, but the problem now is to save them. The oldest of all lizards, the tuatara, once lived throughout New Zealand, but the rats and dogs brought in by Maoris and Europeans have killed them off, except in some tiny offshore islands.

To save them, all visitors are barred, even the conservationists themselves. Yet it is worth the fuss, for the tuatara still retains the third eye which all backboned animals once possessed, an eye that looks straight up through a hole in the top of the skull. The rest of us have closed the hole, no longer having anything to see, and keep no more than a peculiar blob of pineal tissue deep between the hemispheres of the brain, which, having nothing else to do, was said to be the seat of the soul!

Yet life that reached the islands anywhere has gone on evolving or changing, and it is the small scale on which it has taken place which makes it easier to see. What islands have done, as the Galápagos finches have shown, is to demonstrate the effect of isolation, apart from the simple question of safety. Sports may arise within a certain population of animals and give rise to more of their kind. If there is free breeding throughout the population, the character of the community as a whole may change slightly, but that is all.

But if part of a community reaches an island and sports arise there, the distance or the water interferes with travel, there is no mixed breeding with the rest of the community, and the islanders before long become so different that they could not breed with the mainlanders even if the opportunity arose. They become a distinct species. At the Galápagos the ground finches a long time ago scattered themselves among the various islands. Being inherently lazy, like all living things, each little island group fed and bred upon its own little spot of ground and lost contact even with those on the other islands ten to fifty miles away. And the sports that arose from time to time, on this island or that, never spread beyond the finch community of the particular island, until at last each group became so inbreeding and different that interbreeding with finches of other islands became impossible — and several species of Galápagos finches take the place of the original one and only.

In his collections of birds, Darwin found twenty-six different species of land birds, all but one unique to the archipelago. The most significant were a group of thirteen species of finches, still known as Darwin's finches, and three species of mockingbirds. What makes them so important is the manner of their distribution among the various

Galápagos islands. One species of mockingbird lived only on Charles Island, another on Albemarle, and the third only on James and Chatham Islands. The ground finches varied all the way from thick-beaked kinds to some with beaks as fine as a warbler's, with other differences as well, and they too were distributed one kind to one island. With these things in mind it came time for him to go, for "it is the fate of every voyager, when he has just discovered what object . . . in any place is more particularly worthy of his attention, to be hurried from it." And the *Beagle* departed, with Darwin aboard once more, for Tahiti and the long voyage west around the world.

There is no speculation in Darwin's journal concerning the meaning of the variations of the Galápagos birds and reptiles, no bringing of the extinct South American giants and the rising land into the picture with the rest. He went on to see the rest of the world and to wonder about the nature and origin of coral reefs, to arrive at last in England in October, 1836.

Yet questions bothered him: Why should species have been created slightly but distinctly different on each island? Could they have all come from a single stock and become different in the course of generations? Less than a year after his return, in July of 1837, he started his "first note-book on Transmutation of Species," and in a little diary of the same date noted that he had been greatly struck with the character of the South American fossils and the species on the Galápagos Archipelago, and that these facts were the origin of all his views. Many years later the notebooks reached their maturity as *The Origin of Species*.

Other men had played with the idea of evolution but no one had proved that it really happened. Darwin returned from the voyage of the *Beagle* with his mind buzzing with new thoughts; he returned to the life of a country gentleman in a farming community where the selective breeding of sheep and cattle was already a fine art. And he was able to see that if selection among the offspring of domestic animals could produce new strains, the same sort of process might do the same in nature. Finally it all came together, and after twenty years of hard labor he showed to enthusiast and skeptic alike that animals vary and that some variation is heritable; that animals breed excessively but their numbers are forever being cut down by adverse circumstances; and that the inevitable result of all this is that the varieties best suited to meet their circumstances will survive at the expense of others; and that this leads to the gradual evolution of new kinds in response to changing surroundings. It is the beginning of our own journey into wonder, believing in the continuity of all life in spite of its diversity.



An English free lance now in his twenty-ninth year, MICHAEL SWAN travels where he pleases and writes about the places which invite his pen. He is the author of *Ilex and Olive*, a book descriptive of his peregrinations in France and Italy, and of a short biography of Henry James; and he has recently returned to England from Mexico, where he spent several months gathering source material for a new book.

A LETTER FROM VIENNA

by MICHAEL SWAN

1

IN a city one has never visited before, the revealing images arrive, fortuitously, with a strange lack of logic — perhaps because one's preconceptions are rarely found to be true; the mind becomes sensitive to images which once seemed irrelevant, and sees in them an unaccountable significance. Why, I wonder, should I feel so attached to the scene from my hotel window? — the sight of children playing beneath the dead eyes of the baroque façade of the Liechtenstein Palace, with its somber stucco at the moment when it seems inevitable that it will crumble and fall. The children sing little songs reminiscent of *Ringel, Ringel, Rosenkranz*, but I cannot make out the tunes properly against the noise of the traffic on the Porzellan-gasse. As they play, the children's balls land among the cabbages and tomato rows which have replaced the lawns; their mothers sit talking under the trees in front of a moss-covered statue. It is all just as it was on the evening of my first day in Vienna nearly three weeks ago — but now it has become no mean speck among the sensations which have come to compose Vienna during these few weeks, an image which I can twist and turn in my mind to make of it a symbol for so many purposes.

Two weeks ago I knew no other images than the four in a jeep or the taxi driver who answered my questions about life in Vienna today with the simple phrase, "*Ah, immer lustig ist der Wiener* — the Viennese is always happy." What he said, I came to see, was true, but one soon realized that it was not enough to applaud the Viennese for a cheerful optimism, or to feel that their nature is to laugh and not care when the Russian Empire is twenty-five miles away and their country depends for its existence on the beneficence of America. One of the favorite songs here is from Millöcker's brilliant operetta, *Der Bettelstudent*; it is called *Schwamm drüber*, which could be colloquially translated as "What does it matter, anyway?" — and the Vien-

nese have a genius for asking this question. Centuries of invasion and occupation from the East — the Turks who scaled the machicolated churches which defended the town — have taught them to discover a resignation which has the appearance of gaiety. The modern version of this was not difficult to discover, for a superficial freedom and cultural contact with Western Europe have returned, there is good food and beer and music, and the village wine gardens at Sievering or Grinzing are filled every night with Viennese drinking Heuriger wine, listening to zither music, and catching the last tram home, happy with balloons.

Yet, as the sensations grow and form their shape, one feels that it is not those things which are particular and contemporary that compose the underlying sadness; one comes to realize that it is in Vienna rather than in provincial Austria that the tragedy of the history of the country may be felt most potently. It would be untrue to say that the sadness began only when the Austrian Empire was destroyed in 1918, for this was the mere *coup de grâce*. Vienna under Francis Joseph showed its feathers like a peacock before death; the murder and suicide at Mayerling and the murder of Francis Joseph's brother, Maximilian, tell truer stories than the grandiose buildings on the Ring, while Schnitzler's bitter melancholy and Grillparzer's message that all endeavor is futile tell the truest. I like to imagine that the whole story of Austria is contained in the title of Grillparzer's play *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* (*King Ottokar's Good Fortune and Death*). The final death came and Vienna returned to normal, to being an outpost after two hundred years of unnatural centrality.

Two days ago I met a survivor from this past — an old man of eighty-five of whom I asked the way. I walked with him for some time and when he told me his age and that he had lived in Vienna all his life I was delighted, for here was somebody who

would have seen the sleek broughams clatter out to Grinzing for their secret assignations, would have seen the imperial glories in the courtyard of the Hofburg. I asked him about the Vienna of his youth and he stopped in the crowded street, took my arm and said ecstatically, "*Das Leben war wunderbar, wunderbar!* — Life was marvelous!" and went on to say that the country was so rich and so happy until that devil Wilson cut her throat.

His view of his country's history is typical of the mass of "little men" who have always composed the largest social formation in the country. It is for his sons and grandsons that films like *Wien Tanzt*, about Johann Strauss, or *Maria Teresia*, are made and nineteenth-century high-life operettas are produced; it is his sons, too, who are a little shocked by the cynicism of *La Ronde* and who never read Schnitzler precisely because he revealed the worm behind the lovely face; who, again, snort and hurry their wives past the erotic Surrealism of Rudolf Hausner at an exhibition at the excellent Art Club. And it is for them that the Americans, with great understanding, have given money for the rebuilding of such comforting signs of past grandeur as the Opera on the Ring (and none for the building of new houses). For the petty bourgeois — or *Spießbürger* as he is called here — has always felt the rightness of grand buildings, conscious of his position as a spectator of such expressions of Austrian courtly culture as Fischer von Erlach's great Josefs Platz or the Upper Belvedere of Lukas von Hildebrandt.

The charming old man who told me how wonderful life had been fifty years ago has his opposite in his own class, the malcontents who revenged themselves on the nobility in 1919 by destroying them; today there are no titles in Austria, but in the Café Mozart each evening you may hear the waiters delighting in the opportunity to say "*Herr Graf*" or "*Fräulein Baronin*" to an owner of a jewelry business or a secretary from the Foreign Office. But to return to the malcontent; at his most unpleasant he took the form of Adolf Hitler. Hitler transferred to the larger world of Germany the longing of some elements of his class for political and cultural power. His tastes were those of the Austrian *Spießbürger* — the horror of decadence in painting, the desire to appear sexually irreproachable, and the admiration for the grandiose. Hitler's mania for imperial conquest had its psychological roots in the social formation and dissolution of the Austrian Empire perhaps more than in the defeat of Germany in 1918.

2

VIENNA, more than most towns, may only be apprehended by a free play of mind, a refusal to see it in terms of Russian occupation, of Austria paying Russia for her own oil, or the frequent disappearances of policemen or functionaries who have met the dis-

approval of the commissars at the Hotel Imperial. These, indeed, must have their part in the contradictions and complications of Vienna. Its complication has always been the source of its fascination; in the narrow, twisting streets of the Old Town — a complication of its own — live so many people whose blood is a mélange of three or four Middle European strains, a mélange which sometimes rises to the heights in the creation of a Maria Jeritzka or a Hedy Lamarr. Like an eastern Paris, Vienna has attracted and assimilated the precious minds of Eastern Europe — Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, Freud, Reinhardt, Kafka — and even the not so precious minds; for in 1911 Mussolini was a Viennese street sweeper, Hitler had a post at the Kunsthistorisches Museum, and Stalin was writing his first book in the National Library.

Still further complication is added, since Vienna rejects and assimilates at the same time, conservatively banning Grillparzer's plays and allowing him only posthumous glory, permitting Mozart to die a pauper, and rejecting Freud; it is only this year that the intellectuals have begun to read Kafka. Today Vienna knows that the three physical acts of rejection, of 1918, 1934, and 1938, were a form of intellectual suicide. The Jews, who formed the nearest approach to an Austrian intellectual middle class, have virtually ceased to exist in Vienna; few of the exiles have returned, and those who have are different men, seeming to accept the traditional isolation of the Viennese intellectual as a still center from which to speak to the whole of Europe. "The real things come from silence," the Catholic writer, Friedrich Heer, said to me, and it is in the vigorous silence of Vienna that an artist like Fritz Wotruba now works.

Wotruba was born in Vienna of Hungarian parents, and lived in exile in Switzerland from 1938 to 1945, when he returned to Vienna and began work on his monument to the victims of National Socialism. He despises the conservative Viennese attitude toward art, uses Vienna as a workshop where he is undistracted by the noise of culture which makes Paris intolerable for him; yet it is for Paris and the other capitals of Europe that he works — and in the catalogue to his Paris exhibition of 1948 Jean Cassou wrote: "*Il est actuellement une des grandes figures de la sculpture européenne.*" His is typical of the Viennese artist's attitude toward the political situation here; he is quite untroubled by it and feels that the Russians will go, one day. Although he insists that he has no interest in politics his political remarks are shrewd. For instance, he told me that the Russians have a mentality which can happily wait twenty years for action, while the British and Americans have a need for decisive action, and it is here that the greatest danger lies.

Wotruba's latest period is interesting because, although he is "European"-minded, he has caught the prevailing interest in Vienna in movements

which have died, or are dying, in the rest of Europe. For twenty years he was a classicist sculptor, obviously inspired by the "workmanlike" possibilities of Michelangelo's Slaves. ("Ich bin ein Arbeiter — I am a worker," he is fond of saying.) In 1946 he carved his "Female Cathedral" in this manner, and then suddenly turned to a form of Cubism as seen through the eyes of Aztec sculpture. He, like the great Cubists, is fascinated by the infinite relationships of the human form, and he is attempting, as he puts it, to tell "the story of the human figure." His "*Cathédrale Humaine*" (1949) is a sophisticatedly primitive study of the planes of the human body, typical of his recent work. I could not help feeling that he was at the beginning of a new trail, and one only comprehends his vision when one sees his series of figure drawings — drawings of a wonderful intensity and attraction.

The abstract painters in Vienna don't appear to be of great interest. They tend to think of Cubism as no more than a matter of angles, and seem unaware that it was an attempt to probe the mysteries of a fourth dimension. But the Surrealist painter Rudolf Hausner is an excellent example of the creative conservatism of Viennese art.

Hausner was too young at the time of the *Anschluss* to have been conscious of Surrealism, and after 1938 all artists in Vienna were cut off from the movements of Western Europe. He fought in the war and at one time was isolated for a month with two companions in a room of a house. He would stare at the pattern of the woodwork on the wall and find that he was turning it into fantastic designs, as he had turned shadows and objects into terrifying visions when a child. It was from this, and this alone, he assures me, that he arrived at his version of Surrealism; and it was not until 1945, when a friend of his who had spent the war in Switzerland showed him some Dali reproductions, that he had any idea such work existed. I could myself, at first, find very little difference between Hausner's work and the orthodox Surrealism of the thirties, apart from a technical proficiency which is, if anything, greater than Dali's; but after talking to Hausner I realized that he sees his present work as no more than a necessary phase, a means to an admirable end — a contribution to what he calls "the rebuilding of the house," the reunification of the isms. It was not surprising to learn that the two painters he most admires are Leonardo and Piero della Francesca.

Unlike the rest of the Viennese intelligentsia, the artists form a community with a Bohemianism which one associates with Paris of the twenties. They buy each other's works, since there are few others to buy them, and their wives work in sugar factories or shops in order to keep them — an accepted convention here. The other evening I went to a typical party in the garden of a studio near the Prater. Chinese lanterns were hung from tree to

tree. Over an open charcoal stove two vast pieces of veal were turning on a spit, while potatoes roasted over a grill and *melanzana* quietly sizzled in a pan. Pretty girls with long black hair and bangs came constantly to fill one's glass with Heuriger, and we talked and ate the delicious meat with our fingers, gradually got drunk until the wine was finished; whereupon somebody appeared with an accordion and a hat and we dropped our money in for replenishments. The radio played jazz from Rot-Weiss-Rot and angry shouts came from a flat across the road, answered by an Italian sculptor, Wander Berton, with a stream of Italian invective. At midnight we went into the studio, drank more, and danced. It was a simple, pleasant evening — the way the Viennese take the pleasure they find so necessary.

There is some relationship between the position of the artist here and that of the composer. One would expect that the painters and sculptors would be struggling for a style, but it seems tragic that Vienna, the greatest center of European music from Gluck to Schönberg, should have, on the one side, so many worthless composers hopelessly producing bad pastiche of Richard Strauss and, on the other, young composers of great talent groping in the dark. After the war Schönberg's two pupils, Hanns Jelinek and Hans Erich Apostel, returned to the Academy as teachers and introduced atonalism to their students for the first time.

For two or three years it seemed possible that the "Vienna School" of atonalism might be continued. Paul Kont, who is now thirty-one, was the most brilliant of the young composers who found themselves excited by the dodecatonal system, but when I went to hear him play his music he refused to play anything written in this style. It seemed to him to lead nowhere, and although he has profound respect for Schönberg he has completely rejected him. He played his music for me in his flat in a crumbling house which stands alone in an acre of bomb damage. First, the *Two Sonatas* of 1949, a work of great rhythmic vitality with an attractive melodic line, but which failed to be more than interesting. Then he played his set of *European Dances*, written last year; they arose out of a study of the national dance forms of Europe and, in the traditionally assimilative Viennese manner, his aim was to produce a dance form which could be truly European — not, I hasten to add, by coupling a phrase from an Austrian *Ländler* with a phrase from a Spanish *coranto*, but by an intellectual study of the psychological and technical relationships between the various dances. It is an immensely attractive work, certainly a little influenced by Bartók. Finally, Kont played his most recent composition, a work of pure, abstract musical thought, *Variations on the Basic Elements of Music*, which I found brilliant and absorbing, a highly serious work of a professional musician.

"Professionalism" is the true word for Austrian music, and when I talked with Kont about English music he spoke of it in the same terms as another young German-Austrian composer, Gottfried von Einim (who has just finished an opera based on Kafka's *Trial*) and the Berlin composer Boris Blacher; English music, for them all, was unprofessional. "You may have some first-rate composers in England in ten or twenty years," Blacher had said, "but now they're all so *unprofessional*. But we play all your second-rate composers here — why don't you play some of ours?" Kont was more serious. Britten, for him, was a composer of too great facility, with the simplicity of a simple mind rather than the simplified complexity of Stravinsky or of Carl Orff. "It is easier for him," he went on, "than it is for us, because he has little more to do than to take up where Purcell left off" — and there, I thought, was perhaps the key to the Viennese composers' attitude toward British music. There they are in the main stream of European music, conscious that it is dying, struggling for rejuvenescence through a mass of complexity, while Britten, unfettered by a heavy tradition, sings but as the linnet sings and sings because he must. The pure simplicity of Britten is something which the Viennese rejects because it can never be his.

3

I HAVE mentioned no writers yet. The difficulties of the serious writer here are greater than in any other European country — I mean the physical difficulties, for there is no censorship or limitation of free speech even in the Russian Zone. With a population of seven millions the potential audience for serious work is minute, and German and Swiss bookshops buy very few Austrian books, with the result that good novels may circulate in manuscript in Vienna and never find a publisher. The worst thing of all is that the writer must give more time to journalism than he would in Paris or London; and since the press is designed for the *Spiessbürger* society, he is forced to lower his standards.

One man who has refused to compromise is Friedrich Heer, the brilliant young editor of the Catholic political and literary weekly, *Die Furche*. Heer has written a two-volume study of religious and political trends in Europe during the twelfth century, *Aufgang Europas*, which has placed him among the leading contemporary historians, but he has also written a novel, *Der achte Tag* (*The Eighth Day*), which is an Austrian 1984. It was published under the name of Hermann Gode because, in Austria, a scholar loses face if he writes anything so frivolous as a novel.

Der achte Tag is about a family of decrepit Austrian nobility in the year 2050 who spend their days drinking wine, playing cards, and talking in their crumbling castle on the Croatian coast. They are

hopeless and quite unproductive; barbarian hordes from the East make war against their country, occupy it, and set fire to the castle. But when the fire has died down the family is found amid the ruins still drinking wine, playing cards, and talking. It is interesting to see how differently Heer sees the future from Orwell. Orwell's humanism took the form of a certainty that humanism was about to die, Herr's that nothing can kill it.

Heer seems to be the most articulate of the very potent Catholic elements in the country. Austria, of course, is officially a Catholic country and any religious revival would be a stricter faith towards Mother Church. The religious revival came to Germany and Austria after the war, giving hope to the starving, comfort to the wretched. With the return of prosperity to Germany the revival subsided there, but it is a sign of Austria's difficulties that the revival still continues here. Last Sunday afternoon I went to the lovely little Gothic church of Maria in Gestade; and in every side chapel, there was a figure praying with the ecstatic expression of a Zurbarán. They were old people, certainly, but the young are showing their faith in the weeklies and monthlies — in, for instance, the excellent literary journal *Wort und Wahrheit*.

A typical non-Catholic writer is Hans Weigel, whose name is mentioned everywhere, and who, by outspoken bitterness, has won for himself something of the position which Karl Kraus had at the beginning of the century. He is Jewish and spent the war in Switzerland, where he was treated badly and eased the time by planning, with his friends, the wonderful future of Viennese literature; they would start a new journal, bring to Vienna the new ideas of Western democracy, be the guardians of cultural excellence. Soon after his return Weigel found that his dreams were impossible, that he himself had changed. As early as 1947 he wrote a play called *Barabbas*, which is about a businessman who reviews his life on his fiftieth birthday and realizes that he has failed in everything. Weigel has written a novel and another play, both of which failed, but his reputation rests on his explosive cultural *feuilletons*. He is forty and has around him a circle of young men and women who have chosen him as their *Literaturführer*. They meet in cafés and discuss everything far into the night. This group, under Weigel's editorship, has just published an anthology, *Stimmen der Gegenwart* (*Voices of the Present*), whose general tone is nihilistic, hopeless, and sexually agitated. Perhaps this is the voice of the Viennese future — if it is, the Catholic intelligentsia is doing what it can to combat this peripheral existentialism. I cannot mention the sexual agitation without quoting two of the advertisements from a magazine called *Faust* which is not unrelated to these particular *Stimmen der Gegenwart*: "Intelligent young man seeks pretty girl-friend with car"; a student advertises for a partner in "harmonious

hours" who should mark her envelope "*Küssen ist keine Sünde* — kissing is no sin."

It is three days since I began this letter, and again I am looking from my window across to the children playing in the gardens of the Liechtenstein Palace. A few minutes ago a third stratum to this image came and went. I heard the distant sound of, it seemed, a Russian choir and, leaning out of the window, saw a hundred marching Russian soldiers happily singing together. They passed the palace and my hotel, and now I can just hear them as they approach the Ring. How extraordinary they are. A few days ago we took a tram ride into the Russian Zone because we had been told that it was fascinating to watch the Russian soldiers at their task of nonfraternization. They came in with expressionless faces, and when they felt their bodies touching those of Austrians, they moved to end the contact.

So it had been when I had entered the Russian Zone at Semmering. I watched the young frontier guards board the train and examine the passports like automata. Without looking at me a guard took my passport, saw it was British, and walked off with it. I waited ten minutes and he didn't return; then the train began to move and I jumped to the window, only to be tapped on the shoulder by the ticket collector, who had come to return me my passport. It was a mild reprisal for the frontier

troubles at Saalfelden — about which, incidentally, a Communist paper has published a damaging little pamphlet called *The Battle of Saalfelden*. Yet, last week, I found the Russian character at its kindest. I had, quite illegally, gone some sixty miles into the Russian Zone to see the fabulous monastery of Melk and, missing the last train, tried to stop a car. For an hour and a half cars and lorries refused to stop, and then, finally, a petrol lorry stopped and out jumped two Russian soldiers. Just a little frightened I pretended I was Austrian and got into the cabin between them, and passed the most tantalizing two hours of my life, unable to make one word of contact. Incidentally, the lorry was filled with Shell petrol drums, though Shell has been forbidden to operate in the Zone.

And now this cheerful, charming singing! I hope before I leave I shall hear it again. The maid came into my room a moment ago and I asked her if it often happens. "Yes," she said, "sometimes — after all they, too, sing for the joy of living, *für die Freude des Lebens*." And I thought of *Der achte Tag* and the family drinking wine among the ruins of their castle. Yes, in Vienna, surrounded by all Europe's potentialities for horror, each made more potent by being closely met by such beauty — in Vienna, touched always by hidden sadness, here one feels an irrational confidence in the eighth day.



THE STAR IN THE PAIL

by DAVID McCORD

I TOOK the pail for water when the sun was high
And left it in the shadow of the barn nearby.

When evening slipped over like the moth's brown wing,
I went to fetch the water from the cool wellspring.

The night was clear and warm and wide, and I alone
Was walking by the light of stars as thickly sown

As wheat across the prairie, or the first fall flakes,
Or spray upon the lawn — the kind the sprinkler makes.

But every star was far away as far can be,
With all the starry silence sliding over me.

And every time I stopped I set the pail down slow,
For when I stooped to pick the handle up to go,

Of all the stars in heaven there was one to spare,
And he silvered in the water and I left him there.



On the magnificent stretch of Nauset Beach and on the ponds and marshes that lie inland, DR. WYMAN RICHARDSON for going on fifty summers has lived a life of action and observation, watching the bird life as he has paddled or fished for stripers, and ever conscious of the sea changes. This is the eighth in his series of Cape Cod essays which have appeared in the Atlantic.

DO-NOTHING DAY

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

I

JUST how one tells when a "do-nothing" day arrives, I have never been able to make out. There is some combination involving weather elements and human physiology which, when it occurs, makes it clear to all that such a day is at hand. Although it may come at any time of year, it may, of course, be masked by some urgent necessity such as duck shooting or bass fishing. Even then, an extremely severe do-nothing day may arrive causing everyone to give up plans for various strenuous activities.

It is September. A before-breakfast weather observation has revealed a sparkingly clear day. A deep blue sky already is beginning to be spotted with fluffy white cumulus clouds, carried before a fresh northwest breeze. Just the day for energy and activity, you say? No! It soon becomes apparent that this is a do-nothing day.

Breakfast is prepared in a leisurely fashion, starting with a large glass of freshly prepared orange juice (squeezed in the old-fashioned blue china contraption with a hump in the middle; not in the modern metal gadget). This is followed by fried eggs, bacon, and toast, and topped off with a large cup of coffee — made as coffee should be made, in a regulation coffeepot. We sit around the table for a long time, sipping coffee and enjoying a smoke while talk drifts to this subject and that. Through the south windows we look out across the hill where waves of yellow-brown grass, borne by a fresh breeze, seem to climb up and over. After a long time, first one person and then another stirs; and eventually the dishes get washed.

"What'll we do today?" someone asks.

There is a long silence.

"Nothing," comes the reply, most likely from me. And nothing it is.

Then comes a period of sitting on the edge of the low platform, again on the south side of the house, with bird glasses near at hand. A gray marsh

hawk, looking almost blue in the bright light, follows his customary beat between the hills and down across the little meadow by the Salt Pond Creek. He sails along close to the grass with very little effort, and sometimes hangs almost motionless on an updraft as he scans the grass for sign of a mouse or other succulent morsel.

Suddenly, over toward the Cedar Bank, the crows begin a great racket. From all directions more crows can be seen, flying fast and true to the scene of the disturbance. Shortly, the cause of all this commotion becomes thoroughly annoyed. A very large red fox, pursued by fifty chattering crows, comes out of the cedars, lopes down through the hollow and up back of the barn, and disappears through Mrs. Doane's orchard. Undoubtedly, he will cross the road and make for that thicket the other side of Robbins' Pond.

Now butterflies claim our attention. The stunning black swallowtail comes floating gracefully by and obligingly lights on the short grass not far away. She seems not a bit skittish and will allow a quiet approach to within a few feet, as she spreads her lovely iridescent wings to catch the warmth of the sun and to show off the brilliant coral spot in her lower wing. Her mate is never very far away. He is perhaps not so beautiful as his colorful spouse; but he carries a fine yellow band near the margin of his wings that contrasts sharply with his otherwise dark coloring. And he is a great fighter, too, as any other black swallowtail who makes the mistake of wandering too close will soon find out. We see occasionally the tiger swallowtail, and the powerful monarch is not uncommon.

The American copper should perhaps be considered the Farm House butterfly. He has coppery-red wings, speckled with black, and is very tame, though he makes a fast getaway when disturbed. He has been attracted in great abundance by the presence of large areas of sorrel. The grayling,

with eyelike spots on his wings, annoys us by his habit of closing his wings when resting; but he is, withal, a charming butterfly. Occasionally we see a painted beauty or his close relative, the cosmopolite, a streak of beautiful pink of indescribable shade contrasting sharply with the dull gray of the undersurface of his wings.

2

It is time, now, for the day's major activity. This consists of a long walk down the hill to the boathouse, a matter of 250 yards or so. For a while we sit on the boathouse platform. The tide has started to flood up the Salt Pond Creek and the lower flats are rapidly being covered. Terns, finding the water of the bay too rough for successful fishing, circle around and around in the lee of the hill, and then make their way up the creek to see what is doing in the Salt Pond.

We spend a long time inspecting them closely in the attempt to identify the species. The arctic tern, with his bright red bill, has a somewhat more graceful flight, looks a trifle larger, and has some characteristic arrangement of the black edging to the outer wing feathers, all of which make him relatively easy to differentiate. The roseate tern, so named because of the beautiful pink wash on his spring-plumaged breast, can be told by his black bill and somewhat smaller size. He also seems a little whiter. The common tern's bill is usually tipped with black and he lacks those features which belong to the arctic. He is not so regal a bird as his cousin nor quite so graceful.

The young of the year, with white forehead and rather stubby wings, are so much alike we do not try to tell them apart. A possible exception might be the Forster's tern, whose offspring have a black line through the eye; but one must be sure that it does not run all the way around the back of his head, as it does in some of the commoner species.

As the tide rises further, a steady stream of shore birds begins to pass by. They are of all sizes. Flocks of tiny least and semipalmated sandpipers turn and twist with incredible rapidity as they make their way to windward. Fast-flying black-bellied plover, often in more or less of a line, are interspersed with straggling flocks of the big "winter" yellowlegs whose long yellow legs trail out beyond their tail tips.

In about half an hour the flight is over. We take to watching the antics of a very large, orange and black wasp with a long, narrow waist — one of the sphecids wasps. We have previously noted a slanting, half-inch hole in front of which the sand is piled up in a little mound. This wasp has succeeded in killing (or drugging?) one of those big, flying grasshoppers which are so common down here, and is obviously trying to drag the monster, which is twice the length and three times the weight of the

wasp, to the hole. The distance is six feet, and what to the wasp must seem like a jungle of grass and weeds separate her from the hole.

Her method is to grasp the grasshopper near his head with her front legs and back up towards her destination. Unfortunately, this largely deprives her of the use of her best eyes, her delicate antennae, and she frequently goes astray. Then she lets go her prey and makes a reconnaissance, after which she hurries back. In fact, the most striking thing about her is her panic of haste.

Nothing else can be done until we have seen the feat accomplished. After a long time, the hole is reached and the wasp backs down, dragging the grasshopper after herself. For a while nothing happens. Then the wasp comes out minus the grasshopper. Feverishly, she starts plugging up the hole, using the mound in front, until it is completely plugged. Then she takes a few circles, comes back once again to tamp down the plug, and finally flies away — where, we do not know. I suppose she has laid her eggs in the tunnel; and, having supplied her future offspring with food, has gone off with the feeling that she has accomplished her mission.

There follow a few desultory remarks about the desirability of cleaning up the boathouse, restringing and painting the decoys, mending the gear, and so forth; but no one makes a move. There is also some talk of a swim; but the air is too cool and comfortable, and the flood tide, with its flotsam and jetsam, does not look inviting. Besides, the sun is in the south; and the inner man begins to grumble a bit. So we wander back up the hill.

When we reach the house, the surrounding cedars are found to be alive with birds. They turn out to be pine warblers — olive-brown little birds with conspicuous white patches on the outer tail feathers. The driveway is filled with chipping sparrows; there are three robins in the thick, unpruned apple tree by the barn; and five bluebirds are sitting on the barn roof. This curious combination of species, representing the thrushes (robins and bluebirds), the sparrows, and the warblers, is a very common one here at this time of year; and I have come to realize that it represents a very definite migratory unit.

For instance, you may find such a group of birds busily feeding among the little pines near the road north of the "Quawkery." Suddenly the robins and bluebirds fly up to the telephone wires, or to the top of a large cedar, and begin to call. The sweet warbling note of the bluebirds is especially reassuring. For several minutes they continue their calls, while little "chips" and other very faint calls grow in volume from all about. After three or four minutes, the robins and bluebirds take off in a leisurely way toward the southwest. The little call notes increase in intensity, as one

after another of the pine warblers follow their leaders. Soon the chipping sparrows join the flight, intermingling with the last of the warblers but definitely forming a rear guard. It takes about ten minutes for the whole flock to get under way. At the end of that time, the last sparrow has disappeared and the little pine trees are deserted.

It is perfectly obvious that the bigger birds, the robins and the bluebirds, are leading the way and shepherding their flock toward warmer climes. I do not think that they cover much distance at one time, at least during the day; but, night or day, they keep in touch with each other by constant calling. Some still night, during the height of migration, sit outdoors and listen. You suddenly may become conscious of a constant chorus of chirps and calls coming out of the darkness from overhead. And should you hear the soft warble of a bluebird, you may imagine him encouraging his trusting group of smaller brethren and guiding them to their destination. The thought of this relationship has somehow given me great comfort. Through the dark passages that must sometimes be negotiated, what better guide could one have than the cheerful, sagacious robin or the unpretentious, care-taking, sensible bluebird?

The time has come to prepare the big meal, a process that will take one and one half to two hours. We have very definite ideas about food and how it should be prepared. We like it simple but properly cooked. We do not go in for rare spices, unusual combinations, difficult sauces, and such things. We like good fresh fish of all kinds, or shellfish, or ducks. Basshead chowder is our specialty; but we can make a good, simple quahog or clam chowder that you will not soon forget. And by chowder, I mean chowder and not a kind of glorified tomato bouillon. Today's dinner is to be broiled striped bass and creamed potatoes. Some of us may feel the need of topping it off with one or two of those hermits that the Orleans bakery specializes in; and, of course, coffee, a fortified edition of the morning's brew, is essential.

The fire is started; and while it is getting under way, the fish-cleaning ceremony takes place. The cleaning board was built onto the south side of the barn and its dimensions would accommodate a 75-pound bass. (So far it has not been tested to its full capacity.)

A bass is a delightful fish to clean. If he has been wrapped in newspaper and put directly on the ice in the fish box, he will remain moist. Consequently, the scales are easily stripped off. Then the dorsal and anal fins are ripped out, the ventrals sliced, and the pectorals cut off. When the head and tail are cut off and the fish is gutted and split, the backbone can be removed, leaving two fillets of firm flesh containing no bones except for a few large ribs in the flank. Head and tail are carefully

preserved for a future chowder. Today's fish is a nice little five-pounder and his head will hardly of itself do for a chowder; but we ate his twin yesterday and the two heads will be just enough.

While all this has been going on, the womenfolk have been setting the table, preparing potatoes, and making cream sauce. The kettles are singing softly, indicating a good fire; and by the time the fish has been cleaned, the fish board swashed off, and so forth, it is almost time to start broiling.

To broil a fish properly, the fire should be burning down. Too hot a fire will burn the flesh before it is cooked. On the other hand, if it is too low, the flesh will get too dry. It is quite a delicate point. The other delicate point comes in cooking the fish just the right length of time. There is a very narrow range between not enough cooking, so that the shoulder meat has that slippery, raw look, and too much cooking, so that the flesh is mealy, dry, and tasteless. Frequent turning is, of course, necessary; and I like to do most of the cooking with the skin side down, not worrying too much if it gets burned.

On do-nothing day, the fish usually comes out pretty well. When he appears on the table, lightly browned and gently bathed in melted butter with just a touch of lemon juice added, all hands set to and silence reigns.

With the ending of dinner and the inevitable cleanup afterwards, do-nothing day is about over. A long nap is in order, from which we wake up relaxed and contented. We may take the car to Round Pond to see if it holds any teal, or to catch a glimpse of a deer coming down for a sip of water; or we may drive over to the West Shore to watch the sunset. A light supper of soup, toast, and jam satisfies everybody. Afterwards, a small fire in the fireplace feels pleasant. The northwest wind has died out, the air has a distinct fall tinge, and the stars are very bright and clear.

When we take our last outdoor observation, before going to bed, we find a bright show of northern lights. For a while we stand and watch the shimmering streamers suddenly shoot up toward the zenith and as suddenly disappear. At one end of the arc an orange-yellow color appears, and at the other, over near the house, the color becomes almost blood-red.

"Some folks say," Tom, our iceman, remarked one day after he had asked us if we had seen the northern lights the night before, "some folks say it means the end."

Well, we begin to shiver; and it means the end of the day for us. One by one, we disappear into our respective bedrooms. The last to go blows out the lamps and stands for a moment before the fireplace, while the flickering light of the dying fire casts an enormous shadow against the ceiling.

Yes, we have all kinds of days here at the Farm House. They are all good, but one of the best is do-nothing day.



An Atlantic Story



PÄR LAGERKVIST, who received the 1951 Nobel Prize for Literature, is Sweden's foremost writer. Novelist, poet, and playwright, he is the author of many books, and two of his novels have been translated and published in the United States, *The Dwarf* and *Barrabas*. This story of childhood was translated by Alan Blair. Critics in Sweden and elsewhere recognize Lagerkvist as one of the most powerful literary figures on the European scene.

FATHER AND I

by PÄR LAGERKVIST

WHEN I was getting on toward ten, I remember, Father took me by the hand one Sunday afternoon, as we were to go out into the woods and listen to the birds singing. Waving good-by to Mother, who had to stay at home and get the evening meal, we set off briskly in the warm sunshine. We didn't make any great to-do about this going to listen to the birds, as though it were something extra special or wonderful; we were sound, sensible people, Father and I, brought up with nature and used to it. There was nothing to make a fuss about. It was just that it was Sunday afternoon and Father was free. We walked along the railway line, where people were not allowed to go as a rule, but Father worked on the railway and he had a right to. By doing this we could get straight into the woods, too, without going a round-about way.

Soon the bird song began and all the rest. There was a twittering of finches and willow warblers, thrushes and sparrows in the bushes, the hum that goes on all round you as soon as you enter a wood. The ground was white with wood anemones, the birches had just come out into leaf, and the spruces had fresh shoots; there were smells on all sides, and under foot the mossy earth lay steaming in the sun. There were noise and movement everywhere; bumblebees came out of their holes, midges swarmed wherever it was marshy, and birds darted out of the bushes to catch them and back again just as quickly.

All at once a train came rushing along and we had to go down onto the embankment. Father hailed the engine driver with two fingers to his Sunday hat and the driver saluted and extended his hand. It

all happened quickly; then on we went, taking big strides so as to tread on the sleepers and not in the gravel, which was heavy going and rough on the shoes. The sleepers sweated tar in the heat, everything smelled, grease and meadowsweet, tar and heather by turns. The rails glinted in the sun. On either side of the line were telegraph poles, which sang as you passed them. Yes, it was a lovely day. The sky was quite clear, not a cloud to be seen, and there couldn't be any, either, on a day like this, from what Father said.

After a while we came to a field of oats to the right of the line, where a crofter we knew had a clearing. The oats had come up close and even. Father scanned them with an expert eye and I could see he was satisfied. I knew very little about such things, having been born in a town. Then we came to the bridge over a stream which most of the time had no water to speak of but which now was in full spate. We held hands so as not to fall down between the sleepers. After that it was not long before we came to the platelayer's cottage lying embedded in greenery, apple trees, and gooseberry bushes. We called in to see them and were offered milk and saw their pig and hens and fruit trees in blossom; then we went on. We wanted to get to the river, for it was more beautiful there than anywhere else; there was something special about it, as further upstream it flowed past where Father had lived as a child. We usually liked to come as far as this before we turned back, and today, too, we got there after a good walk. It was near the next station, but we didn't go so far. Father just looked to see that the semaphore was right — he thought of everything.

We stopped by the river, which murmured in the

hot sun, broad and friendly. The shady trees hung along the banks and were reflected in the backwater. It was all fresh and light here; a soft breeze was blowing off the small lakes higher up. We climbed down the slope and walked a little way along the bank, Father pointing out the spots for fishing. He had sat here on the stones as a boy, waiting for perch all day long; often there wasn't even a bite, but it was a blissful life. Now he didn't have time. We hung about on the bank for a good while, making a noise, pushing out bits of bark for the current to take, throwing pebbles out into the water to see who could throw farthest; we were both gay and cheerful by nature, Father and I. At last we felt tired; we had had enough, and we set off for home.

It was beginning to get dark. The woods were changed — it wasn't dark there yet, but almost. We quickened our steps. Mother would be getting anxious and waiting with supper. She was always afraid something was going to happen. But it hadn't; it had been a lovely day, nothing had happened that shouldn't. We were content with everything.

The twilight deepened. The trees were so funny. They stood listening to every step we took, as if they didn't know who we were. Under one of them was a glowworm. It lay down there in the dark staring at us. I squeezed Father's hand, but he didn't see the strange glow, just walked on. Now it was quite dark. We came to the bridge over the stream. It roared down there in the depths, horribly, as though it wanted to swallow us up; the abyss yawned below us. We trod carefully on the sleepers, holding each other tightly by the hand so as not to fall in. I thought Father would carry me across, but he didn't say anything; he probably wanted me to be like him and think nothing of it.

We went on. Father was so calm as he walked there in the darkness, with even strides, not speaking, thinking to himself. I couldn't understand how he could be so calm when it was so murky. I looked all round me in fear. Nothing but darkness everywhere. I hardly dared take a deep breath, for then you got so much darkness inside you, and that was dangerous. I thought it meant you would soon die. I remember quite well that's what I thought then. The embankment sloped steeply down, as though into chasms black as night. The telegraph poles rose, ghostly, to the sky. Inside them was a hollow rumble, as though someone were talking deep down in the earth, and the white porcelain caps sat huddled fearfully together listening to it. It was all

horrible. Nothing was right, nothing real; it was all so weird.

Hugging close to Father I whispered: "Father, why is it so horrible when it's dark?"

"No, my boy, it's not horrible," he said, taking me by the hand.

"Yes, Father, it is."

"No, my child, you mustn't think that. Not when we know there is a God."

I felt so lonely, forsaken. It was so strange that only I was afraid, not Father, that we didn't think the same. And strange that what he said didn't help me and stop me from being afraid. Not even what he said about God helped me. I thought He too was horrible. It was horrible that He was everywhere, in the darkness, under the trees, in the telegraph poles which rumbled — that must be He — everywhere. And yet you could never see Him.

We walked in silence, each with his own thoughts. My heart contracted, as though the darkness had got in and was beginning to squeeze it.

Then, as we were rounding a bend, we suddenly heard a mighty roar behind us! We were wakened out of our thoughts in alarm. Father pulled me down onto the embankment, down into the abyss, held me there. Then the train tore past, a black train. All the lights in the carriages were out, and it was going at frantic speed. What sort of train was it? There wasn't one due now! We gazed at it in terror. The fire blazed in the huge engine as they shoveled in coal; sparks whirled out into the night. It was terrible. The driver stood there in the light of the fire, pale, motionless, his features as though turned to stone. Father didn't recognize him, didn't know who he was. The man just stared straight ahead, intent on rushing into the darkness, far into the darkness that had no end.

Beside myself with dread, I stood there panting, gazing after the furious vision. It was swallowed up by the night. Father took me up onto the line; we hurried home. He said: "Strange, what train was that? And I didn't recognize the driver." Then he walked on in silence.

But my whole body was shaking. It was for me, for my sake. I sensed what it meant: it was the anguish that was to come, the unknown, all that Father knew nothing about, that he wouldn't be able to protect me against. That was how this world, this life, would be for me; not like Father's, where everything was secure and certain. It wasn't a real world, a real life. It just hurtled, blazing, into the darkness that had no end.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

Dixon Wecter was a broad-shouldered, sunny Texan with an unquenchable zest for research. History was his chosen field and the study of character his natural bent. Tom Wolfe, the novelist, encouraged him to write his first book, *The Saga of American Society*, and with its publication he was off to the races. In *The Hero in America* he made a study of the great personalities in American public life (presidents, generals, frontiersmen), and this was followed in 1944 by a volume, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, which traced the reaction and the history of our veterans of the Revolution, the Civil War, and the First World War after their demobilization. When two years later he was made editor of the Mark Twain estate, with headquarters in the Huntington Library, it was the happiest possible affiliation of historian and source material.

Mr. Wecter's first task was to edit the largely unpublished love letters which Mark wrote to Livy; meantime he was familiarizing himself with the Mark Twain country: with his wife he made a river trip down the Mississippi with Mark's pilot book to help him pick up some of the old landmarks. He followed up every family clue in Florida and Hannibal, Missouri, the villages in which Mark grew up. All this in preparation for his projected biography of Sam Clemens, the first volume of which, *Sam Clemens of Hannibal* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00), he had completed before his tragic death last summer.

Sam Clemens of Hannibal is an enchanting family portrait with young Sam in the foreground, and in the background Hannibal, "the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning." Here is the Kentucky-born Mrs. Clemens, who married her stern, upright spouse to spite a younger beau. She, like all her redheaded family, adored the color red; she liked games and dancing, constantly had premonitions, was completely mercurial and

feminine; and who shall say how much of her gay chemistry formed the writer? Here is Sam's father, the Judge, the optimist and speculator, with his Virginian's pride and his flair for failure, going deeper into debt as he opens one after another in his endless chain of general stores. Here are Orion, the earnest, humorless older brother, who put the sure kiss of death on any venture he touched; the attractive older sisters, Margaret and Pamela; and Tom Blankenship, son of a drunkard, who lived across the street and who was the original of Huck Finn.

Hannibal itself emerges as a kind of Eden in the Genesis of the American dream; the sloppy, roomy houses with dogtrots and enormous fireplaces, and grapevine swings in the woods. The Christmas fare always included venison steaks, ducks, wild turkey, grouse, and quail. The Swiss Bell-Ringers provided their "chaste, novel and select musical entertainments" in the Second Presbyterian Church, but down in the taverns one heard the more popular tunes like "O, Susanna" and "Old Dan Tucker" mixed with the luscious political oratory of the day. There was an attempted elegance in the little-used parlors, and even the traveling circus had a clown who was "guaranteed 'a perfect gentleman.'"

The portrait of Sam is vigorous and understanding. Wecter shows us a charming, rip-snorting, tender-hearted boy much less predictable than his vacuous older brother. We follow Sam from his birth in the little town of Florida in 1835 ("I increased the population by one per cent") through his childhood; we see the Indian games on the edge of the dim woods with their hint of animal terror, and the grief of death which Mark learned early when Margaret died of "bilious fever"; we see his schooling in the village of Florida and his sunny visits to the Quarles Farm. We see Sam's naturalness with the Negroes; we see his stubborn apprenticeship under Orion on the *Journal* and his assertiveness as he began to write facetious fillers: "To prevent Dogs going mad in August: Cut their heads off in July." We hear the pledge which he gives his mother when in 1853 he quits Hannibal to find a printer's job in St. Louis — "I do solemnly swear that I will not throw a card or drink a drop of liquor while I am gone." A book like this is a delightful tonic to the American spirit. Its warmth its honesty, its exuberance are balm to the mind.

Hideout in Holland

When Hitler came to power in 1933, the Frank family moved from Germany to Holland, where



A magnificent story of a man
who loved danger, two women—and the sea

THE DISTANT SHORE

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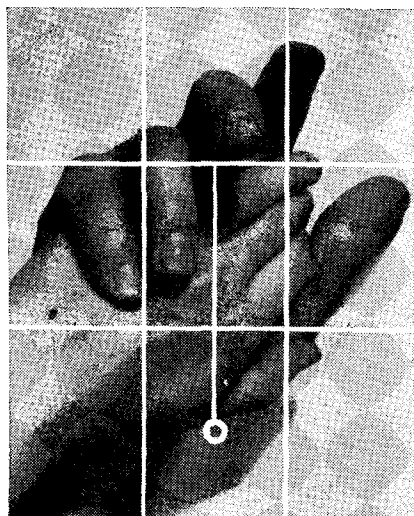
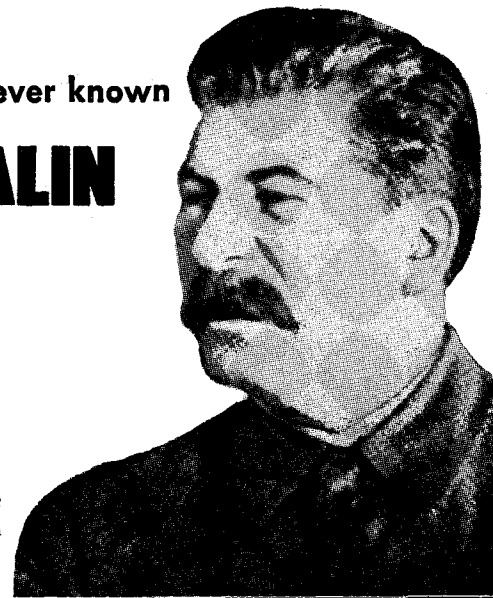
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The new novel by
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A CRY OF CHILDREN

By JOHN HORNE BURNS. In his first two novels John Horne Burns showed a power to capture and shock the imagination which brought him to the forefront of American writers. Now, in this new novel, he tells the story of a man who explores a world of emotionally threadbare would-be bohemians, tolerant of every vice and depravity, and with unflagging appetite for shabby sex and liquor. Penetrating, fierce in its honesty, here is unvarnished fiction for those who can acknowledge the frailty of the human soul. \$3.00

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they lived happy, normal lives — the father a businessman, the two girls in school — until the war and the German Occupation. To escape the Nazi gas chambers, the family went into hiding in some rooms back of the warehouse in which Mr. Frank had his office. They spent the next two years in the “secret Annex” along with four others: Mr. Van Daan, a business associate of Mr. Frank’s, his wife, his sixteen-year-old son Peter, and Albert Dussel, an elderly dentist.

In *The Diary of a Young Girl* (Doubleday, \$3.00) Anne Frank records the day-to-day thoughts and experiences of a sensitive, intelligent teen-ager hiding out from the Nazis. At thirteen this child, forced into maturity by events, displays a shrewd objectivity about herself and her companions, combined with unusual sweetness, good humor, and common sense. The result is a perceptive and appealing document that tells what it is like to live in constant terror of the knock on the door.

The Diary of a Young Girl also tells a great deal about the fears, the hopes, the exaggerated sorrows, the foolish joys of adolescence. Through Anne we get a better understanding of our own children, and we remember how hard it was to grow up. Anne wanted desperately to be a writer. She was. The pity is that she did not live to see her talent flower.

Hemingway at his best

In *The Old Man and the Sea* (Scribner’s, \$3.00), Ernest Hemingway has returned to the stripped, lean, objective narrative so characteristic of him at his best. In this short novel of an aging but still resourceful Havana fisherman there is not a waste word, not a single intrusion of the author or of a bystander who might be Hemingway. The old man, sage, tempered, and set apart by his age, has been cursed with eighty-four days of bad luck. Not a fish in that time; so the young boy who was his helper has been ordered by his parents to another and a luckier boat, and the old man must go out alone to farther, deeper waters where the bigger marlin lie. The boy Manolin still helps him when the boats are ashore — helps him get his supper, picks up the fresh baits, and helps him carry the gear, the rolls of line in the basket, the harpoon and gaff, the mast with the furled sail, down to the waterside. So it is that the old man rows out in his skiff in the dark before dawn for the most taxing fight in his long life, a struggle with a giant marlin which is to break his luck for good.

Mr. Hemingway has stripped the story to the essentials of the old Cuban. Having no family, he has few wants; lust and liquor are behind him; in his little shack ashore he has but one meal a day and lives in that borderland between reverie and sleep. But on the sea it is different; he lives for fishing and he loves *la mar* — “the old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favours, and if she did wild or wicked

things it was because she could not help them.” To his fishing he brings the instinct and knowledge of a lifetime, great courage and cunning to make up for the youth he has lost.

The old man’s response to the sea, the sureness with which he pierces its depth with line or sight, the incredible resourcefulness with which he hangs on to the giant marlin through days and nights, and the rage with which he tries to defend his prize from the sharks — these are the successive stages in a story which is beautiful in its description, and of clean thrusting power in its pursuit. Here is none of the braggadocio which made that other fisherman, Harry Morgan, something less than believable. The old man and the boy are perfectly tuned to Hemingway’s purpose: their affection and utterance are true to themselves as their philosophy is true to the sea. I have put this book on the top shelf of Mr. Hemingway’s work, and I am grateful for it.

The lighter side

In his lighter moments Hemingway’s old man dreams about DiMaggio and the Yankees and what they will do to the Indians of Cleveland. This is something he liked to dope out for himself from the sports page. If I knew where to reach him, I would be inclined to send that old fisherman a copy of *How to Get to First Base* (Henry Schuman, \$1.00), a picture book by Marc Simont with captions and a foreword by Red Smith. Red Smith is the best sports columnist in the business today, with an incomparable sense of humor. He in his words and Simont in his black-and-whites have produced some brilliant caricatures: Ted Williams, Leo Durocher, Casey Stengel, Bill Dickey, Yogi Berra, Roy Campanella, and scenes of the Polo Grounds in action — a gallery that makes you grin at its authenticity.

My copy of David McCord’s comedy, *The Camp at Lockjaw* (Doubleday, \$1.75), bears the inscription: “To fisherman Weeks with controlled enthusiasm from David,” the “control” denoting the fact that he could not accompany me on my trip to the Canadian woods this summer, much as he ached to go along. Dave is never happier than in a fishing camp, and so it is against nature for him to have written this story of a city softie, Mr. Snivvly, who is trapped by his friends into spending a few days at their camp. At the camp everything goes wrong that can possibly go wrong: the door is locked when they arrive and they have forgotten the keys, the mosquitoes are insistent, and it comes on to rain; when at last they have broken in, they find themselves short of matches. Mr. Snivvly gets a little tired of peanut butter, the bunks are unmerciful, and of course the fish never bite. An American *Swiss Family Robinson* in reverse, with not a painful detail forgotten. Strictly for those who are glad to get home.

Plants, Man and Life

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Man and His Gods

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Fiction

THE CLOSEST KIN THERE IS by *Clara Winston*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00.) A young schoolteacher is pulled back into the ingrown family circle on a Vermont farm, with tragic results, in this austere, well-written first novel. Clara Winston is an author to watch.

PLAYER PIANO by *Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.* (Scribner's, \$3.00.) Even the technicians will get bored with the mechanical Utopia of the future, according to Mr. Vonnegut, and set about wrecking it. This one has a sardonic concluding twist that is well worth waiting for.

HEAVEN AND EARTH by *Carlo Coccioli*. (Prentice-Hall, \$3.50.) An Italian novel about a priest, revered by his parishioners as a saint, whose fierce pursuit of God leads him at last to martyrdom but never to contentment with his own achievements.

Historical Novels

THE SECRET ROAD by *Bruce Lancaster*. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.50.) Washington's secret service really functioned much as it is described here, but scholarship hasn't prevented Mr. Lancaster from turning out a rip-roaring combination of cloak and sword with cloak and dagger.

CHILDREN OF KAYWANA by *Edgar Mittelhölzer*. (John Day, \$4.00.) Five, or possibly six, generations of a Dutch-Indian-Negro sugar-planting family wrangle their way through this bloody, uninhibited yarn about eighteenth-century British Guiana.

WARWHOOOP by *Mackinlay Kantor*. (Random, \$2.50.) Two novelettes about Indian fighting, each with a proper supply of noise, suspense, romance, and gore. It's a real pleasure to see anyone work inside a formal literary pattern with the skill and vitality that Mr. Kantor displays here.

THE CUMBERLAND RIFLES by *Noel B. Gerson*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) The writing is a bit lush at times, but plenty of action and the setting in the little-known period when Spain made a grab for the State of Franklin (later Tennessee) more than counterbalance a few adjectives.

Personal History

DIARIES, 1912-1924 by *Beatrice Webb, edited by Margaret Cole*. (Longmans, Green, \$6.50.) One of the founders of modern Britain, through her work in the Fabian Society, observes twelve crucial years with an inimitable knowledge of men and events, a sharp eye for character, and an admirable prose style.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF THOMAS GRAY. (Farrar, Straus and Young, \$3.75.) Gray was anything but prolific as a poet, but he was a notably lively letter writer in a century thick with good correspondents. These selections are delightful reading. They make Gray seem much less morbid than he does in Joseph Wood Krutch's able introduction.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF STALIN by *Louis Fischer*. (Harper, \$3.50.) Every fact and conjecture about Stalin is here run down, recorded, and labeled. Mr. Fischer may have missed a small crumb of information somewhere, but it hardly seems possible in view of what he has assembled.



Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

Richard Kaufmann, a German who has published only one other novel, has written a remarkable book called *Heaven Pays No Dividends* (Viking, \$3.50). There have been a good many hot-tempered books about Nazis and the war, but Mr. Kaufmann is the first author I have seen who has undertaken a dispassionate report on what the life of a nonpolitical German was like from the twenties to the present. The book is an immense panorama full of sharply defined characters and ranging from Paris to Stalingrad to Sicily to the Faroe Islands. Emotionally it ranges from the lightest comedy to hopeless despair. Mr. Kaufmann has flawless control of this mass of material. With no appearance of effort, he dissects the thousand-year Reich as neatly as a lepidopterist skewers a butterfly.

"Once upon a time," begins the hero-narrator, "I was very happy." Rodie Stamm was then a small boy sitting under a table on a terrace overlooking the Rhine and being fed, like a dog, by his parents' guests. This trivial episode sets a pattern for Rodie's life. He is not ambitious or active or gregarious, and is quite happy to lurk in the background and snap up any casual pleasures that come within reach. He endures discomfort with stolid patience. Rodie is the perfect example of a man who just came along for the ride, but since he is intelligent and observant as well as detached, he is also a good reporter.

There must have been many such almost innocent bystanders in Germany, too docile to run afoul of the party and so discover the corruption behind the façade, a little bothered at times on the score of good taste, a little discouraged by the disparagement of everything intellectual, but quite willing to go along with the party and delegate all responsibility to HIM. They didn't do wrong; they merely did nothing. If Heaven pays no dividends, why exert oneself for anything but immediate personal advantages?

Rodie's reactions are all personal and momentary. The rise of Nazism attracts his attention only because his father, a shy literary man, has suddenly taken to making speeches in public and thumping workmen on the shoulder in a comradely way. Aunt Yevgenia, a kindly, versatile, untidy Russian neighbor, worries over her half-Jewish daughter. Rodie escorts the girl to her father in the Faroes,

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but views the whole affair as a tem-
pest in a teapot. He turns down a
chance to get out of Germany be-
cause, of course, Hitler's armies will
be invincible.

There's a bit of long-range shoot-
ing, and Rodie is having a fine time in
Paris. After Paris comes the Russian
front, and the long, painful debacle
begins. The war is lost and Rodie's
life is a shambles before he makes his
first constructive, generous gesture.
It is a very small one, but he does
make it.

Rodie's acknowledgment of ties
with the world outside himself is a
great and hopeful change, for Mr.
Kaufmann makes it clear that a sense
of isolation and personal unimport-
ance were the foundations of Nazism
among Germans who should have
known better. It would not be fair to
say that *Heaven Pays No Dividends*
ends on a note of optimism, but it
does suggest that Germany's future
need not be totally black.

The inner truth

Eugene O'Neill finished *A Moon
for the Misbegotten* (Random
House, \$2.75) in 1943, and the play
has now been published in book form
although it has never been produced
in New York nor, as the author ex-
plains in a noncommittal foreword,
"are there outstanding rights or plans
for its production." It is almost in-
credible that any work by a man who
is unquestionably one of the greatest
living dramatists has waited around
for nine years without reaching the
New York stage, and the fact is a
dismal comment on the resources of
our theater.

Admittedly the play presents a
casting difficulty. Josie Hogan, the
heroine, is described as "so oversize
for a woman that she is almost a
freak," but then, many a thin actor
has played Falstaff.

The subject of the play is one that
Mr. O'Neill has dealt with before and
from a variety of angles. It's the dif-
ference between illusion and reality,
between the masks men and women
show the world and their inner truth.
How much truth can mankind stand,
and what is gained by standing
any? In *The Iceman Cometh*, Mr.
O'Neill explored the same theme at
greater length and came to more pes-
simistic conclusions. *A Moon for the
Misbegotten* reads like a preliminary
workout for the longer, more com-
plicated play, but it is also highly
interesting in its own right.

The two principal characters are
preoccupied with creating a false im-
pression of themselves, but in differ-
ent ways and for different reasons.
Josie, believing that no decent man
will ever love a girl as large and as
plain as she is and cursed with a
cantankerous father besides, conceals
her feeling of inferiority behind a
swaggering manner, and her hunger
for affection behind a tremendous rep-
utation as a trollop. Her father's
landlord, James Tyrone, pretends to
enjoy the dissipations which are actu-
ally designed to distract his attention
from what he considers his horrid
betrayal of his mother's memory. Jo-
sie's troubles are concrete and her mis-
demaneors purely imaginary; Ty-
rone's dissipations are solid, but his
troubles are spiritual. Both Josie and
Tyrone have a perfectly sane under-
standing of why they act as they do.
Although neither is willing to admit
hitting on the wrong remedy, each
can see the other's mistake.

Under the influence of old Hogan's
bootleg bourbon, Tyrone confesses to
Josie the crime against his mother
for which his conduct is a neurotic
penance. Josie, driven out of her pose
as a backwoods Messalina, accepts
the role of substitute mother and for-
gives him in the dead woman's name.
They both gain confidence and peace
of mind through their temporary un-
masking, but there is no indication
that either will give up the mask in
public. Masks, as O'Neill reiterated
in *The Iceman Cometh*, are a condition
of life.

The play is by no means as serious
as it sounds in summary, for it is full
of action and argument. The mutual
confidence of Tyrone and Josie is
brought about by a thoroughly in-
teresting plot. The raucous humors
of Hogan père, who would be mad-
dening in real life, are amusing in
print; and the play is on the whole
rather more readable than most of
O'Neill's works, designed, as they
should be, essentially for the stage
and not the armchair.

Messianic complex

The thesis of *You, the Jury*, by
Mary Borden (Longmans, Green,
\$3.00), is not new, for it's a fairly
common suspicion that if Christ ap-
peared on earth today He would land
in jail. To do Miss Borden justice,
she does not make any divine claims
for her hero. Martin Merriedew is an
idealistic English doctor who deter-
mines to live literally by Christ's

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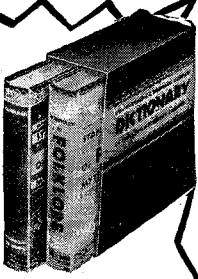
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laws. He ends in the dock, standing trial for high treason.

It's no light matter to create a Christlike character, and the author has shrewdly avoided comparisons with Dostoyevsky by circling around Martin rather than portraying him directly. Her narrator is a woman who has known Martin for years and is troubled by his situation. She collects all the facts she can about the man in the hope of deciding whether he or society is at fault.

Martin appears as a child, seriously worried about the world; as a medical student confident that he has found the answer to all problems; and finally as a withdrawn and hopeless prisoner. His effect on other people is described at great length. The narrator's brother never recovers from his feeling of guilt at not giving up his estate and following Martin into a life of poverty and service. A prostitute is reformed by Martin. He makes the blind see and the lame walk, at least temporarily. These cures, although medically a bit unorthodox, are not represented as miraculous. He is turned over to the authorities by one of his own followers.

It is clear from the tone of the book that the reader is expected to draw a profound moral lesson from Martin's fate. Whether all readers will is doubtful. Miss Borden has ignored one major question. Does a man's decision to follow Christ's laws as laid down in the King James Version automatically confer on him Christ's right to demand absolute obedience from his followers? Martin assumes that it does and Miss Borden, through her narrator, seems to agree with him. This dogma is not easy to swallow, especially since one only hears about Martin's power of love, but sees his arbitrary domination in action. On the whole, there is much to be said for the judge's unofficial verdict of "Crazy as a coot."

Life on the Monongahela

The Rivers of America series, which in the past has often gone hard aground, is back afloat on *The Monongahela*, by **Richard Bissell** (Rinehart, \$3.50). Mr. Bissell is a writer who really knows his river. He used to pilot up and down it on a vessel called the Coal Queen. She was "a piece of marine junk overdue for the scrap yard," but in his heart Mr. Bissell loves the disreputable old heap and so will his readers.

Anyone who undertakes to write

about an American river has two choices. He can go at it like Mark Twain, or he can go at it some other way. It doesn't make any difference in the end, for the great shadow will fall across him no matter what he does. Mr. Bissell has elected to follow Twain where he can and do a bit of research where he can't. It's sound strategy.

Historical rummaging underlies about half the book, making up a history of navigation from rafts to Diesel boats, with riparian excursions into river towns, the properties of Monongahela rye whiskey, the life of Andrew Carnegie, and the undeserved glory of Robert Fulton who, as every good enthusiast knows, did not invent the steamboat. The other half of the book depicts life on the river as Pilot Bissell saw it, and it's wild and dirty and wonderful.

Life on the river was filled with near-catastrophe, small feuds with lock tenders, food, and talk. Mr. Bissell has a great gift for talk. He can report a conversation with a half-witted cook and make it sound simultaneously funny and realistic, which is selective art of a high order. He is a master of rambling river gossip and also of the schizophrenic or rugged individualist conversation, in which A and B courteously exchange remarks about two different subjects and neither party acknowledges the existence of the other's topic. The effect of genteel chaos produced by this trick is indescribable.

The information assembled in *The Monongahela* is all available in other places, so the book cannot be recommended as an indispensable historical guide and atlas, but it is an indispensable pleasure for every reader whose heart leaps up at the sound of a steamboat whistle.

Potpourri

DANCE AND SKYLARK by John Moore.
Macmillan, \$3.00.

When an English village undertakes to produce an historical pageant with purely local talent, anything can happen, and in this delightfully trivial novel it happens on every page. Old feuds resume, new ones begin, the vicar's son contributes lewd Elizabethan verses which nobody understands, funds are misappropriated, costumes prove transparent, unlikely couples fall in love, teetotalers take to drink, and quiet citizens turn out to be theatrical geniuses. At last Dionysius appears, suit-

ably incarnated, to turn history upside down and sweep the pageant to resounding success. Everyone, of course, lives happily ever after. The English are unbeatable at this sort of light novel, in which persuasively charming characters romp through a plot which never seems impossible because each episode is reasonable in itself. The grand total is pandemonium, but that's part of the game. Mr. Moore carries off his giddy charade with a deft, gently satiric touch and a fine eye for rural beauty.

THE RED CARNATION by *Elio Vittorini*.
New Directions, \$3.00.

In spite of its Italian background and its far wider applicability, this novel is bound to remind many readers of *The Catcher in the Rye*. It is in the first person, and it describes an adolescent's efforts to establish himself on an adult footing — efforts which involve him in a series of absurdities and improprieties. It shows a similar penetration into the mind of a boy who dreams of being a worth-while, respected man and remains a dreadful but attractive brat. It is at the same time agonizing and comic.

Aside from these parallels, *The Red Carnation* is a very different kind of book. It is set against the rising power of Mussolini, a disorderly period which gives young Mainardi plenty of opportunity to work off his energy in riot and racket. He wavers between nostalgia for the simplicities of childhood and demands for a man's responsibility. He respectfully worships a pretty schoolgirl and carries on a love affair with a prostitute who frankly mothers him. His sufferings are real and he suspects they are ridiculous. Under the circumstances, the external violence of Fascist politics looks like a perfect solution, combining release with submission to authority. Mainardi's salvation is that he chooses the authority of Zobeida, the prostitute, instead of that of Fascism.

MORALITY IN AMERICAN POLITICS
by *George A. Graham*. Random, \$3.50.

After all the denunciations and cries of "Thief!" that have been bandied about Washington lately, it is a relief to read this careful analysis of the ethical principles on which our country was founded and of the reasons why these principles do not always function in the practical operation of our government. These reasons are many and complicated, ranging from carelessness through public indifference to outright villainy. The author's theories are supported with such a mass of detail that the reader is likely to end by wondering gratefully how it happens that things are no worse. Professor Graham would be distressed by such a reaction to his book, for he abhors misconduct and clearly hopes that an understanding of where temptations lurk in political life will lead to the removal of some sources of temptation.

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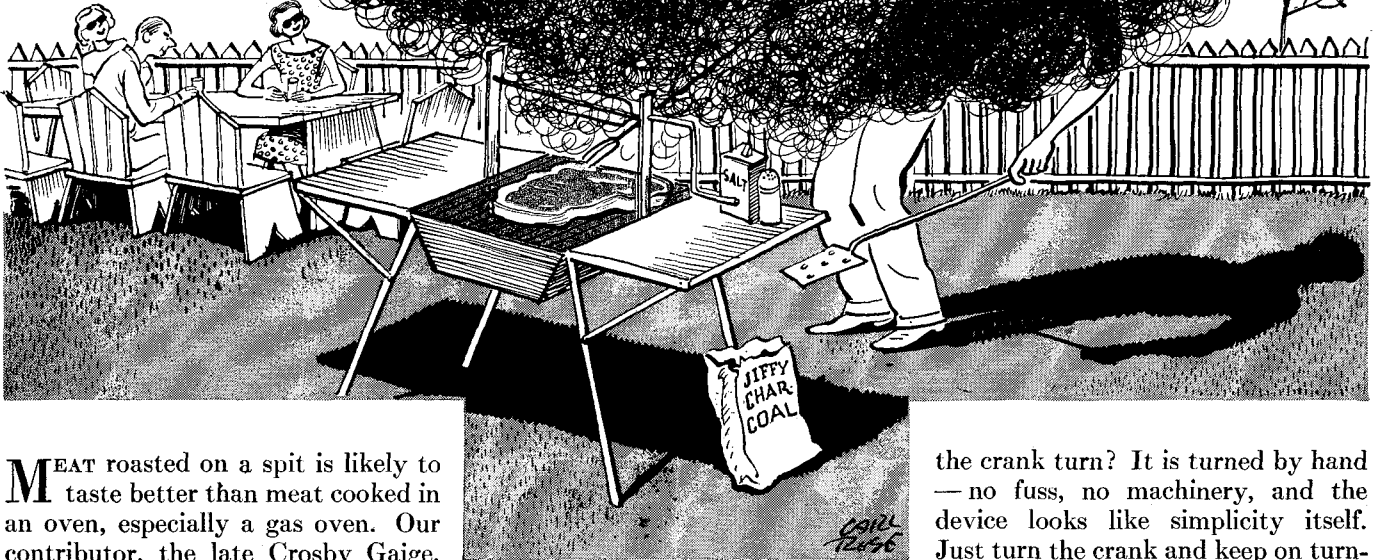
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ACCENT ON LIVING



MEAT roasted on a spit is likely to taste better than meat cooked in an oven, especially a gas oven. Our contributor, the late Crosby Gaige, used to deny the word “roasted” to anything cooked in a closed oven; the proper term, he held, was “baked,” and a baked leg of lamb had little in common with the same cut properly roasted. Gaige thought that the loss of oxygen and the presence of other gases in the usual closed oven have a bad effect on meat; also that a revolving spit is the only way of exposing all sides of the cut equally to the roasting temperature.

The virtues of the revolving spit are persuasive, and every summer the house furnishings catalogues offer various outdoor grill and barbecue outfits which incorporate it in their somewhat dreamy version of cookery *al fresco*. The offerings range from a simple rack or grill to rolling kitchens on the grand scale, all stainless steel and sparkling. A word to the unwary about these properties is long overdue.

In the first place, short of being a chimney sweep, nothing is quite so fantastically dirty a job as cleaning up the apparatus of open-fire cooking. Ideally, it would be let out on contract, and the householder who rashly

tries it himself will be astounded at how much gear he needs — and at what happens to it. I myself have discolored most of Ipswich Bay and used tons of beach gravel in restoring a wash boiler after a lobster picnic. A smaller utensil, one might suppose, could be cleaned in the kitchen sink. It can, provided one uses enough copper sponges, steel wool, abrasives, muscle, and time, and washes down the whole kitchen when he is through. But boiling lobsters and steaming clams is a tidy business compared with broiling steaks and coping with their by-product of sooty grease, or greasy soot. All in all, the best clean-up method is simply to throw everything away and swear off on open-fire cooking for aye. Stainless steel indeed!

The other great pitfall in the outdoor setup is what the catalogues blandly describe as the “roisserie attachment” — the spit. This is no more than a long rod, pointed at one end and with a small crank at the other. Turn the crank, *et voilà* — the rotation begins itself. What makes

the crank turn? It is turned by hand — no fuss, no machinery, and the device looks like simplicity itself. Just turn the crank and keep on turning it until the chickens are a beautiful brown.

Unfortunately, the problem of finding a human being willing to crank a spit for four or five hours is not readily answered of a summer afternoon. “The cook’s knave that turneth the spit” must have been undependable even in antique days, and it was close on to five hundred years ago that Leonardo devised his revolving fan, activated by the updraft of warm air into the chimney, to rotate the roasts of the Italian inns. The electrically driven spits of today are effective, but not every picnic ground is equipped to power them.

There remains one other possibility for the owner of the hand-cranked spit to test before he throws it away and returns to his kitchen: the hamster.

The hamster is incomparably the most useless animal extant. It must be waited on, hand and foot, like an infant; its habits are such that its nest must be renovated two or three times daily; it eats incessantly. Sooner or later, every child will bring home a hamster, and that child’s family will live solely in terms of the animal

thereafter. A hamster in a revolving squirrel cage might be rigged, somehow, to turn a spit, although the nervous energy of the creature is so great that a reduction gear would be necessary — about 7 to 1, perhaps.

But lacking a hamster, and with no hand to turn the spit, the open-fire cook's thoughts turn fondly towards his kitchen stove. The heat from his charcoal embers is uncomfortable. His steaks are black and leathery, yet he knows they are raw in the middle. Too fast, too hot. Too greasy. By the time he has lugged his equipment back into the house and finished the wash-up, he has come to regard a cookstove as one of man's noblest inventions.

The ease with which a burner on

the stove can be made hotter, or not so hot, stirs his admiration. His outdoor grill was forever flaming up, as the dripping grease refueled it, and incinerating even the thickest cuts of meat. He recalls the steaks gone up in smoke and his pathetically sincere experiments in how to reduce the grill's heat. This was to be achieved, a friend had told him, simply by dousing the coals with a pitcher of water. Yet the result was what almost anyone but the proprietor of an outdoor grill might have expected: a burst of steam tantamount to an explosion, a deposit of ash particles over the whole area, followed by thick and continuing clouds of smoke that ended abruptly in new flames, with everything sizzling

madly once again. Then, more water, steam, clouds of ash, smoke, confusion.

So it is that the outdoor fireplace, which even the speculative builder includes with every dwelling nowadays, usually has about it a ghostly air of disuse. Only a weathered fragment of an old chop bone or a bit of half-burned coal is there in its recesses to testify that it was ever used at all. Its splatterings of grease have been scoured by the rains and wind. Its chimney is stark against the shrubbery, like some ruined abbey or the Great Hall at Chinon — a place for bats.

It is also, so I am told, a convenient place for burning trash.

CHARLES W. MORTON

CLIMBING THE FAMILY TREE

by HELEN M. LILIENTHAL

A native of Oklahoma, HELEN M. LILIENTHAL is the wife of the former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. Most of her published work has been poetry, but she has collaborated with her husband on books and articles.

PERHAPS I ought to say in the beginning that I've never become a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The fact is, I've considered it a rather subversive organization — not the present members, you understand; I don't mean them. I mean their rude forefathers who made the D.A.R. possible. After all, those men were rebels, half-hearted as some of them were. A great-great-great-grandfather of mine, for instance, served only fourteen days before he quit to go back home to get the hay in.

No, the way Congressional committees are backtracking these days, looking into a man's antecedents, it seems to me you just can't be too careful what you join.

But it does beat me the kind of organizations Americans will think up. Not long ago I read of one called "The Daughters of Runnymede," made up of descendants of signers of the Magna Charta, which evidently considers itself to be a very exclusive group.

That set me to wondering about my own forebears along about that particular time. I got to doing a little

genealogical figuring and the result flabbergasted me. I'd known that everybody had ancestors in a general sort of way and that maybe it wasn't a good thing to check them too closely, or at least let all the details of such checking get about. Every family was bound to throw off a black sheep now and then. What I hadn't realized was how wide spread out



your grand-to-the-nth-degree-parents can get after a couple of hundred years.

Most tracers of family trees stick to one narrow line, a son-to-father business. But when you go all out on what's the real basis, that everybody has parents ad infinitum, you can really get confused, to say nothing of downright discouraged.

Take my family, for instance. It's fairly simple since all my ancestral lines stem from the British Isles — England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland. The first branch came to this country from England in 1630; the last one from Ireland in 1800.

Erring on the conservative side and counting forty years to a generation, by 1610 I had (or could have had if medical science and general hygiene had been better at the time) 2848 living ancestors in what is now Great Britain. Again, to be conservative, if only one fourth of them were in England proper, that made 712 individuals, equally divided presumably between male and female. And around 1600, when Shakespeare was going strong, at least 1424 relatives in direct ascent from me were spread over the English countryside.

Now that's appalling enough in its application, as I'll tell you in a minute if you don't see it yourself, but worse is to come. By 1490, when Columbus was trying to get off on his now famous voyage, these people had increased to 5696. And in the year 1210, when the barons were getting ready to close in on King John at Runnymede, the number had jumped to 729,112. By 1150 the family numbered 2,916,448. This represents, you must keep in mind, only one fourth of the number of ancestors I had (or should have had) alive in that year. Perhaps I ought to add here that the entire population of England

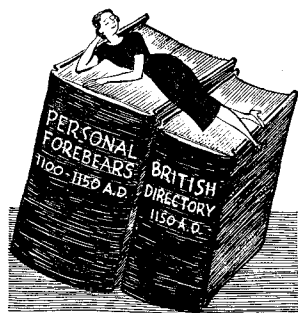
during the twelfth century was just about 2,000,000 souls — men, women, and children.

You see what this means. It means that everyone living in England *at that time* would be related in the future, so to speak, through me.

The only people who weren't direct ancestors of mine were the ones who didn't have any children. But even they didn't quite escape — they must have been collateral relatives. Actually the family was now in real danger of becoming too inbred. The Norman Conquest came just in the nick of time to bring in an infusion of fresh blood. Also, of course, it opened up the continent of Europe to the family connection. They're now spread all over the cemeteries of Europe.

But what really gets me is that I must be related to everyone alive now who has English, let alone British, blood. I'm thankful most of them are too remote to be considered kissing cousins. But it's a queer feeling. Talk about the Brotherhood of Man! This is it.

Fortunately one can be too far removed to be acknowledged a relative. But that doesn't hold for an ancestor.

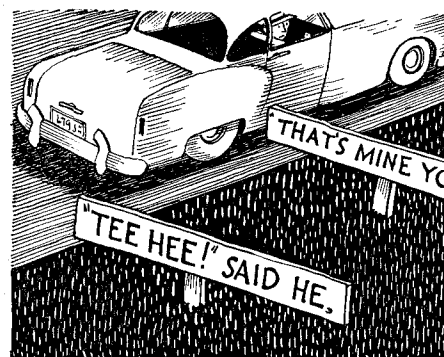


No matter how far removed in time or geography, once a parent always an ancestor.

One should not carry this too far. It might not be easy to trace my own relationship to the Royal Family. Come to think of it, that family hasn't been in England long enough to claim kinship with mine. But since a good fourth of my forebears were Scots, Queen Elizabeth and I probably have a common ancestor lurking somewhere.

I have to laugh when I think how interested I was to see Anne Hathaway's home in England because I thought that the contemporary members of my family must have lived in just such a house. When I visited Warwick Castle I wondered what position a relative of mine would have held in such an establishment — a clerk of some sort, maybe. Now I know they were the whole business — high as the lord, low as the swineherd.

You can see what a sturdy folk we are, surviving epidemics, pestilences, disease, war. Enough of us grew up to carry on the family line — or rather lines. Now that I have been thinking about it, I guess I can boast about my family too.



TOO LATE I READ

by SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT was the discoverer of "the large 8-ounce jar" as contrasted with the normal 8-ounce jar (December, 1950, Atlantic). A native of Missouri, he now lives in East Dennis on Cape Cod. He is the author of two books, *The Reluctant Landlord* and *Sauce for the Gander*.

ANYONE who has toured the country must be familiar with the poetry of those sweet singers of the open road, the bards who write the Burma-Shave jingles. As a rule, two lines of iambic tetrameter are offered the literate motorist on four small red signboards spaced apart for easy reading.

Nothing gave me more trouble on a recent motor trip.

The trouble came during the intervals when my wife was spelling me at the wheel. At such times I indulge my fondness for studying road maps. Between that and counting red barns *vs.* white barns in a game with my daughter, I kept landing in the middle of a jingle. I wouldn't notice it was going by until it was half gone. Once, for instance, I glanced up just in time to read two boards with this on them: —

"Tee-hee!" said he.

"That's mine you're patten'!"

"Who's patting what?" I cried, turning to my wife.

"Who's patting anything?" she countered.

"Didn't you read the first part of that verse?"

"What verse?"

I was on my own. As for who was doing the patting, it was doubtless a she, but the secret of *what* she was patting was irretrievably lost to me, half a mile back.

"Patten'. Patten'. The rhyme was probably 'satin,'" I muttered, while imagination ran riot. How racy

THE SHEPHERDS

by BEREN VAN SLYKE

POETS like shepherds on green hills
Drowse near their browsing sheep,
Lead lambs to cover from hawks that hover
Above the shelving steep.

Theirs is an ancient realm of words
Where rhyme and time can turn
In mortal gesture to immortal
Traceries on an urn;

Where creep and weep are half-asleep
As death takes breath to bed,
Where ever has a daughter never
Denies all she has said;

Dusk is the husk of the hazelnut sun
Fringing the arc of the dark;
Sweet is the meat to them who feed on
The unearthly mirth of the lark.

Like shepherds on a leopard's hill
The poets hold their sheep,
Bell them at dawn, tell them at evening
In what fold they must sleep.

would our roadside Browning be likely to get? If only I hadn't glanced up at all! If only I had continued to tot up the mileage between Indianapolis, Ind., and Hannibal, Mo.!

The next day it happened again. This time I saw only the final board:—

What had Ben Hur.

Quietly, in a controlled voice, I said to my wife, "I don't suppose you read those Burma-Shave signs just then."

She hadn't.

"How can you drive along and *not* read them?" I demanded.

"I was watching that car ahead of us, which is more important than reading jingles on signs," she retorted. "You'd have been reading the signs instead of watching, which is why your driving makes me nervous."

We won't go into that here.

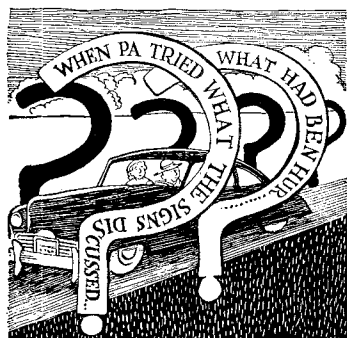
"What had Ben Hur." That's all I saw of it," I complained. "What had Ben Hur?"

It was pretty clear I was up against one of those bad puns for which our roadside poets have such a serious weakness. Something had "been her," all right — but what?

Another fragment that spoiled at least the next twenty miles of my trip was:—

When Pa tried
What the signs discussed.

What did the signs discuss, and what happened when Pa tried something? I take it he tried to get funny, probably with Ma. I dare say that was it. But the whole secret is locked up in the lost opening line. I tested out all the rhymes I could think of for "discussed": bust, bussed, crust, dust, fussed, gust, disgust, just, lust

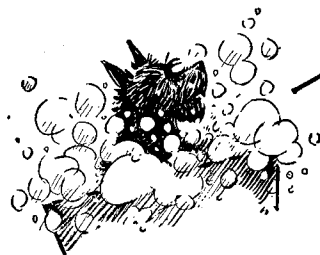


(which seems unlikely, when you consider the family type of audience they get on the average highway), must, rust, trust — the possibilities were too confusing.

ACCENT ON LIVING



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On our way back across the country I attempted a coup. Noticing a series of the little red signs going past on the other side of the road, I suddenly realized that if I looked back quickly I could read the last two signs, which would actually be the the first two and might turn out to be one of those first lines I was missing. I jerked my head around and read the two signs: —

To cross
He tried

“What do you think you’re doing?” cried my wife, who found my sudden action startling and annoying. The fact that I was driving at the time had a lot to do with this.

“I thought maybe that was one of the jingles I missed part of coming out, but it wasn’t. It was one I didn’t even see.” Now I was stuck with another fragment, this time a mere part of a first line read backwards.

The next time we take a trip I’m going to try to concentrate on the scenery. When I’m not reading my maps, that is.

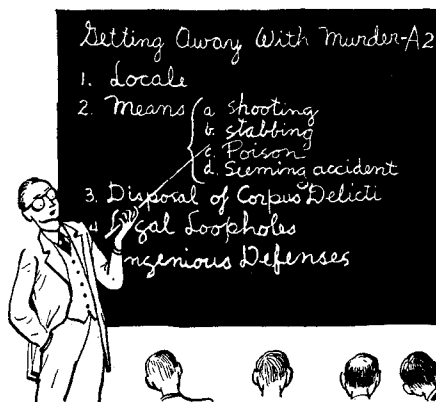
OUR MR. TOAD

by DAVID McCORD

Our Mr. Toad
Has a nice abode
Under the first front step.
When it rains he’s cool
In a secret pool
Where the water goes
drip
drop
drep.

Our Mr. Toad
Will avoid the road:
He’s a private-cellar man.
And it’s not much fun
In the broiling sun
When you have a good
ten
tone
tan.

Our Mr. Toad
Has a kind of code
That tells him the coast is clear.
Then away he’ll hop
With a stop, stop, stop
When the dusk draws
nigh
no
near.



BEYOND THE LAW

by NEWMAN LEVY

NEWMAN LEVY is a New York lawyer with a special fondness for quirks in the legal process. His avocation is light verse and prose.

WRITERS of crime stories sometimes express an interest in evolving the Perfect Crime — the crime that either is so ingeniously contrived that it defies solution, or else is committed in such a way that it guarantees the criminal complete immunity from punishment. I rather think that the writers of crime fiction are not interested in Perfect Crimes so much as Nearly Perfect Crimes. In real life a crime can remain unsolved, and a surprisingly large number of them do, but a book must have an end. And current morality being what it is, vice has to be punished. There should be enough imperfection in the Nearly Perfect Crime to land the malefactor on the gallows, or at least induce him to commit suicide.

When we speak of fictional crime we mean, of course, murder, which Dorothy Sayers, I believe, said was the only offense worthy of consideration in detective literature. Most storybook murders have seemed to me to be so cluttered up with gadgets and ingenuity as to shriek out for detection and arrest. Any murderer, for instance, who puts on another person’s shoes backwards so that the telltale footprints will seem to be going instead of coming should retain me. I’ll guarantee to get him off on the ground of insanity.

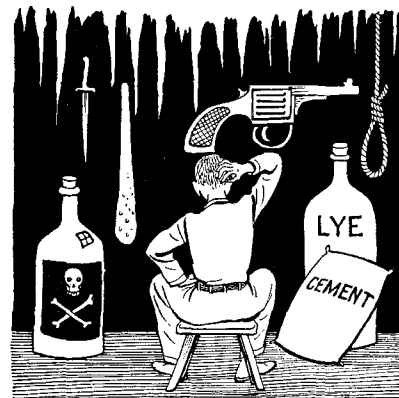
There was one case I liked in which the victim was stabbed with an icicle; by the time the police arrived the weapon had melted. This struck me as a reasonably foolproof method, but I have since examined a number of icicles with mild homicidal curiosity.

Try, sometime, stabbing a steak with an icicle and see if you can penetrate it before your weapon breaks.

Melville Davison Post wrote a story called *The Corpus Delicti* in which the victim’s body was placed in a bathtub and dissolved in lye. The police broke in just as the last vestiges of the deceased were pouring down the drain. The murderer was acquitted because no trace of the body, the *corpus delicti*, was left, but I am sure that he owed his escape to sloppy police work. The author ignored the probability of such indissoluble matter as teeth and dental fillings surviving the lye bath. In real life the body would have been snugly incased in cement and dropped into the river.

These crimes are all too clever. Good murders should be simple and direct. I was associate counsel in a case, many years ago, in which a young man was charged with murdering a young woman by pushing her out of the window of a high building. A dozen people saw them struggling on a window ledge. Then she fell out and crashed to her death. The defense was that she was trying to commit suicide and the defendant was trying to hold her back. There was no way of proving that his story was untrue, and the judge directed the jury to bring in a verdict of Not Guilty.

Now there, if we accept the prosecution’s theory that the girl was pushed, was a perfect crime, a murder committed in broad daylight in the presence of a dozen credible witnesses. Why bother with reversed shoes, obscure South American poisons, or icicles? Raskolnikov, in *Crime and Punishment*, had the right idea. He



simply walked in, slugged the old woman over the head, and walked out again.

All this is a prelude to a case I came across that seems to contain the per-

fect formula; it is simple, direct, and conviction-proof. I am presenting it here solely for the use of writers of crime stories. Just as they labeled certain alcoholic preparations years



ago with the statement that they were not to be used as beverages, I wish to emphasize that this plot is to be used for fictional purposes only. Lawyers who are interested are referred to *United States v. Cordova*, 89 F Supp. 298.

The story would begin something like this:—

‘The mighty DC-6 of the Trans-Atlantic Airlines was speeding across the ocean toward New York. From the loud-speaker came the announcement, ‘We are 400 miles out of Shannon, flying at an altitude of 33,000 feet.’

‘This, thought Mr. Keith Mason, seems to be the appropriate time. He turned, with a look of repugnance, to his homely wife who was snoring peacefully in the seat beside him. How did he ever let himself get stuck with such an unattractive female? Well, it would be over in a few moments.

‘He drew a revolver from his pocket, pressed it against his wife’s temple, and, as the other passengers of the plane looked at him with mild curiosity, pulled the trigger. There was a deafening explosion; she toppled forward in her seat. . . .’

The crime in the Cordova case also was committed in an airplane high above the ocean in the presence of about sixty witnesses. In that case all that the defendant did was to assault the stewardess and bite the pilot while under the stimulating influence of Porto Rican rum, but the rules of law expounded in the case undoubtedly apply to the more serious crime of murder. Mr. Cordova performed the extraordinary feat of committing a flagrant crime for which there was no law to punish him.

Title 18 U.S.C.A. deals with crimes

over which the Federal Courts have jurisdiction. Section 7, in part, is as follows:—

§7. SPECIAL MARITIME AND TERRITORIAL JURISDICTION OF THE UNITED STATES DEFINED

The term “special maritime and territorial jurisdiction of the United States,” as used in this title, includes:

(1) The high seas, any other waters within the admiralty and maritime jurisdiction of the United States and out of the jurisdiction of any particular State, and any vessel belonging in whole or in part to the United States or any citizen thereof, or to any corporation created by or under the laws of the United States, or of any State, Territory, District, or possession thereof, when such vessel is within the admiralty and maritime jurisdiction of the United States and out of the jurisdiction of any particular State.

(2) Any vessel registered, licensed, or enrolled under the laws of the United States, and being on a voyage upon the waters of any of the Great Lakes, or any of the waters connecting them, or upon the Saint Lawrence River where the same constitutes the International Boundary Line.

The crimes and offenses include assault and murder. There were two questions in the Cordova case, as Federal Judge Kennedy pointed out. Was the crime committed upon the high seas? And does the case come within the admiralty jurisdiction of the United States courts?

‘The second question gives less difficulty than the other and should be dealt with first,’ said Judge Kennedy. ‘The answer that ought to be made turns on the question whether an airplane is a vessel within the meaning of the statute, and obviously the answer should be in the negative.’

It may not appear quite as obvious to a layman why an airplane is not a vessel, but the Court fortified its opinion with a



quotation from Cardozo, than which there is no stronger fortification, that planes “are neither of the land or sea, and not being of the sea or restricted in their activities to navigable waters they are not maritime.”

Having thus settled that an airplane is not a vessel, the Court turned to the more difficult problem, whether a statute that relates to crimes *upon* the high seas can be applied to crimes committed *over* the high seas. This was a novel question, which is not surprising considering how recent trans-oceanic flying is. Since there were no contemporary precedents, the Court had to fall back upon an opinion interpreting a law of 1790, written in 1820 by Chief Justice Marshall. Backed by Marshall it came to the inescapable conclusion that *upon* does not mean *over*.

‘The acts for which Cordova stands charged,’ said Judge Kennedy, ‘were vicious in the extreme. He jeopardized the lives of others on the plane, including a considerable number of infants. But it seems to me clear that those acts have not been denounced by a statute which forbids them when committed on board an American ‘vessel,’ or when committed on the ‘high seas.’”

So, since Cordova had not committed his crime on a vessel, he had not violated a law relating to vessels; and since he had committed his acts *over* the high seas, he had not done anything *on* the high seas. The Court thereupon found that although Cordova was guilty he had committed no crime over which the Federal Courts had jurisdiction. Congress could plug up the gap in the law if it wanted to, but thus far it has not done so. So Mr. Cordova was discharged. We can reasonably assume that Mr. Mason’s fate would be the same.

PROBLEM FOR ENTOMOLOGISTS

by GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

THEY’RE cousins to the hornets, those cruel folk
Who treat our deepest sentiments as a joke.
Yet, insecticide forbidden, silence helps
In fending off their merry stinging yelps.
But how to deal with those innocents who number
With the beetles’ solemn kin? . . . the ones who lumber
Up to our maddest jest, morosely scan it,
And treat it as our credo hewn in granite!

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PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now on the staff of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

DOWN a quiet metropolitan byway, on a midsummer day, came questing a music lover of formidable aspect. He was a nationally known magazine writer, a massive, slouching man with a bearlike gait and a purposeful glint in his spectacles. He also had \$600 in his pocket and a consuming yen for a high-grade high-fidelity radio phonograph system.

Reaching his goal, the leading local custom home-music shop, he mounted therein, flagged a few timorous fellow customers out of his path, and planted himself in front of the proprietor.

To the latter, a shrewd, normally spruce young man, now somewhat wilted by the summer heat, he was by no means a stranger. In fact, he had constituted a minor traffic hazard around the showroom for a fortnight. He had compared amplifiers. He had compared loud-speakers and their enclosures. He had compared record players. He had compared phonopickup cartridges. He had also, willy-nilly, come to know the opening bars of Boccherini's cello concerto (in the Westminster Janigro version, then much favored as a demonstration disk) almost as well as Boccherini did. But he had acquired the data he craved and now he was ready to buy.

He outlined his choices to the hi-fi man, and true connoisseur's choices they were — taken item by item. Just the same, as the recital went on, the hi-fi man began to feel a slight chill of misgiving. Mustering all the unction

at his command (for it is no light matter to cross a phonophile who has just worked himself up to buying pitch), he asked for a day's grace.

Immediately the chill became mutual. The journalist's friends, it came out, had been invited over to hear the new machine that very evening. There could be no backing down. So the equipment was loaded on the shop's station wagon and rushed across town to the journalist's apartment. Two moist and weary installation men hooked it up. The journalist plucked a record from an opera album, flipped switches, twisted the appropriate knobs, and retreated happily into a corner to listen.

The rest is almost too tragic to recount. After a few moments' anguished listening, a few futile dabbles with tone controls, he managed a vast, dismal wave of his arm.

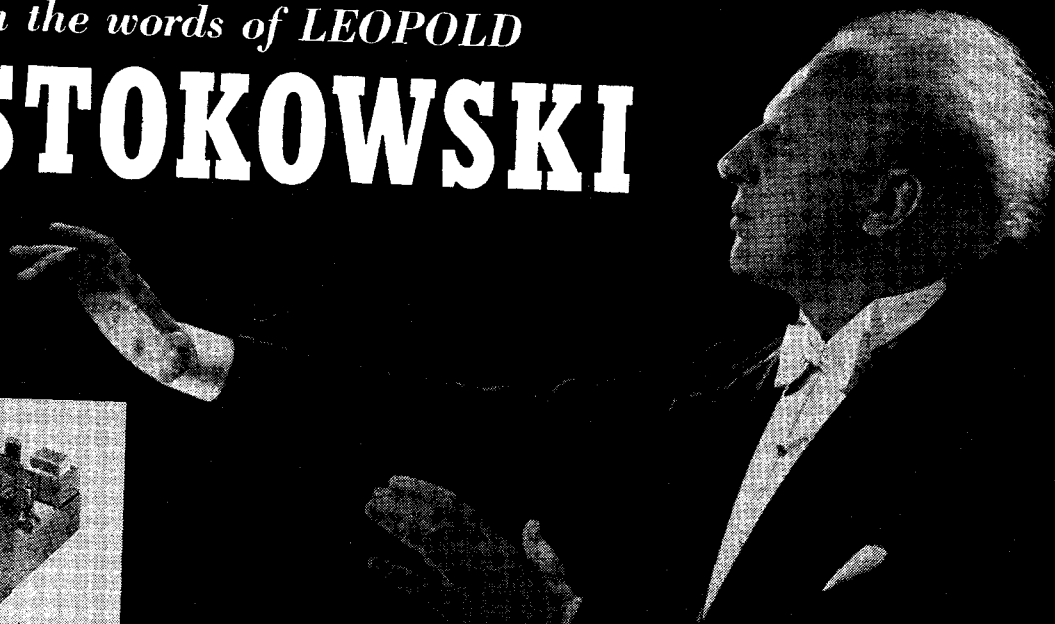
"Take it away!" he groaned. In suitably sepulchral silence, the installation men took it away.

As hasty epilogue to this mournful tale, it is perhaps well to add that after the initial agony had subsided the journalist made a couple of substitutions in his array, and at last report he was wishing phonograph records were a little better, to do justice to his machine. He was happy again — or, at least, as nearly happy as a real home-music enthusiast ever gets — after his brief, bitter brush with progress.

For it was progress, of a kind, that had trapped him. This journalist, as it happens, was a second-degree high-fidelity addict. At about the time the *Atlantic* began this series, two years ago, he had bought and assembled a modest, compact set. (It had to be compact, since he was living on a cabin cruiser.) It consisted of a little Espey 10-watt tuner-amplifier, a Webster record changer with GE cartridges, and an 8-inch Jensen

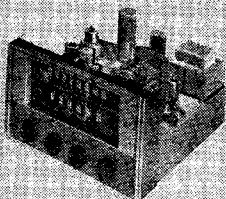
In the words of LEOPOLD

STOKOWSKI

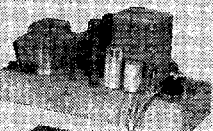


STROMBERG-CARLSON "Custom Four Hundred" HIGH-FIDELITY EQUIPMENT

"gives full musical satisfaction"



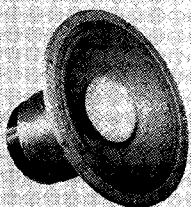
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AM-FM Tuner



Custom Four Hundred Amplifier



Custom Four Hundred
Garrard Changer



Custom Four Hundred Coaxial
Speaker, with exclusive
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Prior to the introduction of Stromberg-Carlson's new high-fidelity equipment, one of the world's greatest conductors, Leopold Stokowski, was asked to evaluate it. Alone in his own studio, with his library of recordings and his matchless knowledge of music, he tested the equipment. These are his conclusions:

STOKOWSKI STATES:

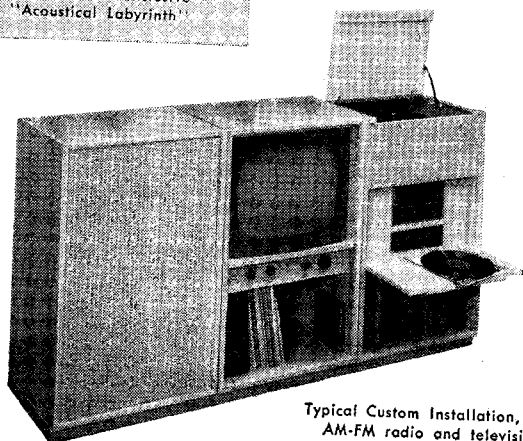
"For discriminating music lovers who wish to hear great music in its full beauty, I can recommend with confidence the Stromberg-Carlson reproducer, which I have thoroughly tested.

"It has a single stylus with diamond pick-up and

long, light tone arm which reduces distortion to a minimum—a 25-watt amplifier and a pre-amplifier, which incorporates the latest technical knowledge—and a 15" speaker with large enclosure.

"All these features create a reproducer of high quality that will give full musical satisfaction to the discerning music lover."

"Custom Four Hundred" equipment is available in two forms. The high-fidelity enthusiast or music lover will find the matched units all ready to be assembled, or available in complete custom-styled furniture cabinets; with or without radio and television.



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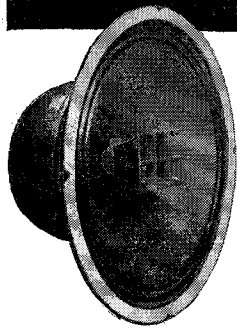
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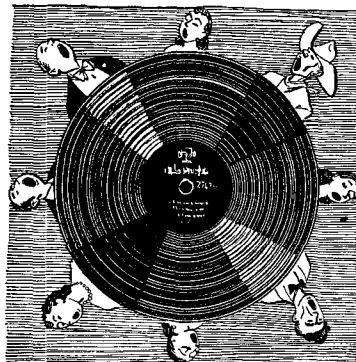
"Concert" speaker in a small box cabinet. It served him splendidly. The speaker, to be sure, rejected all deep bass tones; but, to offset this, the GE preamplifier tapered the extreme treble, leaving the result well balanced and fairly wide in tonal range. It sounded clear, if not big. The magazine writer began taking LP records aboard at a rate which, if continued, might soon have caused a minor marine disaster.

However, before watery doom overtook him, he moved ashore, acquired a huge studio apartment, and went shopping for "big" sound — with the results already recounted. As has been said, he chose wisely but too well. It will do no harm to identify the components he picked, since, paradoxical as it sounds, it was their very merit which made them interact badly.

His amplifier was an H. H. Scott 210-B, certainly one of the best made today. It has an enviable reputation for trouble-free operation and possesses one of the most versatile sets of tone controls devised. At its designing, H. H. Scott very properly made its last test, in his Cambridge laboratories, an ear test before a musical jury (because there are such things as amplifiers which "measure" well but "listen" badly). The test employed typical high-grade American loud-speakers, hard-coned lineal descendants of theater speakers, predisposed to favor treble over bass unless they are specially housed. The Scott amplifier emerged on the market, thereafter, with ample provision for the most generous possible bass response.

The journalist's speaker was a Tannoy, a very fine new 15-inch British concentric double speaker, with a soft cone especially made to deliver full bass even from a compact box cabinet. Not that he had bought a compact box cabinet; indeed, he had chosen a large "folded horn" corner mounting, designed to beef up the low tones threefold or more.

Lastly, he had acquired an Audax Polyphase pickup, unexcelled for its compliance — meaning the freedom of its stylus to swing wide and free, bringing in every last vagrant bass note.



When the journalist turned on the power, this exotic array went faultlessly into action. The whole room shuddered to a great and glorious throb of bull fiddles. Only dimly, in the remote background, could be heard a faint soprano plaint — Tosca reviewing her numerous woes. Every item in his system was striving mightily to make up for the supposed bass

deficiencies of the others. The likelihood of this had dawned on the equipment dealer just too late for him to do anything about it. Had he tested the assembly, he would never have let it out of the shop. A few changes (perhaps only the substitution of another speaker

cabinet) might easily have remedied the trouble.

This somewhat wry anecdote may seem a strange way to sum up what has happened in two years to the phenomenon known as "high fidelity" — and it is. But it is always easier to prod than to praise. The fact is that both as an industry and as a cultural development "high fidelity" — the manufacture, sale, and use of wide-range, precision-built equipment to reproduce music in the home — has made fantastic progress. Where once there were a bare dozen models of audio amplifiers available to the layman customer, there are now probably ten times that many on the market. Loud-speakers have multiplied proportionately. Record players, phono-pickup cartridges, and radio tuners have increased somewhat less wildly, but enough.

As for customers themselves, they now certainly number in the millions. Only a minority of them are hobbyists — "audiophiles." Most are after what the equipment can deliver: music as they have never heard it in their homes before. Indeed, it is a fact too little noted that many have never heard first-class musical performances *anywhere* before. A whole new contingent of American music lovers actually is being created by this new equipment and the microgroove records which are its prime *raison d'être*. The sweetest of the muses owes a good deal, locally, to a few hundred boys who started out with nothing but soldering irons and an unaccountable desire to see if a 10-kilocycle note

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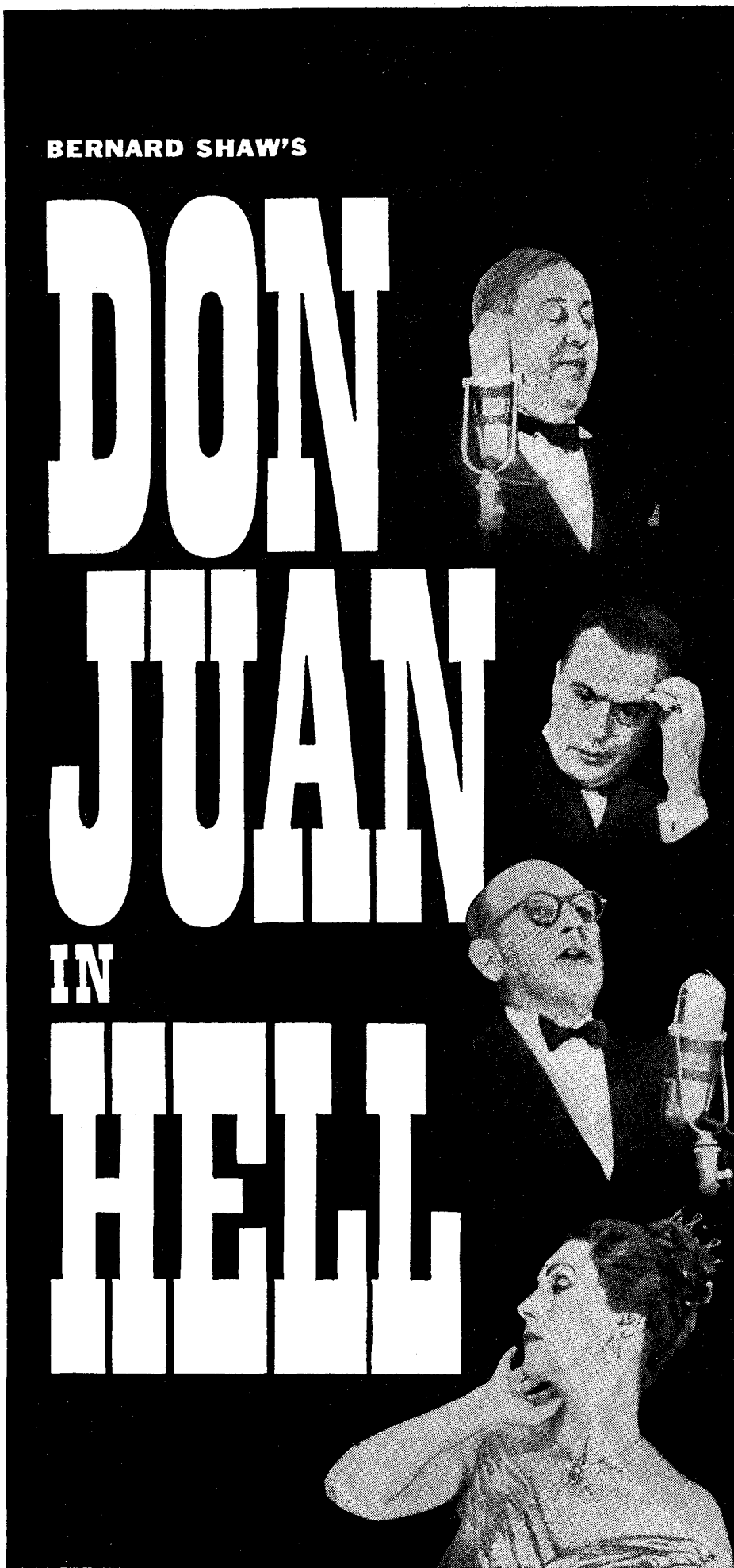
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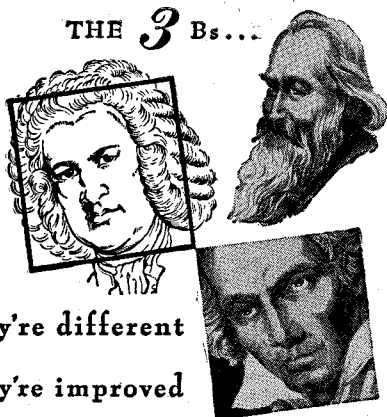
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Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera
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CONCERTO NO. 5 FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA OP. 73 ("EMPEROR")
Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera
Conducted by Hermann Scherchen

WL 5114

NATURAL BALANCE

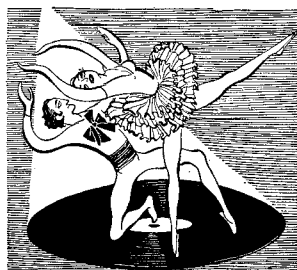
Westminster
LONG PLAYING RECORDS

could be electronically reproduced at 10 watts power without harmonic distortion.

Furthermore, despite the sad experience of the journalist (who was a graduate student, so to speak), the beginning buyer in search of a modicum of hi-fi quality at a modest price is much better served now than ever before.

The minimum rig, so called, is pretty well standardized. He can get any of several good 10-watt amplifiers (Bell and Grommes being the most popular) for about \$50. Three-speed record changers (paced by Garrard and Webster, the latter with a new, quiet model) cost about \$40. GE cartridges (also in revision) are still *de rigueur* for the new addict. As regards tuners, FM and AM-FM, it must be admitted, there is less ground for satisfaction; the cheaper are almost as dear as the more expensive, without being nearly as good. Possibly the low-price FM tuner was a mistake to start with.

Among loud-speakers, there is plenty of choice. Several low-priced 12-inch



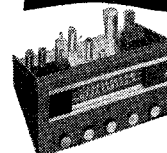
models have appeared, perhaps the outstanding one being the University "Diffusicone" at \$27. To keep 8-inchers in competition, there are at least three cabinets designed to give them adequate bass. These are the corner horns made by Electro-Voice (the "Baronet") and Permoflux and the bookshelf model (12" by 9" by 22") made by the R-J Company. For the man with a few more dollars, there are a couple of astonishingly good loud-speakers: the University 6201, an excellent 12-inch coaxial (\$45), and the Wharfedale Super-10 (\$35), a beautifully responsive British reproducer.

This may be a good point at which to announce that the lazy buyer (the one who wants his rig already assembled) is now to be taken care of, too.

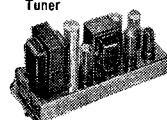
At about the time this article appears, a major record company will begin distributing a modicum-hunter's set, a wide-range table-model record

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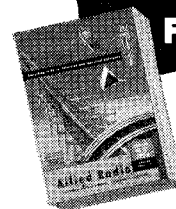
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player, priced at less than \$150 and very ingeniously put together by one of the nation's topmost electronic engineers. And Stromberg-Carlson, one of the first radio manufacturers ever (to their sorrow, then) to try marketing high fidelity, also has a ready-assembled, handsomely finished set on the market. This is no economy job: in its most modest version it boasts a 10-watt amplifier, AM-FM tuner, Garrard changer, GE cartridges, and coaxial speaker in a patented labyrinth cabinet. It costs over \$700, but Stromberg will also sell the makings separately at much less. (Preassembly involves not only labor man-hours but an additional excise tax.)

Two other big radio-TV set manufacturers also have broken into the high-fidelity components market. Hallicrafters, long famous for its short-wave receiving equipment, is putting out a two-chassis AM-FM tuner and amplifier unit, to sell at about \$220. The tuner, shown at the Chicago Audio Fair in May, is impressively smooth, precise and drift-free. The amplifier is a so-called Williamson type. The major importance of the move, however, lies in the fact that Hallicrafters has more than 600 sales and service agencies in 125 towns across the nation — staffed by men who are now going to have to learn how to service high-fidelity equipment. This should hearten many a hesitant buyer in the hinterlands. The third of the big companies newly in the field is Pilot Radio, with a tuner and amplifier still under wraps at press time.

The people hardest to hearten, however, are the likes of the journalist whose misadventure opened the narrative. These are the customers — the perfection seekers — who follow closest behind the advancing front line of the whole craft. Its problems are theirs, and vice versa. And some of the problems are not even properly theirs, although they are afflicted with them.

There is, for example, the problem of record equalization. This did not bother the journalist when he listened to his \$160 set, but it bothers him now, when he sits down before \$600 worth of equipment painstakingly contrived to reproduce faithfully every sound furnished its music source. The problem began in the early days of electrical recording.

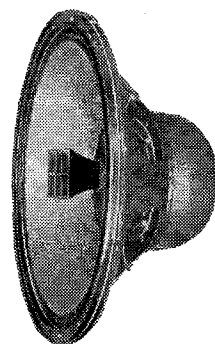
For one thing, the makers of records and radio transcription disks found

ACCENT ON LIVING

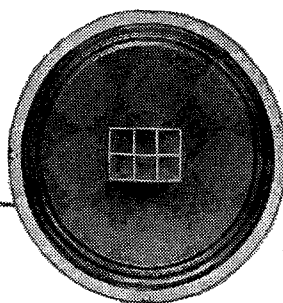
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601A Diam. 12"; power capacity, 20 watts; impedance, 8 ohms; weight, 15 pounds.

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"DUPLEX: Mechanically and electrically independent high and low frequency loudspeakers mounted within the physical size of a single frame.

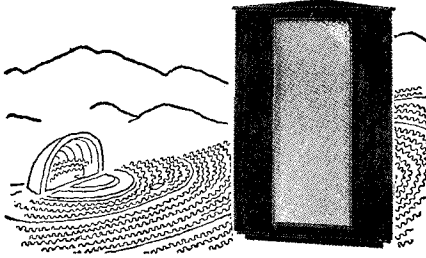
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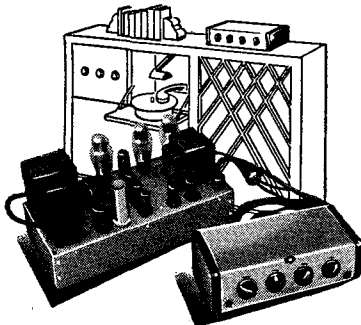
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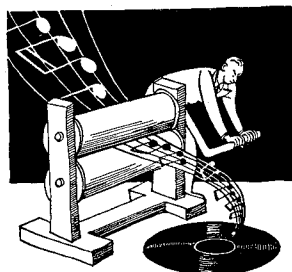
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that they could not let a recording, or cutting, stylus have its own way with loud bass tones. If they did, it swept in such broad curves as to endanger grooves already cut — or, at least, to use up an inordinate amount of disk space. So they limited the amplitude of its swing with elastic chocks. It could still cut bass notes below this limiting point, but they were of sub-normal volume. (This is called the "turnover" point, a term which has understandably confused record fanciers.) The idea was that the reproducing amplifier should be designed to build up again the bass tones that had been diminished.

Another thing they discovered was a handy way to reduce surface noise. Since most of this noise was high-pitched, they boosted the treble volume while making their records and transcriptions. Again, the reproducing amplifier was given the dirty job. It was to lower the volume of the whole upper register, progressively, in such manner as to reduce the music's treble portions to normal and, as part of the same process, push the surface noise down below audibility. This is known in the trade as "roll-off."

The general theory here was excellent. And so far as broadcasters were concerned it worked. The National Association of Broadcasters soon settled upon a "curve," including both turnover point and roll-off. This came to be known as the NAB curve. Unhappily, commercial record makers were more independent in spirit. Each adopted a different curve. The differences have not been reconciled. For instance, the turnover point of a British 78 rpm record is usually at about 250 cycles per second, that of an RCA Victor LP at approximately 800 — about an octave and a half apart. If the RCA record is played through an amplifier adjusted to the British record, all the tones within that octave and a half are going to be virtually lost, or severely cut in volume. Conversely, should the British record be played at RCA Victor settings, these same tones will be grossly mag-



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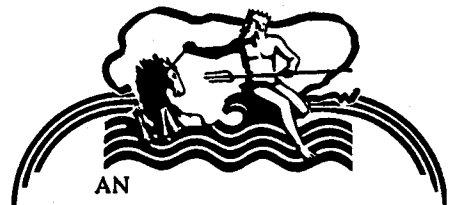
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nified, lending the music an ungraceful tubbiness.

Most cases of cross-purposes between cutting stylus and reproducing stylus are not so extreme, but they don't have to be. On a \$250 rig, even a mild misequalization can be annoying. On a \$1000 rig, it will be almost intolerable. Yet to correct it, with most current amplifiers' controls, is hard work at best, at worst impossible. This is the next big job for the amplifier makers to beat.

There are, of course, stopgap remedies. Pickering & Company, makers of one of the most popular high-grade phono-pickup cartridges, also make an equalizer (\$12) which has six settings, each to compensate, through an arrangement of resistors, for the pre-emphases (that's the horrid word) of one particular make of record. The Radio Shack, in Boston, makes a similar device to service GE and Audak cartridges. Both help, though neither is perfect.

Two years ago the Audio Engineering Society worked out a curve ideal for modern microgroove records, and an encouraging number of record makers have begun using either it or the NAB curve. Some use both. Westminster Recording Company, a firm whose high standards and good taste have made it a favorite with exacting record fanciers, has its disks printed by both Columbia and RCA Victor. From the former it specifies compliance with the NAB curve, from the latter the AES. In fact, it goes one laudable step further: it now lists the proper equalization on each record label. May its competitors soon follow suit!

Of course, not all amplifier control panels — even some very fancy ones — show markings for AES and NAB equalization, but most can achieve it. Best in this respect is a new separate preamplifier-equalizer made by Brociner (\$50 with power supply, \$33 without) which has individual settings for four turnover points and six stages of roll-off. It can be used together with other "front ends" or with a companion chassis by Brociner which furnishes bass, treble, and volume controls (\$56). The Scott amplifier also comes with complete equalization-setting instructions. Other makers probably can furnish guidance on request.

There are limits, of course, to what an array of control knobs can do. They cannot alter what may be called the basic personality of a \$200 ampli-

fier, as the journalist in the anecdote found out. These highly specialized, lovingly designed instruments, and their comparable companion components, really do have personalities — not one of them sounds or behaves exactly like another. They are prima donnas. If they are to perform well as parts of an ensemble, the ensemble must be warily chosen. The perfectionist shopper's best recourse is to a dealer of taste and discretion. Next best is to manufacturers, by letter. Each speaker manufacturer, for instance, knows which amplifier drives his product most sweetly.

Another matter which the control knobs cannot do much about is the strange musical judgment of certain

record makers. If a recording director wants to make a soloist sound as if he were standing right beside the listener, while the accompanying orchestra plays out behind the building, he can do it, and no knob-twisting can repair the result. Or he can record a symphony from a spot 10 inches above the conductor's right ear — a vantage point no concert-hall listener is ever likely to occupy. The disk thus produced, by the same token, will not sound much like a real concert performance. This is not to say that there won't be listeners who'll prefer it that way. To the real audio cultist, the creak of the clarinetist's boiled shirt is just as important as the pace of Beethoven's coda.

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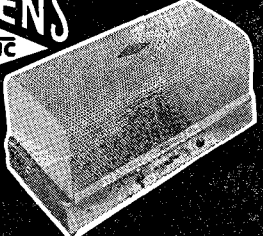
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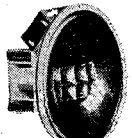
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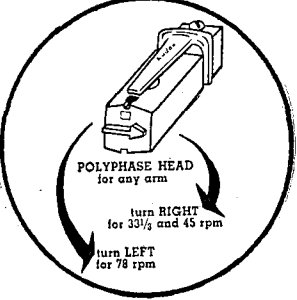
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In some cases, to be sure, unreality is desirable. When Mary Martin sings *Johnny One-Note* in a show album, it is more important that all the words be heard than that a proper balance be maintained between singer and band. But when Ezio Pinza sings an aria into a microphone equally close up, his voice, when reproduced through an efficient bass speaker, is going to sound as if it were coming down a stair-well or out of a rain barrel.

Fortunately, there is no need for the home-music enthusiast to suffer such afflictions. Great as has been the increase in the supply of high-fidelity gadgetry, the flood of LP records has surpassed it. And the new ones continue to come, 100 to 150 a month. Not all are good, but a surprising number are. And, of the rest, many purvey such musical rarities as to be worth while anyway.

In fact, there may never again be quite the varied array of recorded music and record-playing equipment that exists in 1952. Some of the smaller manufacturers in both fields probably will soon drop out of the race. Perhaps this is the year to buy.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Sonatas, Op. 31, No. 1; Op. 54; Op. 90 (Hugo Steurer, piano; Urania: 12" LP). LP versions of the Beethoven sonatas must total almost a ton by now (see below), but this disk still deserves mention for its presentation of the lyrical Opus 90, a real love-at-first-hearing job.

Beethoven: Sonatas (Wilhelm Kempff, piano; Decca). In a final, six-album spurt, Decca has won the race to record all the Beethoven sonatas under one label. There are many moments, herein, of deep tenderness, and there is great delicacy, but little virility. The recording is all very low-level, too.

Beethoven: Trio in B Flat, "Archduke" (Jean Fournier, violin; Antonio Janigro, cello; Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). These three young men have not quite the discipline of RCA Victor's "million dollar trio" (Heifetz-Feuermann-Rubinstein) but they have equal understanding and the benefit of far better engineering, of course, than the Victor reprint offers.

Debussy: Préludes, Books I and II (Walter Gieseking, piano: Columbia: two 12" LPs). Another fabulous pianistic treasure from Columbia

(their first: the Casadesus Ravel disks), of which the *Préludes* are only the top layer. Issued simultaneously are superb Gieseking versions of Debussy's *Bergamesque* and *Children's Corner* suites; Brahms's *Intermezzi*, Op. 117, and Schumann's *Kinderszenen*; Franck's *Symphonic Variations*; Mozart's *Concerto No. 23* and Beethoven's *No. 4*, the last three with von Karajan and the Philharmonia Orchestra—all told, six musically exquisite, technically faultless records. For only (!) \$29.10.

Handel: Concerti for Strings and Winds in F and B Flat (Lavard Friisholm conducting Collegium Musicum Orchestra of Copenhagen; Haydn Society: 12" LP). No doubt composed as Georgian garden party concert pieces, these concerti contain quotes from many a familiar Handel masterpiece (even *The Messiah*) and



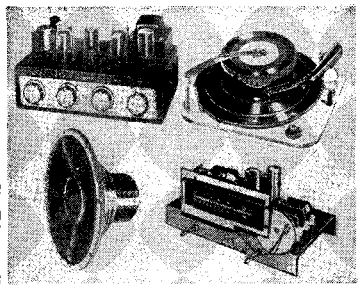
seem to go on pleasantly for hours. Good recording.

Haydn: Missa St. Joannis de Deo; Missa Brevis (Hans Gillesberger conducting soloists, Akademie Kammerchor, Vienna Symphony Chamber Orchestra; Lyricord: 12" LP). These, written with a tiny choir-loft in mind, may well be the gayest masses ever scored. For contrast, try the Haydn Society's *Heiligmesse*, a later, Beethovenesque work with Mogens Wöldike conducting fine Danish choristers, trumpeters, and drummers.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 92, "Oxford," and No. 94, "Surprise" (Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). Again Scherchen's large-scale treatment of Haydn yields startling depth and drama. Take special note of the second movement of the "Oxford."

Margarete Klose Song Recital (contralto with Michael Raucheisen, piano; Urania: 12" LP). This is Urania's second reprint of Klose in song, following Schubert, Handel, and Gluck with Grieg, Strauss, Cornelius, Pfitz-

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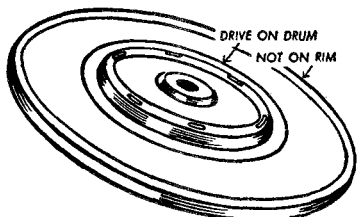
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Mozart: Concerto No. 26 in D Major, "Coronation," with Liszt: **Rhapsodie Espagnole** (Gina Bachauer, piano, with Alex Sherman conducting New Orchestra of London: RCA Victor: 12" LP or separate 45 albums). The Liszt is showy and attractive, the Mozart a real gem, full of vigor and grace. Recording: good.

Guiomar Novaes Encores (Vox: 12" LP). After handicapping this excitingly dexterous Brazilian pianist with miserable recording in a series of concerti, Vox finally has done right by her. There is not much important music in this Bach-Gluck-Purcell-Brahms-Pinto-Philipp-Vuillement recital, but it is all beautiful and performed with thrilling skill.

Thomas, Dylan: Readings (Caedmon: 12" LP). One of today's foremost young poets reads works of his own, which he says were written to be spoken, not read. His short impressionistic pieces bear up well enough, but are outshone by the long, narrative, extremely funny *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. Another interesting Caedmon issue: Laurence Olivier's eulogy of King George VI, on a 10-inch disk, backed by the BBC description of the funeral.

Stravinsky: Suites No. 1 and No. 2 for Small Orchestra, together with **Hindemith: Kammermusik No. 1** (Thomas Scherman conducting Little Orchestra Society; Decca: 10" LP). Every last bit of delightful waggishness in these fantastically clever and very appealing little works is beautifully exploited by Scherman. Good recording, too.

Vaughan Williams: Concerto in D Minor (Joseph Fuchs, violin; Zimble String Sinfonietta) together with **Tansman: Triptych** (Zimble String Sinfonietta; Decca: 12" LP). To the neglected legion of Vaughan Williams admirers, it is a pleasure to report that the concerto is performed and recorded most handsomely. So is the Tansman trifle, which presumably was added to justify the 12-inch disk.



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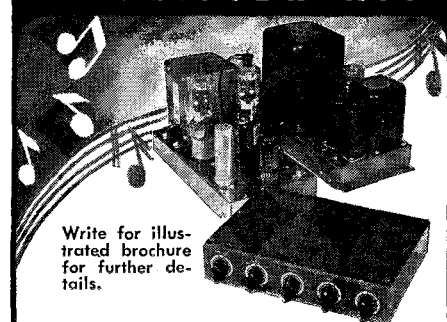
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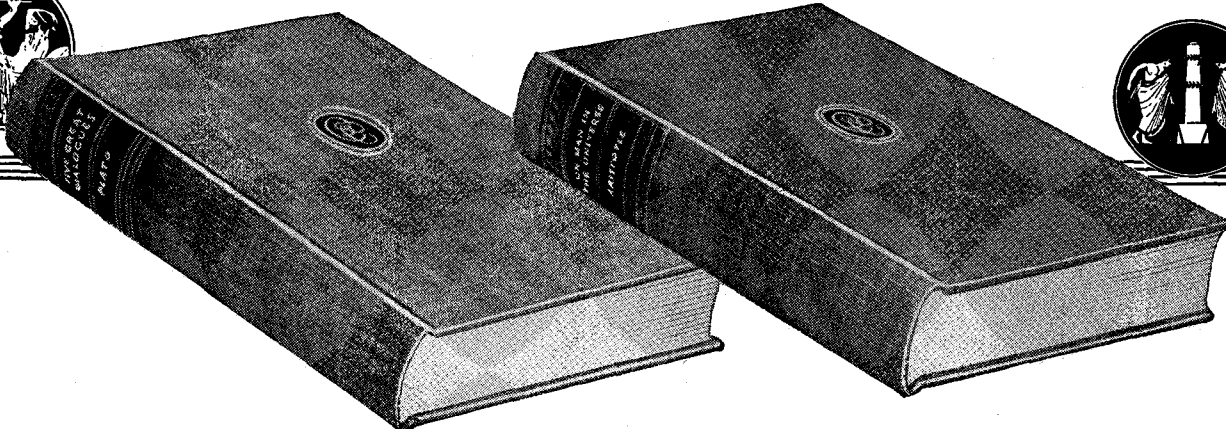
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